

T H E

C H I L D ' S F R I E N D .

THE NEW YEAR.

It seems but a short time to us, little friends, since we sent you, through these pages, our last New Year's greeting; so short, that we can almost repeat word for word what we then said, and the wishes we formed for you. What new wishes, standing on the threshold of another year, shall we now make for you? We need hardly say here, what we have so often spoken of at other times, — how great a responsibility is laid upon us all with the blessing of life. Only one feature of this responsibility will we mention now: God gives us *time*. It is going on, on; and the older we grow, the swifter seems its flight. Do you all make the best use of it? Do you strive to crown each moment with good deeds? Each moment carries a record of each one of you to the Eternal Throne. Do you strive that it shall be a good one?

We do not mean that you should not play and amuse yourselves as much as is good for you; but *in* your plays, no matter how merry you may be, you may yet

show the spirit of Christian children. You may be self-denying, generous, and kind in your sports, as well as in your thoughtful hours; and may often leave a more useful employment to play with a companion, for the sake of obliging him. Standing now as you do, just entering upon the new year, strive to have no *wasted* hours. If you play, play heartily and with good humor; and, if you study, do it diligently.

As you advance in life, you will look forward upon each year as it begins, we trust, not gloomily, but with a more and more thoughtful eye. We know not, that, if we could, we should wish to take away one particle of the joy and gladness with which you make this day resound; only we should like to be assured that, in after-life, you would look forward calmly and trustingly, as children of a Father who appoints the lot of each, and gives to each whatever may seem best for him. We trust that, for ourselves, his Holy Spirit may more and more guide our heart in our intercourse with you; that what we say may come with more earnestness, with more power, and may sow good seed in many a young heart. We do not fear that we shall not amuse you sufficiently; we *do* fear that we may not speak often enough to the child's inner and true life.

We often think we should like to assemble around us all the readers of our Magazine; some from the Western prairies, some perhaps from Southern groves, and some from all the States of our happy New England. We should like once to look in all your faces, and hear the music of your young voices, trusting that, after our long acquaintance, none would shrink bashfully away. But this may not be. Never shall we meet in this

world; but if, in a brighter one, we should ever learn that a word of ours had helped a feeble child on its path of duty, our many hours of thought and writing would be a thousand-fold repaid.

A Happy New Year to you all! And may the pages of our book, as they come to you month by month, serve to render you more truly happy, because more truly loving, useful, and good!

ED.

PATIENCE GRUE; OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(Continued from p. 195, vol. viii.)

"Do you never have any company?" said she, one day, to Patience.

"Oh, yes! we seldom fail to see friends every few days, either from the city or country. But several families have already gone home; and our city friends come very little after the bathing season is over. Mother has sent for one of the most agreeable families I know, to pass the day with us to-morrow: they live five miles off. But you would have seen them before this time, if Julia had not been sick. Edward rode over, this morning, while we were sailing with father."

"Julia! Edward!" exclaimed Georgiana, eagerly, "that sounds quite promising; who are they?"

"You like their names better than you do mine, then?" asked Patience, with a little fun in her serene eyes, which betrayed to Georgiana that Uncle Grue had heard and told of her own tirade against the unof-

fending appellation, though Patience had had too much good sense to be troubled by it. Somewhat confused, she repeated her question: "Who are they? I hope they are young people."

"Oh, yes!" said Patience, innocently; "Julia Lenox is not more than two-and-twenty, I should think; and she is really lovely; and Mr. Edward Lenox is about twenty, just out of college, and always kind and pleasant; and their father and mother are as pleasant as they are."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Georgiana, "do you call those young people? why, Miss Julia is almost an old maid."

Patience looked bewildered. "Well," said she, "I am but a child myself, and I know they are grown up; but they don't seem old to me."

"I shall be glad to see them, I am sure," said Georgiana, "if it were only for variety," she was about to add, but she checked herself in time.

The next day, she was really revived by the idea of any thing in the shape of company; for habit had made a perpetual succession of faces and voices almost essential to her comfort. All the unwearied efforts of her friends to entertain her had not extorted so much symptom of interest, as she showed while dressing for the day, quite elaborately. Her braids were arranged in several ways before she was suited, and half a dozen bracelets were tried on before she could decide on the most becoming. And Patience, sitting beside her in the same dress she had worn the day before, finishing off the interminable worked collar, was really puzzled how to answer the incessant and all-important queries, — "How do you

like this? What! better than the other? Do you really, now?"

The fact was, at thirteen, poor Georgiana was a dancing-school belle, and her heart already beat for admiration. A young man of twenty did seem very old, to be sure; but he *might* be as much struck with her as the various Arthurs, Frederics, and Williams, with the bloom of sixteen on their cheeks, who formed the frequent subjects of her confidential chats.

But the day came to bring only disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lenox, their son and daughter, were all very agreeable people, sensible and highly cultivated. But their topics of conversation were quite uninteresting to Georgiana. They talked of books; of various poor people, within a few miles, whom they had been assisting during the summer; and of plans for the next summer. They discussed rationally the "topics of the day," — slavery, immigration, and the dreadful epidemic, which was reported to have appeared even in their own salubrious region. All this was dull enough; but a worse fact was, that, although very kind, even Mr. Edward Lenox evidently looked upon Georgiana and Patience as mere children. He seemed to like Patience very much, as a good, sensible little girl; but Georgiana was quite sure he would scarcely recognize *her* again the next week. She was mortified and vexed, and glad when they were gone; and still more glad, that the next day was to end her own visit to the beautiful house on the seashore.

The Grues were to return to their city-home for the winter; and Georgiana was to pass only a day or two with them there, when her father was to come for her.

How she watched the weather that evening ! She had had only one rainy day during her stay, but that had been perfectly intolerable.

All was propitious, however. The eighteenth of September was one of the loveliest days of the season ; and Mrs. Grue and Patience did lament quitting the spot where they were so very happy, although anticipating equal enjoyment in the home to which they were returning. They carried in their own disciplined minds and hearts, and in their grateful, cheerful piety, the secret of a perpetual satisfaction quite independent of place.

Even the reluctant Georgiana had been forced to acknowledge, by this time, that "stupid Cousin Patience" had more *character* than she had assigned her. She could not but feel that her own irritability and occasional rudeness had been endured with a something, which, if she knew how, she would have described as both dignified and amiable, not servile. And she knew that the pleasantest moments she had passed in this seclusion had been owing to the indefatigable ingenuity, and quiet but often amusing remarks, of Patience.

And now the packing was over ; all the baggage had been sent off to the boat. Mr. Grue had been obliged to go up to town in the morning on some pressing business. The carriage had met with a serious accident, was in town to be repaired, and had not been sent down that morning according to promise. But Mrs. Grue had engaged their nearest neighbor, Mr. Flint, to take herself and the girls to the boat in his nice covered wagon ; and she had sent all her servants off with the

baggage, as soon as the last door was locked, and the key in her pocket.

The three sat down on the steps of the veranda to take a last look at the beautiful water-view; and Mrs. Grue spoke of the probabilities of some changes, of many joys and sorrows they must meet, before they again contemplated that fair scene. Georgiana looked and listened with indifference; Patience, with the solemnity which grew out of her own thoughtful nature, stirred by sympathy with her mother's mood. She forgot that the remarks were commonplace, and only felt their fitness.

Georgiana was the first to ask what o'clock it was; and Mrs. Grue, taking out her watch, was a little uneasy at finding they should have to drive very fast to reach the landing in season. Two or three minutes elapsed, and Georgiana was quite fidgety, scolding vehemently at the tardy farmer, when the rattle of his wheels was heard, and he appeared, whipping his beast zealously. He had been delayed by an unexpected freak on the part of the animal, who had leaped a fence, and was not to be found when wanted. Still, he maintained, they had "plenty of time; the boat had not got to the landing when he started; no danger, ma'am." They lost no time, certainly; but although Mr. Flint drove like Jehu of old, and the stout nag did his best, when they reached the brow of the hill above the landing, the boat was already some rods from the wharf, and the distance widened every second as they gazed in silent disappointment. Georgiana's tears came. She was thoroughly homesick; and she could not and would not believe it impossible they could get to the city that night. But

it was late in the afternoon. Mr. Flint's horse could not possibly carry so large a party so far; there was no one else on whom they could call within several miles. Even Mrs. Grue looked perplexed.

(To be continued.)

THE GOOD PRIOR.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

THE island of Majorca, in the Mediterranean, is very lovely in scenery, possesses a beautiful climate; and its inhabitants are a gentle, interesting race, amongst whom crime is a word almost unknown, and whose honesty is so remarkable, that locks are nearly useless. The principal town is Palma, which contains forty-two thousand inhabitants; and, though living was and is both cheap and plentiful, it did not prevent the city, some five and twenty years ago, from abounding in beggars; while the tumbled-down, ruinous poorhouse held only a few old persons, who were ill cared for. Outside the town, and surrounded by a grove of almond, olive, and lemon-trees, and above which towered a few noble palms, whose great height and fine feathery branches made them look like kings of the forest, stood the white dwelling of Antonio Battle, with its pretty balcony, shaded by a striped linen curtain to keep out the sun. He was a highly respected minister of the gospel; and, though much beloved for his benevolence and integrity, it had been a source of wonder to his neighbors, for some

years past, what subject of meditation could occupy him so deeply; often making him forget to eat his meals, and frequently causing him to wander as far as twenty miles distance into the country, asking all sorts of questions about the products of the island, and the occupations of the people.

At length, in 1835, his old housekeeper died, leaving a young girl, her only child, called Maria, without any protector save the good Prior, in whose house she had hitherto acted as her mother's assistant; and this unfortunate event determined her master to put into execution, without further delay, the plans which he had been long forming. Having engaged a mild, courteous, elderly woman to keep house for him, he waited until the funeral of his old domestic had taken place; and then, on the evening of the same day, he sought Maria in the cool balcony, where she had been used to water her flowers, and sing her evening hymn, but where she was now sitting in great affliction, her face buried in her hands as she wept over her mother's loss. In kind and persuasive language, he proceeded to try and console her by reading and explaining the comforting passages in St. John's Gospel, which relate to the heavenly mansions prepared for those who do the will of God while on earth; and by dwelling on the hopes which she might humbly entertain of being re-united to her deceased parent hereafter. He presently succeeded in quieting her sobs, though she still looked sad and lonely. When she could listen more calmly, Antonio said, "I have two plans, my child, to propose for thy future life: one is, that thou shouldst reside with some respectable family in Palma, where thou mayest learn the art of weaving, by

which to maintain thyself; the other is, that thou shouldst remain under my roof, and become the assistant of Bridgettina."

"Oh, let me stay here, where I have been used to live so happily!" said Maria, eagerly interrupting him; "for if I must leave thee, my master, then I should not have a friend left in the world to care about me."

"But, Maria," replied the Prior, very gravely, "I have important schemes in hand which will require much trouble and self-denial to carry out; and as I am not at all rich, thou, as well as Bridgettina, would be obliged, if thou remained with me, not only to work hard day after day, but it would be necessary for thee to give thy whole heart to the work, seeking neither reward nor recreation; for my plans are a labor of love, which cannot be aided except by unflagging industry, and a willing, loving spirit; therefore, think well before thou decidest, since it is a matter of no light concernment."

Maria, however, did not hesitate; and in a low, earnest tone of voice, she replied, "Only let me continue under thy roof, and give me a little bread and salad on which I may live, and I will gladly do all thou desirest, and thank God that He has given me work which will enable me to forget my own griefs, and permitted me, who am only a lowly servant, to help thee in caring for the miserable beings whom I have seen wandering in the streets of Palma, and whom thou hast often visited when they were sick. Oh, I would willingly work day and night to relieve their wretchedness!"

The good Prior looked much pleased by her decision, and, laying his hand on her head, he fervently implored

a blessing on the orphan, and on the holy work to which he had dedicated his life; and which he believed would be effectually aided by this young girl, who, he was well aware, had been endowed by her Creator with a large, warm heart, and a resolute, patient disposition, admirably fitted to enter upon the laborious task, which had for so many years been maturing in his own mind. This undertaking, Maria had, as we have seen already, partly guessed at, from having heard Antonio converse with her mother about rebuilding the poorhouse. His stipend of forty pounds a year constituted all his resources; and his first step towards the fulfilment of his new plans was to tell Bridgettina that she must immediately diminish the expenses of his household, since he could not ask others to contribute to the new workhouse until he had set the example.

As the Prior already lived so frugally, that persons were in the habit of pitying him for his poverty, the worthy housekeeper began to remonstrate upon the impossibility of any further reductions; but her master quietly answered, "I have hitherto allowed eight pounds a quarter for household outgoings; *this* quarter thou must spend only five, or else I must look out for some one else to see after my affairs." And, so saying, he turned away without waiting for the old woman's reply; well knowing that her attachment to himself, and the heartiness with which she had entered into his proposed plans, would, by insuring her obedience, prevent him being really obliged to turn her away.

During the intervening months which must elapse before these commencing three pounds could be accumulated, he went to Barcelona; and there, in order to save

the outlay of hiring a regular master-builder, he carefully studied machinery, and acquired so complete a knowledge of economical building, and of the places where materials could be procured at the cheapest rate, that he was soon able to make his own plans; and he returned to Palma fully qualified to superintend the building himself.

It would take us too long to enter upon the interesting task of detailing the proceedings of the next few years; during which this excellent man, at incredibly small expense, contrived to erect, in a fine airy locality of the town, a well-arranged workhouse of good stone, intended for the reception of all the neglected, homeless, destitute, blind, deaf, and lame persons, besides the orphan children, of Palma. Amply, too, had Maria redeemed her promise of faithful co-operation; indeed, without hers and Bridgettina's help, the undertaking could hardly have succeeded. They rose early and late, going out to fish, and digging the garden, that they might not have to buy food; weaving cotton garments for their master, which they afterwards made up, so as to spare the necessity of a tailor's bill; and in every possible way saving him the expense of supporting them, while they both resolutely refused any pecuniary compensation for their services. — *Penny Magazine*.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SON.

NAPOLEON, as perhaps our readers know, was divorced from the Empress Josephine, whom he tenderly loved, and was married to Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. That he afterwards bitterly regretted this step is not to be doubted; but ambition was the master he always served, and ambition required the sacrifice. After his divorce, he corresponded with and frequently saw Josephine; and, after the birth of the little King of Rome, he arranged several interviews, that she might see the young prince.

"He soon," says a historian of the life of the empress, "notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine in his own arms the idolized child. These interviews, so gratifying to Josephine, took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris; Napoleon and Madame Montesquieu, governess to the young prince, being the only confidants. In one of Josephine's letters to Napoleon, she says, the moment I saw you enter with the young Napoleon was unquestionably one of the happiest moments of my life."

The young King of Rome, after his father's final overthrow at Waterloo, was kept in seclusion at the fortress of Schoenbrunn, in Austria, where he died at a very early age, his active and restless spirit having worn out his feeble body.

JESUS AND THE CHILDREN OF JUDEA.

A GREAT many hundred years ago, in a place far away from here, a group of children were talking together. The language they spoke was unlike your language; their dress, their amusements, the houses they lived in, were all different from yours; yet they had the same pleasures and the same sorrows that you have. They loved father, mother, and friends as you do, and were glad and happy when they had been good children, and had done what was right; but sometimes they were cross and angry, spoke unkind words to each other, were jealous of other children, and parted from each other with troubled faces and unkindness in their hearts. But now they all were gentle and thoughtful, for one subject of absorbing interest had made them forget all little selfish plans. They were talking of the new Teacher, then in Judea, of what their parents said of him, and of the wonderful deeds that he did. They were not old enough to wonder at his doctrines, or to argue about them; they only knew that he went about doing good, and tried to make people love each other. That was a religion they could understand; it touched their young hearts; and they talked of Jesus with a feeling of love and reverence, that made their voices low, and filled their eyes with tears. They wondered if they should ever see this true, brave Teacher, whose words possessed so much power, who had made their own parents more loving and tender, and their own homes more beautiful. They talked of the sick people he had cured, telling each

other what they had heard at home ; and whispered in awe of the ruler's daughter, who, lying dead, had risen up at his command, and lived again. So they grew to love him whom they had not yet seen, and the strongest desire in each little heart was, that sometime they might all look into his face and listen to his voice.

This desire was realized. A few days passed, and Jesus came among them ; and they were led by their parents to the place where he was. Some of his disciples stood near him, and would thoughtlessly have kept the children away, fearing they might trouble him ; but he called them to him, and, laying his hands upon them, prayed. They never saw him afterwards ; but that prayer must have made an impression upon them that was never forgotten. Long years afterwards, when they were tempted to do any wrong, or to be untrue or faithless, the memory of that earnest prayer, of the face full of tenderness yet sad and thoughtful, of the pressure of his hands upon their heads, must have made them strong and brave again.

For a little while, Jesus labored on the earth, and then suffered the cruel death that his patience and faith and humility and divine spirit of forgiveness made glorious. The children for whom he had prayed heard of his sufferings and his triumph over them, and, while their hearts ached for him, a noble life grew up in their souls ; and we love to believe that they were among the best and holiest of the early Christians, who endured persecutions meekly, and, in the spirit of their Master, prayed that those who injured them might be forgiven.

Most of us think that if we had known Jesus personally, if he had prayed for *us* and blessed *us*, we should

have been his true disciples, and have faithfully kept his commandments. But has he not done so? We must not put him far away from us, and only *think* about him; we must make him *real* to our hearts, and *love* him. When he prayed for the children in Judea, he prayed for all children everywhere, — for you and for me, that we might love God, and live simple, true lives, doing all the good that we can. Let us remember, that, if he were here to-day, he would lay his hands upon our heads in prayer, and that he *does* bless us constantly, — in the good men and women, who, through his influence, have come nearer to God, — in the loving sympathy and charity of those who are *now* his disciples. And remembering this, shall we not all be better able to put aside selfish desires, unkind thoughts, and bitter feelings, and to grow more and more like Jesus, learning his patience, his courage, and the beautiful love which made him call God his Father, all men his brethren, and which made him take little children in his arms, and bless them? L. H. M.

HATTY LEE.

“THERE she goes again! Pepper-box! pepper-box! And I’m not sure that the mustard-pot isn’t here, too!” cried Henry Lee, in a voice of most provoking and mirthful coolness.

Harriet Lee dropped the book she had aimed at her brother’s head, and flung herself down by a chair; and, leaning her head against it, sobbed, “It’s too bad, Henry! You ought not to be so provoking, when you

know how hard it is for me to keep my temper. And to-day is Saturday too. O Henry!" And she began to cry afresh; not passionately now, but in a grieved, desponding manner.

To do Henry justice, he did look rather ashamed of himself; but his sister could not see the look. She only heard his whistle as he ran off, and his words, which were, "If you were not a pepper-box, there'd be no fun in teasing you." Her tears did not last long. She took from the floor the book she had dropped, and looked round for the crumpled sheet of paper which had occasioned the trouble. There it was, in the corner where Henry had thrown it. She smoothed it out, sighed as she thought of the three pages to be copied over again, but began diligently to write.

Scarcely half a page was written, when through the long sash-window came a pleasant voice, "Still writing, Hatty?" The child turned, and hastily quitting her seat, ran to the window, exclaiming, "O Cousin Lina! I am so glad to see you!"

"But how is it that you are still writing?"

"Henry spoiled my composition, and I have had to copy it again," answered Hatty, the dark shade creeping over her face again.

Cousin Lina seemed to interpret it; for she said, gravely, "I hope you were not angry with him."

"Oh yes! I was. And it is of no use," cried she, bursting into tears again. "When papa went away last Saturday, he asked me to try to control my temper till he came back to-day. And I was so glad, this morning, to think I had only one day more to try, and I was so very careful, and then Henry came in just now, and

insisted on seeing my composition ; and, when I would not give it to him, he seized it, and crumpled it, and threw it into the corner, and I was going to throw my book at him."

"But you did not?"

"No ; because Henry just then called out, 'Pepper-box !' and that made me remember. But I have been very angry, and it is of no use for me to try to be good."

Cousin Lina sat down on the window-sill, and drew the sobbing child towards her ; and passed her hand caressingly over her hair, while she said, "Do you ever think about heaven, Hatty?"

"Oh, yes ! I often wish I had died when I was a little baby, and was so very ill ; because then I should now be a happy angel, with no bad temper to trouble me."

"But God had a work for you to do in this world, and so he kept you in it. Tell me, if when you suffered pain when your tooth was extracted, and you bore it bravely, did you not have more real pleasure after it was over, than if it had not been done at all ? Was not the consciousness of having showed fortitude more than enough to compensate for the pain?"

"Yes, indeed !"

"Well, then, just so, only in an infinitely higher degree, will it be in the other world. If you strive here faithfully to overcome your sins, you will enjoy in heaven a higher kind of happiness than you would have, had you died in infancy. At least, I believe so. And, Hatty, when you think about heaven, I know your heart is full of longings to live so that you may one day enjoy

its pure blessings. I know you think its joys are worth years of toil and trial and struggles with one's self on earth. Is it not so?"

The tears were gone now from Hatty's eyes. She raised her face to her cousin, and said, "I love dearly to hear you talk, you seem to know just what is in my mind."

"Do I? I am glad of that. Then listen. You have a hasty temper. It will probably be a source of trouble to you for many years, always, if you do not learn to control it. We will not put this out of sight. You must learn to look at it just as it is. God has willed that this shall be a part of your discipline. Now, what will you do? Will you sit down, and say, 'It's of no use, I can't control my temper;' or will you strive with all your might, and pray with all your might? Will you try not to be discouraged at repeated failures, but always begin again with fresh prayers and fresh hope?"

"Yes, Cousin Lina, I *will* try."

The words were spoken not with confidence, not with impetuosity, but with a quiet, firm manner, which Cousin Lina loved to hear; and Hatty resumed her writing, promising to meet Cousin Lina in the summer-house as soon as it was done; while Lina, taking a book from the library-table, stepped out into the garden.

Henry and Harriet Lee had many years ago lost their mother, and, for a long time, General Lee had given himself up to his grief. He had left his children in the care of a devoted servant of the family, and had spent several years on the continent; and, when he returned, found so much to oversee respecting his estates and his

property, that nearly two years elapsed before he found time to notice that Harry was an accomplished tease, and Hatty a quick-tempered, irritable little girl. There was one other person, however, who had discovered this, beside General Lee. This was gentle Caroline, or as she was generally called, Lina Harewood, who had come with her widowed mother to Ashwood Cottage, at the same time that General Lee returned from abroad to his handsome mansion-house of Ashwood. Mrs. Harewood was a distant connection of the general; and Lina, then about fifteen years of age, took the sincerest interest in the impetuous, warm-hearted Hatty. She loved her in spite of her faults; but the more she became attached to her, the more ardently she desired that she should strive to overcome them.

Lina was still busily engaged in reading, when Harriet seated herself by her side. "Cousin Lina," she said, as Lina laid aside her book, "what *can* I say to papa? he will be so grieved, I know he will."

"I know he will, too; but I should tell him exactly what happened. I should not try to excuse myself by saying that Henry teased me. I should say no more of him than was absolutely necessary to make your father understand the whole affair."

"Cousin Lina, I wonder if I shall ever be so wise and good as you are?"

"Hatty! I had, when I was a very little child, even a quicker temper than you have."

"And what did you do? How did you correct it?"

"My mother corrected it almost entirely, before I was old enough to feel what a very great sin it might have become."

"And what did she do?"

"She shut me up in a room by myself, and kept me there for a long time."

"Would not that be a good punishment for me?"

"Yes. But you would be obliged to inflict it on yourself, because your father is so often absent that he could hardly attend to it. If you had strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to go to your own room after every fit of passion, and spend an hour in reading your Bible, in prayer to God, and in thinking over your sin, you would soon find the benefit of such a course."

"I think I have resolution enough. At least, I will try. I will go and bring my Bible, if you will be kind enough, Cousin Lina, to mark the passages which will be best for me to read."

Hatty's papa was very much grieved to hear her story, and talked to her a long time about amendment. But she was so little accustomed to tell him her thoughts, that she could not resolve to give him an account of the plan she had formed for her own improvement. She was surprised, as the next week went on, to find no occasion for retiring to her chamber, and spending an hour alone; and as the next after that went on smoothly, she began to fancy she had cured her fault.

One day, in the third week, she saw the housekeeper unlock three of the doors in the long gallery, and proceed to put in order some large rooms; and she learned that her uncle and aunt Ashwood, with her cousins, John, Eleanor, and Fanny, were coming to spend a part of the midsummer holidays at Ashwood. Eleanor and Fanny were twin-sisters of about her own age, and she was almost wild with delight at the prospect of their

visit; and, as she followed the housekeeper from room to room, disarranged so many things that Mrs. Barnard, at last, was forced to send her away.

At sunset, the large travelling-carriage, which contained the whole family and their baggage, rolled up the avenue; and Hatty was soon embracing, and being embraced by, the whole family. Very different were Eleanor and Fanny from their impetuous cousin. Their smooth chestnut braids looked as if the wind could never displace a hair. The shoulders of their very low-necked white dresses never slipped down like Hatty's, but were always in their proper place; and their sashes were always exactly in the middle behind, and never under their arms, or trailing half-unfastened on the floor. Nevertheless they smiled very pleasantly; and as Hatty did not at first make these discoveries, because her cousins were dressed in their travelling suits, she immediately led the way to their room, to which the servants soon followed with the trunks. Before they retired for the night, she had become enthusiastically fond of both her cousins, and could not tell which she liked the best.

A ride on horseback to the ruins of an abbey, some five or six miles distant, was one morning proposed; and the children were soon ready, and standing in the hall to see the horses led out.

"Hatty looks like Mademoiselle Lejeune, this morning!" provokingly cried Harry. "She is all curls and bows." Hatty took no notice of him; and he continued, "I wish you could have heard her give directions to Jane, this morning. This curl was not in a becoming place, and that one was too long. Oh! it was as good as a play."

"Harry!" cried Hatty with a crimson face.

"And then the look of satisfaction with which she stood before the looking-glass, when the dressing was over!"

Hatty lost all her self-command. It was too aggravating to be accused of vanity before all her cousins.

"It's false, Harry Lee!" she cried in a loud voice, and stamping her foot, "and you're a provoking, naughty boy. You always tease me, and I wish you'd go to Eton, and *never* come back again."

Eleanor and Fanny stood amazed at her violence; and General Lee, who just then came from his library, called "Hatty!" in a voice of surprise. She darted forward, ran up stairs to her own room, and locked the door.

ED.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE BETWEEN A RAT AND A FERRET.

A STRIKING proof of the sagacity, courage, and I may say reasoning power, of these animals, has been recently given me by a medical friend living at Kingston, who is much devoted to the pursuits of natural history.

It appears that, from his having entertained a great deal of surprise that the ferret, an animal of such slow locomotive powers, should be so destructive and obnoxious to the rat tribe, he determined to bring both these animals fairly into the arena, in order to judge of their respective powers; and having selected a fine specimen of a large and full-grown male rat, as also an equally

strong buck-ferret, which had been accustomed to the haunts of rats, accompanied by his son, he turned these two animals loose in a room void of furniture, in which there was but one window, determined to wait patiently the whole process of their encounter. Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek; and, with the most prompt decision, took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary the advantage of the sun. The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about, and seemed fearlessly to push his way towards the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with an avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within two feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him; and in a violent attack inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck of the ferret, which soon discovered itself by the blood which flowed from it. The ferret seemed astonished at the charge, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window.

The ferret soon recovered from the shock he had sustained, and, erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, — that, on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy. The strength of the rat, however, was prodigiously great; and he

again succeeded in not only avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat again returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, generally ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to a disadvantage from the light falling full on his eyes whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had gained.

In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his own station under the window ; but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing sight of his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from his more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson ; and prepared to approach the rat in a more wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that heretofore had baffled his attempts. The rat still pursued, with the greatest energy, his original mode of attack ; namely, inflicting a wound, and avoiding at the same time a close combat ; whilst it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and grasping, his intended victim in his murderous embrace.

The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed ; and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he

originally possessed, and, like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently-beaten foe to beat himself in turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally-intended grapple: the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort of resistance, but, sending forth a plaintive shriek, surrendered himself quietly to his persevering foe. — *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

IN the slumber of the night-time,
Dreams across my spirit stole;
Dreams of earnest, solemn meaning,
Wakening the listless soul.

Then I stood beside a river,
Deep, and stretching far and wide;
And I marked the wondrous figures
Floating o'er its rolling tide.

Silently and swiftly ever
Glided on that river bright,
While a dense and heavy vapor
Shrouded either end in night.

First a mournful shape swept by me,
Withered garlands on her brow,
Bearing with her many a treasure,
Many a broken word and vow.

Many a fair and cherub infant
With its dead, sweet face it bore,
Many a wife, and many a mother,
To the mist-enshrouded shore.

And she called in silver accents,
Silver, yet so sadly sweet,
"Mortal! on my course I'm speeding,
Seize the moments fair and fleet.

"Comes my little sister forward,
Comes with many a laugh and jest;
Fill her bark with deeds of duty,
Then shall she bring truest rest."

Suddenly the spreading vapor
Veiled her from my eager sight;
And I turned my vision upward,
Where, in gladness and delight,

Childhood's sweetest, rosiest image
Pushed her bark from off the shore;
Gaily smiled her boat with flowers;
Garlands on her head she wore.

And she seemed so gently joyous,
So in love and beauty fair,
That I stretched my arms to greet her;
But she vanished into air.

Vanished then the rapid river;
Sped the darksome mist away;
And the sun, through bright clouds shining,
Ushered in the New Year's Day.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 28.

Sunday afternoon, Aug. 25. — When I went to Sunday School this morning, there was Miss Everett. She has been absent ever so many Sundays. The moment I saw her there, I thought of the letter she wrote me when mother died. I love it dearly; and this afternoon I have been reading it two or three times. She let me sit close by her too, and she gave me a sweet white jasmine flower, like those upon mother's coffin. I will keep it always folded in the letter. And I *will* be good now that she has come back to help me. How many times in my life, I wonder, have I said this very thing, "I mean to be good now!" but I never, never *get* good. Miss Everett says that next Sunday Mr. Earniste will be here. I hope he will. He always helps us all.

Evening. — May and I have been talking a long while shut up in one room. I told her that I didn't think we were half as good as we were when mother first died. She looked rather serious, and said, "Why, what have we done wrong?" At last, she said, "Annie, if you will let me tell you when you are naughty, then I will let you tell me; and then we shall *know*, and get good fast enough."

I asked her to tell me what my worst fault was, and I thought she wasn't very kind to say, —

"Why, Annie, I think sometimes you *are* horrid cross!"

"But, May, they do so many things to make me cross; you do yourself, May, very often."

"So they do a great many things to make me *obstinate*, as they call it. Well, Annie, let's never be so any more, and there will be an end of it! Come, let us sing our hymns."

May seems to think it is all so very easy. She always does. I should think she would know by this time how hard it is.

Wednesday, Aug. 28. — Em. ran up stairs after me last night, smiling all over her face, and asking me who I guessed was going to be married. How could I know how to guess any thing about it? At last, when I was tired waiting, she told me: "Mrs. Howe! Then she'll not teach us any more, and I shall stay at home all the time, and help Mrs. Clare."

"And what shall I do?"

"Oh, I suppose you will go to another school! — perhaps a vacation first, but I don't know."

Mrs. Howe going to be married? I never heard of such a thing! Who does she think is going to take care of all her scholars? We haven't got half through our French story, and Carrie and I are just learning to paint in India ink. She *promised* we should try colors very soon. We haven't got through any of our books; and how can she get married? I don't see what ever made her think of such a thing. Besides, what is the use of her leaving our school, if she is married? I don't believe any thing about it.

Thursday afternoon. — I saw Carrie this morning, scampering to school with her hat on her neck, and her hair blowing about; and, when I caught her, she was all

out of breath. "Carrie! is Mrs. Howe going to be married?"

"Oh Goody Two Shoes! yes, Annie! all the girls says so."

"But isn't she to teach us any more?"

Carrie opened her eyes wide right at me, and her cheeks were red as fire.

"Teach us any more, — of course she is; only I suppose we shall have to have a gentleman-teacher too. You know it is such a large school, and some of the girls do behave so awfully. I guess they will have to mind a gentleman."

"Is that it?"

"Yes, Annie, that is it. What did you suppose those *two* great high desks were for?"

"Oh, Carrie, I do not think the girls behave very badly, not badly enough for that. I think it is a very good school. Very good!"

"Then you might know Mrs. Howe would not go away; for a school cannot keep itself, Annie."

No sooner had Mrs. Howe opened the school, than she began to make some "remarks," she called them. And then she told us that she had succeeded in obtaining a teacher to take her place in the school, for she should leave it very soon. The teacher, she said, was a very young lady, but very, — oh, I don't know. She praised her ever so much; and she hoped we should be as good in all sorts of ways (that was what she meant), as we had been with her. (I don't believe we shall.) And she made some more quite long remarks, which Carrie and I didn't remember much about. In recess, some of the large girls asked Mrs. Howe how soon the

new teacher was coming ; and she told them, next week. At that, Carrie rushed up to the desk, and exclaimed out, —

“We don’t want her, Mrs. Howe ; we cannot have her. We will keep you, and be just as good and obedient — if — if you *are married*.”

Mrs. Howe very nearly smiled, and the girls almost laughed at that ; but Carrie began to cry, and ran out into the entry, and said almost aloud that she couldn’t be good and *wouldn’t*, if Mrs. Howe went from us. But, this afternoon, when she came to school, she said that she knew who the teacher was to be, — Miss Penley, — her mother knew her, and loved her very much.

“And so, Annie, we must be good, and docile, and all that, — I suppose we must.”

I don’t know how we can be any thing else, I am sure. Of course, we shall learn our lessons, and obey the teacher ; we *always have to*. I wish it was as easy to be good everywhere else.

Friday morning. — There is to be a wedding at Esther’s after tea, to-night. Miss Dolly Anna Woodjoint (our beauty-doll) is to be married to Mr. Samuel Whitekid, Esther’s new doll. Mrs. Clare is making lady-cakes for us, and we shall get what we can for the refreshments. I shall have to hurry home from school to make Mr. Sam’s coat. I hope May will help us, but she doesn’t seem to care whether he has any tails to his coat or not. She thinks his green jacket with steel buttons plenty handsome enough. A man married in a jacket ! Esther and I have found some pieces of merino almost exactly the color. If we can only have time, we shall sew tails to the jacket ; that will do very well.

Dolly's dress isn't done either. I wish she would sew for herself and her husband while we are at school. What an idle wife she will be! Well, she must not be disappointed, if she doesn't get married till to-morrow. Little helpless thing!

F. E. H.

THE NEW YEAR.

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

MATT. x. 8: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

THIS was one of the commandments given by our Lord to his apostles, when he sent them forth to preach the glad tidings of the gospel, and to heal the sick. But though these words were first spoken to those who had received miraculous powers to heal and to teach, are they not spoken to us all? Have we not all received freely from God many valuable powers, and many, very many, blessings? If, instead of counting our troubles, we were to count our comforts, how long would be the list of them! If you look back upon the past year, dear children, I think you will remember many things to be thankful for; good health, happy days, kind friends, food and clothing, sunny days, and moonlight nights, with the bright myriads of stars. Perhaps you have been preserved from danger so visibly through God's mercy that it was plainly seen by you. Some of these blessings, perhaps all, have been yours; and, if not, there is one blessing we all may have, whatever be our

lot here: we may have Christ for our Friend and Guide and Saviour, and God for our heavenly Father. However friendless we are, He is ever with us; and He will give us all that is good for us, if we try to be faithful children. Is it not true, then, that we have "received freely"? Our blessings are more than we can number.

Let us now read the next words of our Saviour. What are we to do to show that we value all these blessings and powers of mind and body, and that we are grateful to God for them? Jesus Christ gives us a simple answer, so plain and simple that every little child can understand it; and yet the wisest and the best listen to it with reverence, and feel that they cannot fulfil the command as Christ would have done,—"Freely give." At this time, when the old year is passing away, and we are all called to look back upon the past time, and feel how much God has given us, we must be thankful to learn how we can best show our love, and, having learned, to do what he tells us with all our hearts.

What have we to give, and whom are we to give to? Perhaps you will say, "I am too poor to give any thing to any body;" but it is not so. God has given precious gifts to the poorest; and even a poor child has much to give. Money is not the only thing worth giving to others. If you have only a few little pence sometimes, and they are freely given, they become very precious in the sight of God. If you give a penny to assist a friend in distress, if you deny yourself some little toy or sweetmeat to help a neighbor, it is a sacrifice that God will accept. You know what Jesus Christ said about the widow's mite. She gave all she had; and her mite was

more in the sight of God than the large sums of money given by the rich out of their abundance.

Knowledge, also, is a blessing from God that we may give to others. If you have learnt to read, you may help others. If you have learnt any wise or good thing from the books you have read, you may tell it to others who have not been so happy as to learn these things; for it is sad to think how many there are who know very little about all the good and beautiful things that may be learnt out of books. If you have learnt that God has made animals to be happy, and formed every tiny insect to enjoy its short life, you can tell this to your friends and companions, and show them how great a sin it is to destroy or injure what God has made so beautifully. I do not mean that you should set yourself to find fault with your companions, but that you should kindly and gently tell them of these things.

There is, again, another way in which you may give: you may give a good example; and this speaks to every heart more plainly than words. Jesus says, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." How delightful to feel it possible to lead others to glorify God, and to believe that, if we do all we can to please God, we may lead others to know and love him! Now these words of Christ are just as true amongst children as they are when applied to grown-up people; for the example of a good child has as much effect upon his companions as the example of a good man has upon older persons. I want you to feel that every thing you do and say *may*, if you try, be doing good to others and helping to make them happier; and you will find a rich

reward, if you persevere in goodness, in the peace and joy in your own little hearts.

There is still another way in which you may give. When the lame man, who sat at the beautiful gate of the temple, asked alms of Peter and John, Peter answered, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee;" and he healed him. You cannot make the lame walk, but you can give something more precious than silver and gold. You can give loving help to the sick, kind words to the sorrowful; you can laugh with your little friends when they are merry; you can rejoice when they are praised, and grieve when they do wrong. This will be giving freely from the rich treasures of love in your hearts, and will bless those about you more than any other gift. At this time of year, every little family draws round the winter fire; but, though the fire may be warm, and many comforts may be seen on every side, without love and gentleness there can be no real happiness. Love is the greatest blessing God has given us. To love one another was the parting command that Jesus gave to us all, and this is the best gift that you can bestow on all around you. True love does all things well. Angry words and unkind thoughts cannot arise from a loving heart. Whatever may be your home, however poor, you may help to spread sunshine through the whole house if you love and sympathize with all. Even a little baby cannot be happy without a loving smile; and so it is with all. There is no joy without love and kindness. If this is the case when all is well with us, it is much more so when sickness and sorrow come. It is then that love shines the brightest. The hand of a little child may smooth the pillow of a sick friend, and

cheer and gladden the weary hours with a thousand little kind attentions.

I have told you of a few ways in which you may share with others the blessings you have received from God; but there are many more. Try to think of them for yourselves, and new ways of doing good and being kind will open to your minds every day. Above all, pray to God for his blessing, dear children, that he may help you to begin this new year with fresh desires to love and serve him. — *From an English periodical.*

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

“IDLER, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust;
Hark! the lark sings in the sky, —
Die when die thou must.
Day is waking, leaves are shaking;
Better rub than rust.

“He who will not work shall want;
Naught for naught is just.
Won't do *must* do when he can't;
Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying;
Better rub than rust.”

Ebenezer Elliott.



MOTHER & INFANT.

MOTHER AND INFANT.

I look upon thy face, my child,
 As yet uncrossed by care;
 And dread the storm-clouds, dark and wild,
 That yet must hover there.

I see them come, — dark spirit bands,
 To tempt thee from the right:
 I see them wave their beckoning hand,
 With earthly pleasures bright.

I fear for thee, — the world is fair,
 Thy feet are all untried,
 And high the courage youth will wear,
 All reckless of a guide.

Alas! a mother can but fear
 The path her child must tread,
 And yet an angel whisper clear
 Comes floating o'er her head.

"Let the first word thy infant breathes
 Be that of holy prayer;
 Let the first smile his spirit wreathes
 Thank God's protecting care.

"And, from the Volume in thy hand,
 Teach thy unspeaking boy,
 In the midst the blessed he shall stand,
 And enter into joy."



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THE OSTRICH FAMILY.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the ostrich, some of which is true, and some of which borders on the fabulous. The following facts, however, condensed from an article in "Sharpe's Magazine," may be relied upon, and, withal, are not altogether hackneyed:—

The idea of the stupidity of the ostrich seems to have been universally entertained, being taken for granted without investigation. Job alludes to it; and Pliny, writing from common report, says: "A wonder this is in their nature, that, whatsoever they eat (and great devourers they be of all things, without difference or choice), they concoct and digest it. But the veriest fools they be of all others; for, as high as their body is, yet if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush, and get it hidden, they think then they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them." Many a pretty nursery tale has been written from this, and many a wise saw founded on it. And yet the hiding of the head is, after all, a mere fable. Sparmann, when in South Africa, expressly inquired, in those parts where ostriches most abound, and "never once heard mention made of the ostrich hiding its head when it finds it cannot make its escape." The truth is, the ostrich does nothing of the sort. He tries to escape as well as he can, and continues his efforts till knocked on the head by the hunter, or driven by him to a place where he may be captured.

Conflicting accounts have been published respecting the

whole process of breeding and incubation of the ostrich. Aelin states that as many as eighty eggs have been found in one nest. Fifty or sixty have been certainly discovered, and the question has been, whether these are the produce of one female or of many.

The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that one male ostrich attaches himself to three or four females, and that all these deposit their eggs in one nest. This, according to Burckhardt, who carefully investigated the subject, is commonly made at the foot of some isolated hill, by the simple process of scratching a hole in the sand. The eggs are then placed close together, half buried in the sand, and a narrow trench is drawn round this to carry off any water. During the extreme heat of the day, the parent birds are instinctively aware that the warmth of the sun renders their attention unnecessary; but, as soon as the shades of evening fall, they each take their turn upon the nest.

The cock bird, however, sits during the night; and Lichenstein says that great numbers of the smaller beasts of prey, as jackalls and wildcats, who will run any risk to procure the eggs, are found crushed to death around the nests; for the male bird rushes on them, and tramples them with his powerful feet till life is extinct.

The nests are never completely deserted, and the parent birds relieve each other in keeping watch on the summit of the neighboring hill. When the Arabs descry an ostrich thus engaged, they conclude that some eggs must be near; and on their approach the old birds retire, although it is not uncommon, especially in South Africa, for them to show fight. Having discovered the nest, the Arabs dig a hole in the ground near it, in which they

place a loaded gun, having a long burning match fastened to the touch-hole. The gun is pointed towards the nest, and is carefully covered with sand and stones. The birds, after a time, return and resume their places on the eggs; the gun in due time explodes, and next morning the Arab is rewarded by finding one, or perhaps both, of the ostriches dead. This is the common mode of killing them practised in the deserts of Northern Arabia.

Various are the purposes to which ostrich's eggs are applied: first, they are in great favor as a culinary luxury, and are much sought after by the captains of the merchant vessels touching at the African ports, being purchased by them of the slave herdsmen, whose perquisites they generally are, for about sixpence each. A good-sized egg weighs eleven ounces, is near seven inches in depth, and holds five pints and a quarter; consequently, it is considered to afford a meal which will perfectly satisfy four hungry white men, or eight of the more moderate blacks. The yolk is very rich and luscious, and makes a most enviable omelet; but gourmands agree that the native mode of cooking them is perfect. The Hottentots bury the eggs in hot ashes; and, through a small hole in the upper end, the contents are continually stirred, till they acquire a certain consistence, which the sable cooks know by experience indicates the right moment for removing them from the ashes to the sack-cloth which covers the traveller's primitive table. They are then eaten with biscuit, and washed down with copious draughts of brandy.

The eggs are frequently found to contain small oval, pebble-like bodies, about the size of a marrowfat pea, of a pale, yellow color, and exceedingly hard. Barrow

found as many as twelve in one egg; and they are converted into buttons by the dandified Hottentots, and perhaps also by the Boers.

The porcelain character of the shell, and its shape, well adapt it for cups; and such vessels are frequently elegantly mounted in silver, and sometimes in chased gold. The ancient Egyptians used them in their places of worship, and, together with their plumes, insisted on their forming part of the tribute paid by conquered countries where ostriches abounded. They were probably suspended in the temples, as they still are in the Coptic churches, the Copts regarding them as emblems of watchfulness.

This bird was not sacred among the ancient Egyptians; but there is reason to believe that it was so with the Assyrians. It has not only been found as an ornament on the robes of figures in the most ancient edifices at Nimroud, but it was frequently introduced on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, always accompanied by the emblematic flower. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a delicacy, for Apicius left a receipt for a particular sauce for dressing it; and it is recorded of Heliogabalus, that he had the brains of six hundred of these birds served up as a dish at one of his feasts. But in trencher feasts the Emperor Formius far outdid either, as it is related by Vopiscus that he devoured an ostrich to his own share at a single sitting. — *Selected.*

PATIENCE GRUE; OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(Continued from page 8.)

"WHY, I will tell you, Miss Grue," said Mr. Flint: "it's all straight enough. You will just go back, and get a cup of tea at my house, and put up there to-night; and to-morrow you'll get up to town easy enough. We can make up a little bed, somehow, for one of the gals; and Miss Flint won't be put out at all. She'll be as pleased now as can be."

Georgiana looked disgusted; but Mrs. Grue said, "I am sure you are very kind, Mr. Flint; but you know our own bedding is not all removed, and there is no reason in the world why we should give so much trouble. We will go and drink tea with much pleasure; and then, if you will just drive us back to our own house, we shall be truly obliged to you." Mr. Flint urged, but Mrs. Grue adhered to her plan; and they went to his house to tea, much to the delight of his wife, whom they well knew for one of the neatest of housekeepers and best of women. She had no *help* at that time; and Georgiana, silent and sulky, saw with surprise how useful Patience contrived to make herself, without the least fuss. She tended the sick baby, she got it to sleep, and softly she brought the cups and saucers from the cupboard, and arranged the tea-table, to Mrs. Flint's surprise, when she returned from her kitchen to do it. It was not the first time Patience had taken tea at the farmhouse; nor was it a new thing for her to save steps

for busy friends. Patience was a Christian in little things; Georgiana was not. No disappointment could have brought such a cloud over the tranquil countenance of Patience. After tea, Mr. Flint drove them back to the deserted house.

"How strangely it looks!" observed Patience. "You can't help feeling, as you look at it, that there is not a soul there, unless mice and flies have souls."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Georgiana. "Why, aunt! the servants are all gone, sure enough. Did you remember that?"

"Certainly, my dear; but we shall not need them. Your uncle will certainly send the carriage down for us early to-morrow morning."

"O aunt! the idea of sleeping all alone in the house!"

"All alone!" said Patience, laughing. "Why, there are three of us."

"But there is no *man*," persisted Georgiana.

"And we don't need a man."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" cried Georgiana; "I shall be frightened to death. I never heard of such a thing."

"But what will you be afraid of, my dear?" asked Mrs. Grue.

"I don't know; but it does seem dreadful, — so lonely! I shall not sleep a wink. I shall think of nothing but housebreakers all night."

"We have no such characters in this neighborhood, miss," said Mr. Flint; "but I really think you had better all go back to my house, after all."

"No, no," said Mrs. Grue; "your wife has care

enough, and your horse has worked hard enough in our service to-day already."

"Serve him right for playing us such a trick. But I'll tell you what I will do, ma'am. I'll stay over here all night; just let me go home, and put my horse up and see to things a little, and I'll come right back; and I can sleep almost anywhere."

"Oh, do! do!" exclaimed Georgiana.

"No," said Mrs. Grue; "I cannot consent to that either; for I think your baby looks very sick, and your wife will have a very anxious night. You ought to be there, and I cannot think of keeping you." So saying, she took out her key, and opened the house-door. She was evidently decided, so Georgiana was forced to yield; and Mr. Flint bade them a kind good night. And now Patience was all activity. She remarked that her mother looked pale and tired, and made her lie down on the sofa. She lighted candles, of which several ends happened to be left, with other matters to be cleared away, when the servants came to remove the rest of the bedding. She hunted up an old "Harper's Magazine" for Georgiana, which, however, that courteous young lady did not condescend to touch for some time. She had often been complimented for her elegant manners, so "uncommonly formed for so young a girl;" but she had never learned that true courtesy is but one of the blossoms of Christianity, therefore *always* sweet and fresh. Perhaps the root was not in her. At an early hour, they all retired. Georgiana's was a little room adjoining the one occupied by her aunt and cousin; the door was left open between them, and she did not scruple about disturbing her friends by unconcealed sobs, till she cried herself to sleep.

In the night, Patience had a half-dreamy impression that her mother was getting out of bed several times; but, being very tired, she did not wake sufficiently to know what was going on, till the sound of groaning roused her completely. She sprang up, and found her mother very sick. For a moment, she was bewildered; but, remembering there was no one *earthly* on whom she could call for help, she recovered her presence of mind, and hastened to light a candle. She looked at the watch; it was only one o'clock; and Mrs. Grue said she had been awake and ill for an hour at least. At first, she had supposed it was only a trifling indigestion, or the effect of fatigue; but she felt that she was growing worse. Her extremities were cold as ice. The weather was quite chilly, but that did not account for the unnatural coldness of her limbs; and Patience rubbed them in vain with her little hands, breathing those inward ejaculatory prayers which are the Christian's strength, and with which her pious heart was already familiar. She collected all the shawls and warm articles she could find, and piled them on her mother in vain; but her patient grew worse. "If I only had some laudanum," murmured the sick woman. "Laudanum!" exclaimed Patience; "Jane had some for her toothache the other night; I should not wonder if she had left the bottle in the kitchen cupboard." She fled to the kitchen, and returned triumphant with a vial half full of laudanum, which, with a hand wonderfully controlled by a strong will, she dropped carefully, and administered according to her mother's directions. She then, while waiting its effects, proceeded to dress herself thoroughly; not being one of those impulsive people who think to manifest

the intensity of their anxiety for a friend by neglecting simple and necessary precautions for their own health.

The laudanum seemed to produce a little ease, after a while; but, instead of lying down, Patience hunted up a nurse-lamp, and heated some water; stole to the kitchen garden, though the night was dark and windy, found some herbs whose virtue she had seen tested, and set them steeping. But, ere long, the symptoms returned with increased violence: all that it was in the power of a child to do in such circumstances was done by Patience; she seemed gifted with a woman's strength and quickness of apprehension; the feeblest direction of the patient was caught and obeyed. But it was dreadful to look on such agony, without power to relieve it; and at last she said, "Mother, you must have a doctor." "I *ought* to have one: in a few hours, my child, this will become *cholera*." "I know that, mother. You must, you shall, have a doctor." "How is it possible?—nobody to send." "Yes: I can go to Mr. Flint's, and he will saddle and ride for life." "O my child! it is past midnight, dark and cold: hear the wind!" "God bids it blow, mother; he will not let the wind hurt me. I *must* go, dear, dear mother! Do not say another word. I must call Georgiana to stay with you; she will be better than nobody." And she hastened into the little room, the door of which she had closed lest her cousin should be disturbed.

Georgiana, who was quite sure she should not close her eyes for fear of robbers, had slept most profoundly; and it was with difficulty that Patience roused her sufficiently to understand the state of the case. Then she

was perfectly unruly from terror, declaring she could not be left alone with her aunt; she never took care of a sick person in her life; she knew it was the cholera, and she should catch it.

"Georgiana," said Patience, at last, taking hold of both her hands, "hear what I have to say. My mother is very dangerously sick, but it is not with the cholera yet. It *will* be if she does not have a physician before morning, and she will certainly die. If you will get up, and give her the medicines I show you, they may check her complaints a little, while I go to Mr. Flint's, and ask him to fetch a doctor; but, if you do not consent, it will be the most selfish and unfeeling thing I ever heard of. If my dear mother dies" — her voice faltered for the first time — "Georgiana, your conscience will trouble you as long as you live."

Georgiana looked at her young cousin standing there so resolute with perfect amazement, and submissively began, with trembling hands, to dress herself. Patience helped her, wrapped her in a thick shawl, showed her how she had arranged the herb-tea and the laudanum, so that she could not possibly make a mistake, whispered a few encouraging words, pressed her lips to the cold cheek of her mother, and disappeared. As she plunged out into the dark night, the wind howled fearfully, and the terrified Georgiana soon lost the sound of her footsteps on the gravelled walk.

On went the brave little maiden, without a thought of any thing but God above, and her mother on earth; and her soul was all prayer as she sped along the familiar ways. Once or twice, the exceeding darkness of the night perplexed her; and once she felt tempted, in her

anxious haste, to quit the avenue, and run across the orchard; but her better judgment told her she might there miss the way, or strike herself against a tree; so she kept on the carriage-track with all the speed she could. A feeble gleam of starlight now and then smiled through the black clouds, and shone into her soul; for it was a mirror that reflected all smiles, — all that was good or bright. And, when the darkness fell thick again, she remembered that the stars were beyond it, and God beyond them, yet near to her, — near to her suffering mother.

L. J. H.

(To be concluded.)

"FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED, FREELY GIVE."

Matt. x. 8.

IN sitting down to write your little sermon this month, children, these words recurred so strongly to our minds, that we felt we could write on no other topic. "Freely ye have received." Think how many blessings even the least favored ones have received! Many of you enjoy health and strength. Most of you are surrounded by the comforts, and some by the luxuries, of life. To most of you, God has spared kind and affectionate parents, and brothers, sisters, and friends. He has given you the senses with which you enjoy this life; the eye, to see dear friends; the rich glow of the sunset sky, and the purity and magnificence of the winter starlight; the ear, to catch the roar of ocean, the murmur of the wind-rocked pines, the music of the birds, and the loved tones of the human voice.

And more and better than all is the one great gift in which we are all alike partakers, — the gift of God's beloved Son. The child who murmurs his prayer beside the richly-curtained bed, and the poor little ragged-school orphan, on whose heart the beautiful words of Jesus have made a new and strange impression, are alike the sharers in the love of God, and in this his best blessing. Christ will be near the heart of both children. He can aid the one to come forth unhurt from the allurements and flatteries of prosperity, and he will keep the little feet of the other from the sin and misery which surround him.

Time would fail us to speak of these rich and manifold blessings. If our hearts swell with gratitude for the least of these mercies, we shall seek a way by which we may show to God that we are alive to a sense of his goodness. Neither have we far to seek. The same verse tells us "freely give." "But what," you say, "can children give? If we bestow in charity, it is almost always our parents' gift, and not our own. What, then, can we give?"

In the first place, you can give to your parents a ready, cheerful obedience. To have his own way is oftentimes more to a child than a positive gratification. Here, then, is something you can give up, — your will. You, too, can give kind words. You can speak gently; you can learn to be considerate of others' wishes, and to give up to them, unasked, some plan or some pleasure. You can show your feeling of God's goodness by never looking on his works without suffering your heart to rise in thankfulness to him.

Last of all, you can show your love for Jesus Christ

by following his example. You can give your thoughts to him. You can teach others, if not in words, at least by your example. It is said of one in the Bible, "They took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus." So let it be with you. Give your thoughts to him until you grow like him, until you shall be known as Christian children, till no one shall be able to spend a half hour with you without knowing that you too have been with Jesus. You can give your time. Many a kind office, if you are ever on the alert, will you find it in your power to perform for the infirm and the poor. You can often cheer the sick by your presence, or by reading to them some pleasant book. But give *freely*. Do all with a loving, hearty spirit; not only because God has commanded it, but because it is a pleasure to you; and the good Word declares that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

ED.

THE GOOD PRIOR.

(Continued from page 12.)

CHAPTER II.

MUCH of the actual superintendence of the smaller details of the building, during its erection, fell upon Bridgettina, as the gentle-tempered, honest Majorcans are a little disposed to idle their time in that warm and beautiful climate unless closely seen after; and Maria, with her own active hands, whitewashed each apartment as it was completed, and employed every spare minute in preparing bedding and other necessaries. As soon as a couple of rooms were ready, some of the poorest and most unfor-

fortunate persons were admitted; and every one, according to his or her capacity, who became an inmate in the new Industrial Home, were set to work. It was in this stage of the undertaking that Maria's cordial kindness of heart most fully displayed itself. She it was who received the ragged little beggars whom her master brought in; her sweet voice winning their confidence; and even the wildest allowed her to wash and cleanse them; and then, cheered by her liveliness, and encouraged by her gentleness, they quickly learned to submit to the sensible rules laid down for their conduct; while, happy in regular employment, comfortable in their clean quarters, and delighted to feel themselves under the charge of those truly interested in their welfare, they soon ceased to regret the squalid liberty of the streets, and began to grow up amiable and industrious.

The old people were particularly warm in their praise of the good Prior, whose benignant smile and friendly courtesy to all made them feel themselves truly welcome; and their declining years were soothed by the gratifying conviction that they need no longer consider themselves paupers; since, by daily performing such work as their stiffened fingers permitted, they, in most cases, nearly maintained themselves. By the regulations of the "Home," its inmates were entitled to half the proceeds of their labor, the other half paying, at least in part, for their board and lodging; though, whenever their private portion did not suffice to supply them with sufficient clothing, or those small luxuries rightly permitted to the aged, the funds of the House made good the deficiency. The Prior was also greatly loved for the delicacy which he had shown in refusing to establish

by following his example. You can give your thoughts to him. You can teach others, if not in words, at least by your example. It is said of one in the Bible, "They took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus." So let it be with you. Give your thoughts to him until you grow like him, until you shall be known as Christian children, till no one shall be able to spend a half hour with you without knowing that you too have been with Jesus. You can give your time. Many a kind office, if you are ever on the alert, will you find it in your power to perform for the infirm and the poor. You can often cheer the sick by your presence, or by reading to them some pleasant book. But give *freely*. Do all with a loving, hearty spirit; not only because God has commanded it, but because it is a pleasure to you; and the good Word declares that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

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a workhouse uniform, which badge of poverty he knew was looked upon as a badge of infamy; and this kindly consideration for the feelings of his people brought an important accession to their resources, since it enabled him to make use of the supplies of left-off apparel, which, in compliance with his request, were frequently sent in to the "Home" by the richer inhabitants of Palma. These supplies were made up by tailors, who were inmates, for the rest; and, many of the poor being clothed, in addition, by their friends, the absence of the old customary badge was felt a privilege by all classes.

It was, of course, only when the institution was in full operation that these latter arrangements were put into practice; and the present state of this excellent Industrial Home — which is, however, not yet quite finished, owing to a scarcity of funds — will be best conveyed by the following letter, with which we shall conclude our account of one of the excellent ones of the earth, who has not only known the will of his heavenly Father, but has performed it so earnestly, so unselfishly, and so modestly, that we should all do well to imitate so bright an example. The whole history of the institution is a striking proof of what may be accomplished by a single individual possessing an undaunted, piously-directed will, when aided by very small pecuniary resources; and truly does the good Prior deserve the affectionate admiration and respectful devotion with which he is universally regarded by his fellow-countrymen: —

"Majorca, Palma, 1850.

"My dear Friend, — It is with great pleasure that I comply with your wish to hear how Don Antonio Battle

is proceeding with his Industrial Home; I have just returned from inspecting it, and shall never forget the scene I have witnessed. There are a thousand persons of every age, from six years old and upwards, within its walls; and this includes a company of old, worn-out soldiers, who must have died of starvation had they not been generously received into the 'Home.' Two of the most suitable inmates for the purpose exercise over the rest a careful superintendence, which they do with uniform kindness and consideration, and for which they receive a very small salary. These major-domos, as they are called, in their turn receive constant directions and advice from the Prior, who rules with almost unlimited sway over the institution, since the committee which meets monthly have such full confidence in him, that they do little but confirm and approve his acts.

"Not a *single beggar* is now to be met with in the streets of Palma; indeed, there is hardly one to be seen throughout the island; and you cannot imagine a more delightful sight than the different apartments exhibited, filled with decently dressed, happy crowds of the lame, halt, blind, and destitute, all busily employed. Some of the very old must have numbered fully ninety years; and I was much struck with the peaceful, gentle expression of their countenances, as, plying their knitting and netting, they told stories or repeated verses to the little ones who sat at their feet. Weaving and shoemaking for the colonial market is carried on by the men; and the carpenters, tilers, and smiths received into the House have hitherto been employed in building it; and it is delightful to relate, that, so far, not a single instance of incorrect conduct in the House has ever been brought to the

knowledge of the superior. Health is carefully attended to, and illness is consequently rare, and mortality amongst the children singularly low.

“I had been very anxious to see the two servants of Don Antonio, who, he told me, had helped him so efficiently throughout the undertaking; and when standing in the schoolroom I was gratified by hearing a murmur of ‘Here comes our good Maria.’ There entered a very pleasing-looking young woman, of five or six and twenty, on whose face a sunny smile seemed to play almost habitually, and I perceived all the little ones striving to catch her eye, as she took her seat amongst them; while a very tiny boy, who had got the toothache, seemed quite comforted when he managed to hide himself under her apron. In a cheerful, playful manner, I then heard her give an entertaining lesson on objects, which was nearly concluded when I saw one of the children push its neighbor somewhat roughly, on which, stopping the lesson, Maria began to sing a hymn resembling Watts’s lines, —

‘But children you should never let
Such angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other’s eyes.’

Many voices immediately joined the soft, sweet strain, and in a few seconds the young offender began to weep audibly, on which the one he had pushed flung its small arms round his neck, and kissed him.

“A bell sounded at this moment, which, Maria told me, was to call every one to evening prayers in the chapel belonging to the ‘Home;’ and, marshalling the young ones, she took them down stairs, while I lingered

a moment to watch a pretty scene afforded by the procession of the old people. It was headed by an aged, tottering woman, who walked with great difficulty, though supported by the comparatively strong arm of a venerable soldier, with a long white beard, who held up the old woman's gown, that it might not be in her way, and took the greatest care of her; and these two were followed by all the other aged persons, each accompanied by a child or companion, who had evidently joined them for the purpose of guiding their faltering steps, and who appeared to take a pride in performing this duty. In the chapel, I was introduced to Bridgettina, who was assisting the old men to sit down, and who went away several times to bring little things which she saw would add to their comfort. In the reading-desk was the good Prior, who opened the service by reading and commenting on a passage of Scripture, which he did in very plain language, but, at the same time, so learnedly, that I was at once surprised and pleased to perceive how attentively he was listened to by young and old, none of whom looked weary. It was indeed a deeply interesting sight to look upon that large, mixed congregation, and think what might have been their condition instead of their present happy course of useful, cheerful existence; and very touching was the evening anthem that succeeded the Bible exposition; Maria leading the treble voices, her mild countenance irradiated with love and devotion to God and man. But still more impressive to me was the affectionate earnestness with which the good Prior, addressing 'his dear children,' offered up a fervent prayer on their behalf, and finally bestowed his heartfelt benediction upon this large assembly of the virtuous poor.

When he rose from his knees, he came into the body of the chapel, and the whole congregation filed past him to wish him good night. He shook hands with all, and every one in turn said, 'Good night, dear father,' while the rosy-cheeked little ones held up their mouths to be kissed; and I heard their clear young voices break forth into one of their household hymns, as, under Maria's guardian care, they ascended the stone stairs which led to their clean, quiet dormitories.

"And now I must also wish you good night, my dear friend, and finish my too imperfect account of this admirable institution by a hearty wish that the next twenty years may work an equally important reformation in England, so that we too may see no beggars in our streets, and may seek our pillows with the same sweet conviction that there are none, however poor, sick, aged, or helpless, but are cared for in our rich land, as they are in the small beautiful island of Majorca."

CAMPHOR AND THE CAMPHOR-TREE.

THIS well-known substance is a vegetable gum, which is obtained from a tree found in Japan and China. It exists in every part of the tree, in the roots, stems, branches, and leaves. The gum is obtained by cutting these into pieces sufficiently small to be thrown into an iron vessel, and boiled with water.

This iron vessel has an earthen-ware cover, which is lined with straw. As the water boils, the camphor rises

with the steam, and condenses on the straw, in small, grayish crystals. These are picked off, and constitute what is called crude or rough camphor, and resembles moist sugar. In this crude state the gum is brought to Europe, where it is refined and prepared for use.

The process of refining camphor consists in placing the crude substance in thin glass globes, with a little lime and bone-black, or charcoal, and then exposing it to heat by placing the globes in boiling water or a heated oven. By this means the camphor evaporates, and collects again upon the upper part of the vessel. When this process is completed, the glass is cracked by pouring cold water upon it while hot, and the cake of camphor is removed.

Camphor, when thus refined, is in round cakes, convex on one side, and concave on the other, and generally with a hole in the centre. Each cake weighs about two pounds. These are wrapped in strong, blue paper; and about two hundred and fifty cakes, or five hundred pounds, are packed in one vessel. In this condition it is exported, and appears in market. The principal camphor refineries are in England, Germany, and Venice.

From the camphor-tree found in Borneo and Sumatra, the gum is not obtained by distillation, as described above. It exists in a solid state, with camphor oil, in that part of the tree which corresponds with the place for the pith. If the tree is tapped when young, nothing but oil flows out, but in time a portion of this oil assumes the solid form of a gum.

The camphor oil is extracted by making an incision into the heart of the tree. When the oil has thus been obtained, if it be suspected that camphor gum exists in

the cavity of the heart, the tree is felled, and cut into logs about six feet in length, which are then split, and the camphor gum taken out. Sometimes pieces are found a foot and a half in length, and nearly as large as a man's arm.

The camphor tree grows spontaneously in its native forest, and is among the tallest trees found there. Some have been known to exist which would measure five or six feet in diameter. A tree of a moderate size will yield about eleven pounds of gum, while a very large one may produce twice that quantity. The camphor obtained from the interior of the tree is called Maylay, or "head camphor." There is an inferior article procured by scraping the wood which surrounds the cavity in the heart of the tree, which is called "foot camphor."

The Borneo and Sumatra camphor is nearly white, like chalk, but it has the same smell and taste as that from Japan and China. It is also less volatile and transparent than that obtained by distillation. The Borneo camphor is esteemed so highly, even in the market of Japan, that two hundred pounds of the gum obtained in the latter country have been given in exchange for one hundred pounds of the former. The camphor oil is prized very highly in the East. It is not sent to Europe as an article of commerce.

Camphor is so volatile, that, by exposure to the air, it is entirely volatilized, or lost in vapor, and leaves no residuum. It floats on water, but will not dissolve in it, except in a very small quantity. A singular effect takes place when small shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water. The pieces begin to move rapidly, some turning round on their centre, and

others moving from place to place. The cause of these motions has not been explained.

Experiments, well adapted to develop several ideas, may be made with camphor. For instance, a small portion, placed in water, will show its sparing solubility in that liquid. Another portion may be placed in alcohol, and it will be almost immediately dissolved. If small pieces of it be placed in a spoon, and held over the flame of a candle, it first melts, then rapidly volatilizes, thus showing its fusibility and volatility. If brought in contact with the flame, it burns with a bright, smoky blaze, and thus exhibits its inflammability.

Camphor has a very strong and aromatic smell, and a warm, pungent taste. On account of this strong odor, it is much used for preserving clothes and cabinets from moths and insects. Few insects can endure its odor; and, though it does not destroy them, yet they dislike it so much that they will not frequent the situations where it is placed.

From its strong smell, the idea has arisen that it will prevent the taking of infectious diseases. Frequently it is carried by persons under this supposition. But this is believed to be more hurtful than beneficial; as its effects on the system, though at first stimulating, become at length depressing, thereby rendering the disease feared more liable to be taken.

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MORNING SONG.

Good morning ! good morning ! with what new delight
 The morning, bright morning, rejoices our sight ;
 If yesterday's shadows o'erclouded our way,
 In the beams of the morning no longer they stay.

The sunshine ! glad sunshine ! it dances and plays
 Through the leaves at our window, and laughs at our
 gaze ;
 It seems like an angel that peeps through to see
 If we are awake, and as grateful as he.

The morning ! — who sent it to gladden our eyes ?
 The sunshine ! — who made it illumine the skies ?
 Our Father. The sunshine is dipped in His ray,
 His smile is the morning, His presence is day.

EVENING SONG.

So tired, so tired, I lie down to rest,
 But happy, so happy, to sink on thy breast,
 My Father in heaven.
 Protect me, protect me, through all the dark night,
 Awake me refreshed when the morning is bright,
 And guide me to heaven.

Forgive me, forgive me, the sin I have done ;
 Forgive and accept me, through Jesus thy Son,
 My Father in heaven.
 When weary, when weary, with life as with day,
 As peaceful and willing then call me away,
 And take me to heaven.

HATTY LEE.

(Continued from page 23.)

In a few moments, Mr. and Mrs. Lee joined the General and the children. General Lee waited a moment, irresolutely; and then he said, "I do not like to deprive Hatty of her excursion. Henry, go and knock at her door, and say that we are waiting for her." Henry obeyed; but Hatty did not open the door, and called to him that she should not accompany them. When this message was reported to her father, he begged to be excused for a moment, and, ascending the staircase, turned the handle of her chamber-door. It was locked. Hatty opened it, for she had heard her father's step.

"You have done very wrong, my little girl," he said, gravely; "but I do not wish to punish you for it by depriving you of your ride. Put on your hat, and come. Do not delay us any longer."

"Indeed, I would rather not go, papa. I think I *ought* to be punished, and I must punish myself."

A half-smile relaxed General Lee's features as he said, "I suppose, then, I ought not to interfere with so good a resolution; but do you consider how much pleasure you will lose?"

"I think I do, papa; but you know it is my own fault."

"You have more real courage than your father, my child," he answered, as he stooped to kiss her; and then, bidding her good bye, he left the room; and, in a few moments, Hatty heard the horses' feet scattering the

gravel of the broad avenue, and caught a glimpse of the party through the ash-trees on the lawn.

What did our little girl then? She went to her little writing-desk, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote on it, "July 14. I was very angry at some foolish remarks that Henry made, and punished myself by staying at home from an excursion to the Abbey." Then she fastened the paper, with a pin, over her mantelpiece, and, sitting by the window, took up her little Bible, and began to read the passages which Lina had marked. The first which her eye fell upon was this: "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again." Hatty remembered the many trials of the Saviour; she remembered the meekness with which he bore injuries and insults; and the tears began to fall fast from her eyes, as she thought how far she was from the likeness of that perfect One whom we all are to imitate. Oh, if I could only think of Jesus Christ when I am going to be angry!" she said to herself. "But then I do not think much about him at any time. I wish I could. I wonder how I can. I mean to ask cousin Lina."

As she turned over the leaves, one of those precious passages which give so much joy and comfort presented itself: "Ask, and it shall be given you." Then she remembered that Lina had told her that her resolves of amendment would soon vanish, if she did not ask God's assistance in overcoming her besetting sin, and, kneeling by the open window, she breathed the first heartfelt prayer of her life. She asked that she might be assisted to think often about the Saviour, so that the thought of him might chase away anger from her heart, and that she might be helped in all her struggles with temptation.

When she rose, she took the paper from the wall, and wrote, underneath the record, "When he was reviled, he reviled not again," and replaced it. Then she read a few more sentences in the Bible, and, going to her work-basket, she took from it a dress for a poor child in the village, — which she had begun with great zeal, but which lately she had neglected, — and began to sew diligently. Other thoughts beside those of sorrow for her misconduct, and desire to do better, began to come into her mind; but she put them aside, determined to have the whole hour devoted to the correction of her fault. She was not unhappy while thus employed. A tranquillity such as she had never known before possessed her spirit; and when the noon-bell rang far over the fields, and warned her that she had held communion with her own thoughts for an hour and a half, she could scarcely believe the evidence of her own senses.

She ran down stairs, and, opening the piano, practised diligently for a long time. The difficult exercise, over which she had even shed tears, suddenly became easy. Her fingers flew rapidly over the keys; and the old metronome, that had often put her out of patience with its exact ticking, now pronounced her a most excellent timist. She was at peace with herself, and with the whole world.

When the riding party returned, they had much to say of the beauty of the ruined portion of the old Abbey, and the grandeur of the stately chapel yet preserved entire. At the children's dinner-table, Hatty, with deep blushes, apologized for her hasty conduct in the morning.

"Oh!" cried Eleanor, "if John teased me as Henry teases you, I should be very angry indeed."

"It was foolish in me, I know," resumed Hatty, "to be so particular about my riding-hat, but I wished it to look well."

"Hatty, I'll try not to tease you again this week," said her brother. "It was too bad that you should miss 'the dark Abbaye.' I think I can obtain papa's leave for another excursion to it next week. Perhaps he will send one or two of the servants with us, and let us take our luncheon among the ruins." The proposal was received by the little party with acclamations; and the General, on his way to his own dinner, was entreated to grant the favor, which he readily did.

A few days afterwards, Hatty and her brother gave a dance in honor of their cousins. Among Hatty's white dresses was one of a very delicate material, and very prettily made. This she had decided to wear on the evening of the dance, and having, with unusual forethought, peeped into her wardrobe, to see if it were ready, she was quite satisfied to find it just come from the hands of the laundress. So, with a word to Jane respecting the sash and sleeve-knots she was to wear with it, she sprang gaily down stairs. After dinner, however, as she called to Jane to bring her the dress, and to curl her hair, Jane said, "I beg you will not be angry, miss; but a terrible accident has happened to your dress. I had it all trimmed, and placed it for a moment on the bed, while I went to fetch something; and, leaving the door open, your brother's dog came into the room, and pulled it off the bed, and has soiled and torn it most shockingly. See, miss," and she held up the dress,

which was indeed in a sad condition, — torn and frayed in a dozen places.

Hatty's eyes flashed, and the poor servant gave a most deprecating glance as she began: "You careless —" but, as she turned her gaze full upon Jane, it fell on the paper over the mantelpiece, before which the woman was standing. She drew a deep sigh, while her face and neck were suffused with crimson. "I am sorry, Jane," she said, at length; "for I wanted to wear the dress very much. But it will not matter, and I can dance as well in one dress as in another. You did not know Bounce would come in, or I dare say you would have shut the door. I will wear this," said she, selecting another.

Jane poured out apologies, regrets, and thanks for her young mistress's kindness, most profusely, and did her utmost to make the substituted dress look equally as well as the other; and Hatty, made happy by her victory over self, descended to the drawing-room, which was, as she thought at first, empty. No: there stood Cousin Lina, looking out at the bright western sky.

"My little Hatty, your face is all sunshine. To-day has been a good day, has it not?"

"I think so; but I must tell you now, before any one else comes, of our excursion to the Abbey;" and Hatty told of her morning's punishment, and how the holy words of Scripture, and the remembrance of the dear Saviour, had helped her, only a few moments ago, to overcome her besetting sin. Lina kissed her with such a glad smile of approval, that Hatty was almost as happy as a child could be.

But, near as the day was to its close, Hatty was destined to have one more trial that evening. Among the

invited guests was a little girl of their nearest neighbor. Lady Laura Eastham was about Hatty's age, and the two children were much attached to each other. A fearful accident, which had happened to Lady Laura when an infant, had made her deformed, incurably so; and her sweet face attracted many an eye, only to place her misshapen figure in greater contrast. Charles Darcy, who lived some five miles distant, brought with him a schoolmate, named William Huntingdon, who was passing the holidays with him, and who was a most perfect mimic, and indulged his dangerous talent so freely, that he spared not even his dearest friends.

As the children were gaily dancing, a stifled laugh in one corner attracted Hatty's attention. She turned, and saw William counterfeiting exactly the gait and appearance of little Laura; while the poor child herself, who had also heard the laughter, stood a few paces distant, with a face perfectly colorless, and one or two tears silently stealing down her cheeks.

Hatty left her partner, and sprang forward, but checked herself when she almost reached the thoughtless group; and seizing Lina, who, engaged in conversation, had not noticed what was taking place, she said, in a low, agitated voice, "See, Cousin Lina!"

Lina saw and understood in a moment, and, walking towards the boy, she said to him, in a tone of quiet dignity, "Miss Lee considers it an insult to herself, when any of her guests are ridiculed. You must apologize to her directly. You can make no apology to Lady Laura. You have offended too deeply for that." Then, as she turned and saw that Hatty had led her little friend away, she set before the children, in a few touching

words, the sinfulness of their conduct, and made them all heartily repentant.

It was a long time before Lady Laura could be persuaded to return to the room, and then she shrunk from the children who had thus made merry at her expense. Hatty received the apologies of William Huntingdon very coldly, and he wished immediately to take his leave; and Charles Darcy, too polite to suffer his guest to return alone, apologized, with the spirit of a true-hearted boy, for his companion's folly, before he followed him.

"Parties are *not* very pleasant things, are they, Lina?" asked Hatty, as she followed Lina to take her bonnet and shawl when the evening was at an end.

"Parties are not *always* pleasant; but if this one, Hatty, has left one unpleasant impression, it ought to leave a pleasant one too. You conquered one of the hardest possible temptations to anger. I was very angry myself at the heartless mimic, and as grieved as you were for poor Laura. But how was it that you stopped, and turned to me?"

"I don't know. Something I think it was in Laura's look of patient suffering that checked me. And then I knew I could not speak, so I came to you."

"My own little darling, you will conquer! God bless you, and help you! Good night." ED.

(To be continued.)

You will always find something to do, if you do the duty which lies nearest to you.

MORNING HYMN.

AGAIN, O Lord ! I ope my eyes
 Thy glorious light to see,
 And share the gifts so largely lent
 To thankless man by thee.

And why has God o'er me this night
 The watch so kindly kept ?
 And why have I so safely waked,
 And why so sweetly slept ?

And wherefore do I live and breathe ?
 And wherefore have I still
 The mind to know, the sense to choose,
 The strength to do thy will ?

Is it to waste another day
 In folly, sin, and shame ?
 To give to these my heart and hand
 And spurn my Maker's claim ?

Is it to grow unto the world
 As glides the world from me ;
 Be one day nearer to the grave,
 And farther, Lord, from thee ?

No : thus too many days I've spent ;
 To thee, then, this be given ;
 Teach what I owe to man below,
 And to thyself in heaven.

Oh, bring me to my Saviour's cross,
For mercy for the past;
And make me live the coming day,
As if it were my last!

Child's Christian Year.

MOTHER'S PET.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

NELLY was "mother's pet," undoubtedly; "and a precious pet she was," we girls used to say to each other. Jane and Frank—they were her brother and sister—came to our school; and everybody liked them so much. All the girls would do any thing for Jane Browne, and the boys thought as much of Frank; yet nobody ever liked to visit them at their own house, and that was all on Nelly's account.

Nelly was seven years old; but her mother petted her like a baby, and she had a great many more tantrums than a sensible baby ever thought of having. She tore up Jane's books, and broke her china tea-set; and dashed her hands through Frank's kite, and spilled his marbles into the well, just for spitefulness and a malicious mischief. And it was no use for them to complain; for Mrs. Browne would never reprove Nelly, but rather scold the other children for "being so unkind to their poor little sister," as she would say.

"Poor little sister, indeed!" said Jane, one day; "I wish I didn't have any poor little sister!"

And Mrs. Browne boxed her ears, and sent her away

to her own room to stay till supper-time. It was Saturday afternoon too; and a party of us girls were going to call for her to go nutting in the woods. And we did call for her; and Mrs. Browne came to the door, and, without ever inviting us to come in, told us that Jane was in disgrace, and couldn't go with us. And we said amongst ourselves, as we went away, that we were just as sure as could be that Nelly was at the bottom of poor Jane's punishment, in some way. Sure enough, when we asked her about it Monday, she told us the whole story; and *we* said we were very glad *we* didn't have such a sister.

Nelly had never been to school; for her mother "couldn't bear to send the poor darling away from her;" and she did not know her letters, for her mother said "it would be a shame to confine such a child to her book." And, though her father remonstrated very often, Mrs. Browne and Nelly had their own away still. Jane used to tell us how her father would scold Nelly sometimes for her bad behavior, and how her mother would interfere and take the child's part, right in her presence. Jane said *she* shouldn't be sorry if Nelly never did come to school; for the only peace and comfort that she had was at school, and if Nelly came, that would be all over.

Nelly *did* come to school, however; and this was the way it happened. Mrs. Browne's father was taken ill, and she was sent for to go to him; and as there was no telling how long she might be absent, or in what state she would find her father, it was impossible to take Nelly with her. Nelly cried with passionate anger, declaring that she *would* go; and then she changed her

tone, and pleaded so pitifully to be taken along, that Mrs. Browne would certainly have yielded if she had her own way. But, for once, Nelly's father asserted his authority so resolutely that even the petted and rebellious child was silenced and frightened; so the carriage rolled away, carrying Mrs. Browne farther and farther from Nelly; and the little girl, for the first time in her life, was left alone with her father.

Her father took very little notice of her for two or three days after her mother's departure, and let her go on pretty much in her usual way, except that he would check her when he discovered any very outrageous mischief. But the first Monday morning after Mrs. Browne went away, he produced a new primer at the breakfast-table, and told Nelly that she was to go to school with Jane and Frank, directly after breakfast. Nelly opened her eyes in extreme astonishment; and, after a moment's deliberation, said, very coolly, "that she shouldn't go, for she didn't want to."

"It makes very little difference whether you want to or not," said her father quietly; "you will go all the same."

"But I say I *won't* go! I'll tell mamma!" cried Nelly passionately, springing up from the table.

Her father rose too, and grasped her arms as she tried to escape from the room. "Do you know who you are talking to, child?" he said sternly, seating her in the chair before him. "Never speak to me in that way again while you live; but learn to obey me without question, whatever I tell you to do."

"But I don't want to go, papa, you know I don't; and I *won't* too!" Nelly sobbed, with a burst of angry tears.

"Will you go with a whipping, or without one?" Nelly?" asked Mr. Browne; "you may choose which you like best."

And so Nelly was obliged to yield; for she saw that her father was altogether in earnest, and knew that she would be compelled to obey finally, however much she might resist. She walked away with Jane and Frank in sullen silence, until they had turned the corner of the road, and got out of sight of home; and then she began to scream and cry aloud. And the more Frank scolded and shook her to make her hush, and the more Jane begged and entreated her to be still, the louder she cried. Jane was terribly mortified; for everybody they met stopped to ask what *was* the matter with that child: and people looked out of the windows as they passed, and said to each other, "Oh, it's only Mrs. Browne's Nelly!" as if that was reason enough for any disturbance.

Tinney Becket, an old negro woman who lived in a cabin by the roadside, was standing at her door as the children passed; and she called out—"For grashus sake, Jane Browne, what is to pay with that young 'un now?"

"Oh, dear me! Aunt Tinney, I don't know," Jane exclaimed, half crying. "It's just naughtiness, because she doesn't want to go to school; and I don't know what to do with her!"

"You *spilt* child! how you do want *laruping*!" cried old Tinney, shaking her finger at Nelly. "Why don't you go to school and be good, like your sister? Oh! if I was *yer nuss*, wouldn't I *nettle* you?"

"I guess 'ma 'd nettle *you*, then!" Nelly responded

in high dudgeon ; and so the children went on. Nelly had grown tired of screaming, however ; and she settled her face into a determined scowl, which made her as ugly a little piece of mortality as one could wish to see.

When they reached the schoolhouse, we girls were wonderfully astonished to see Nelly ; and we all gathered round her, and welcomed her to school, pretending we were very glad to see her ; but the most of us only wanted to tease her.

"Why, Nelly !" said I, "you've really come to school ! Dear me, you must sit at my desk. Won't we have nice times, Nelly ?"

"I shan't do any such thing," said Nelly promptly.

"No, of course you won't !" exclaimed Maggie Fisher, pushing me aside, and putting her arm round the child. "You'd rather sit with me, wouldn't you, little pet ?"

"I wouldn't sit with you for any thing, Maggie Fisher ; get away from me !" cried the little vixen, as she kicked angrily at Maggie. But we didn't get away from her : we hung around her, teasing her with pet names and caresses, until she grew so angry that she looked like a little fury. She struck at me, and kicked Fanny Hopkins, and made faces at Lotty Bayly, and told us all that "we'd better let her alone, if we knew what was good for ourselves. Just wait till her mamma came home, and we'd see !"

Of course, it was all fun for us : schoolgirls rarely stop to consider whether such teasing is right or wrong ; and the whole schoolroom was in an uproar, when Miss Harrison, our teacher, suddenly appeared. The tumult

subsided pretty soon then; for Miss Harrison's very presence seemed to make a calm, even if she did not say a word. Even Nelly grew quiet; and we all took our seats while she rang the bell for prayers. Directly after prayers, Amelia Parker came into the room, looking a little flushed, as if she had walked fast, and holding Helen, a little girl about six years old, by the hand.

"I am late, Miss Harrison," she said, as she stopped at the teacher's desk; "but little Helen was coming to school to-day, and mother found so much to do for her that we did not get off so early as usual."

"I was sure you had a reason for being late, Amelia," said Miss Harrison kindly; "for you are always so punctual."

Amelia blushed with pleasure at her teacher's praise, — which was indeed well deserved, — and went to her seat. Miss Harrison followed her presently, and stood a few moments talking with little Helen; asking her how old she was, and what was her name, and if she knew her letters, and various other questions, — all of which Helen answered very prettily and gracefully; for she was a dear little girl, gentle and loving as she was bright and beautiful, and there could not have been a greater contrast than there was between her and Nelly.

Miss Harrison came over to Jane Browne's desk, after she had talked awhile with Helen, and asked Nelly what her name was.

"I won't tell you," grumbled Nelly.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because you didn't come to me first," said Nelly sulkily.

Everybody laughed; but Jane's face was crimson with shame, and Frank, on the other side of the room, whispered to one of the boys, "he wished Miss Harrison would punish her well, that he did!" so loud that the whole school heard him.

"What is her name, Jane?" asked the teacher.

"Nelly," said Jane angrily; "but it ought to be Miss Naughtiness," she muttered to herself.

Miss Harrison said nothing to either of them, and went back to her seat, trying to suppress an irresistible smile. The larger girls went up, and recited their lesson; then the little girls; and, finally, Helen was called. When she returned to her seat, Miss Harrison asked Nelly if she would come and say a lesson.

"No, I won't," said Nelly stoutly; and Miss Harrison responded, "Very well; sit still till you are ready to come to me. I shan't trouble you to do so till you wish it. But hush; I can't have that noise," she continued, as Nelly began to kick against the bench.

Without heeding her at all, Nelly kept on striking her feet against the bench. Miss Harrison left her seat quietly, and took hold of the child's hand firmly, while she looked resolutely into her eyes. "Now, if you kick once again," she said, "I will make you stand in the middle of the floor." And Nelly was silenced into submission. She could not resist the teacher's firmness. She sat still at her desk about half an hour; then she grew very tired of sitting in one position; so, with her finger in her mouth, and her new primer crumpled in her hand, she sidled up to Miss Harrison.

Miss Harrison took no notice of her at first: she was translating a Latin sentence for Amelia Parker. When

she had finished, she turned to Nelly, and asked what she wanted.

"Nothing," said Nelly sullenly; for she was angry at having been kept waiting.

"Go to your seat, then," said the teacher; "and stay till you do want something."

And Nelly, angry and insulted as she felt, was obliged to go back, and sit for another long hour, while a succession of classes went up to recite. At last, Miss Harrison was at leisure again; and the child went up to the teacher's desk, and presented her primer.

(To be continued.)

TOO OLD.

"Too old to go to Sunday School," — yes, that is an objection we have frequently heard made by many a venerable old lady of fifteen, or an antiquated gentleman of thirteen or fourteen. They are altogether too old. They do not want to be considered babies; and none but babies go to Sunday School. Come with me, my little gentleman and lady, and let us see whether that is true. We will take any Sunday School, on a pleasant sabbath morning, and, opening the door quietly, will look in upon the assembled groups. But these are not all children! Here are twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen. "Oh, *those* are the teachers!"

"Why do you suppose these teachers come here, Sunday after Sunday, in summer's heat and winter's cold?"

"To teach the children, of course?"

"True, but why do they teach the children? No outward force compels them to come. Why are they here?"

"Why — because — I don't know — I suppose."

"Ah! there you come to the very point. It is as we at first supposed. You have never thought about the Sunday School, or you would not say you were too old. Now, let us turn to the twenty-first chapter of John's Gospel, and we find there a charge which Christ gave to his disciples, — "Feed my lambs;" and again, in the fourteenth chapter, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Here are two Scripture reasons, then, why the teachers come. They come in obedience to the commands of Christ, to impart his teachings to his lambs.

Now, why should you come? You should come to be instructed in holiness. We will not do you the injustice to believe that you consider yourselves perfect. We will not suppose that you have the folly and conceit to believe that you have, in your daily walks, no need of the teachings of Christ; neither will we suppose that you feel that you can, unaided, understand the requirements of the Gospel. No; we know that you neither feel nor believe any of these things. You want, however much disposed you may be to do right, aids in the path of duty; and, if you have never thought much of your duty, then all the more do you need a faithful friend who shall point it out to you. Perhaps you have listened to your teacher on Sunday, as he talked about Jesus, and felt that he said the same thing over and over again; that you have heard that twenty times before; and so you have only half listened, or given a part of your attention to what was passing outside of

the vestry, or perhaps to the exercises of the next class. Your teacher has asked you a question, and you have been obliged to ask him to repeat it, or, with a vacant look and a blush, have answered, "I don't know."

You cannot realize how those words have chilled him. He has desired to know your thoughts on some subject, that so he may be acquainted with the workings of your soul, — of the inner and hidden life. Perhaps he had spent his Saturday evening in thinking how he might best gain your confidence, and obtain that insight which he must have before his teachings can take any effect. He hoped you were listening, — he thought the subject could not fail to interest you, and he finds your thoughts have been far distant. He returns home disheartened and discouraged.

But, on the other hand, a member of your class, who sat just beside you, heard every word the teacher said. He thought the teacher must believe all that he taught. He had often read of Christ before, and heard his teachings explained; but this morning he heard them with a new meaning. The instructor did not speak of Christ as a pure and holy being, dead long ago, but whose words and life were to be an example to us; but he spoke as if Christ were a personal friend, dearer than any earthly friend; near to the heart; seeing, realizing every effort to obey and please God; ready to give his aid to any who truly desired to serve the Father.

And that classmate did not think he had heard the same thing over and over again. He knew he had never heard it with such power before. It came home to his heart in a way he will never forget. It

opened the closed eyes of his spirit; and henceforth he will not be satisfied, till Christ is to him the blessed reality which he is to his teacher, and to all who truly seek him.

Ask him if he is not *too old* to come to Sunday School. Say to him that the Sunday School is only fit for babies. He can only tell you that Sunday-school instruction has made him feel happier than any other thing. He can only say that he would as soon give up going to church, and that he hopes he shall never feel *too old*.

You may be sure, children, that, if you went with the right spirit, such ideas as these would never find place in your minds. If you would but think how far you fall below the blessed Saviour, you would be willing to be instructed in his precepts, and to learn to grow like him. But supposing you still think yourself too old. Go to Sunday School still, and listen attentively. Your teacher will very likely make some remark, about which, like a companion, you will wish to ask questions. He will most gladly hear and answer you; and you will, unconsciously to yourself, find your interest increased. You will learn to love your teacher; and then it will be pleasant to attend the school; for nothing is so sweet as the society of those we love.

Another way in which you may strengthen your interest in the school is by going to visit your teacher. He, except in rare cases, has less time for visiting than you. Go to his house, then, at some time when you are pretty sure to find him, and spend half an hour in conversation with him. Sunday School and sacred topics may or may not be mentioned; but he will see

more clearly the tone of your mind, and will be better able to judge how he may best adapt his conversation to you on the Sabbath. Then, too, it will gratify him, that you seek his society. He will feel that, at least, he has made himself acceptable to you, and will hope that he may thus more easily influence you in your early days to choose the straight and narrow way.

The Sunday School needs devoted, faithful, Christian teachers. And where may we look for these but in the ranks of those no longer children, who have grown up under his fostering care; who have loved, as children, its teachings and its exercises; and who remain within its fold, as scholars, till the command of Christ comes to them, as it once did to their teachers, with irresistible force, — “Feed my lambs”? Every year this call grows louder and louder. The poor, the destitute, the homeless, need this instruction; and the eyes of those who think soberly of such matters are directed to those who shall soon be fitted, if they profit by the invitations of God’s holy Word, to come forward, and join the band of laborers already in the field.

Weigh the matter well, then, before you leave the school with the idea that you are too old; and remember that, in doing so, you throw away a golden opportunity, — one that can never offer itself again, and which, in after years, you may bitterly regret.

ED.

“TAKE them, O great Eternity!

Our little life is but a gust,

That bends the branches of thy tree,

And trails its blossoms in the dust.”

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY
SHALL BE COMFORTED."

A LITTLE girl was sitting in her chamber, one quiet summer morning, by an open window, which admitted the soft, warm breeze. It was a pleasant room, with its neat bed, dressing-table, and bureau; its white curtains, and a few favorite pictures pinned against the walls. A bookcase of her own books stood on one side of the window, which overlooked the garden, beyond which lay some pleasant fields, with woods in the distance. The hum of bees thronging the honeysuckle beneath her window, and the song of birds in the neighboring trees, were the only sounds to be heard. It seemed as if only peace and happiness could have filled the breast of the little girl who sat gazing on the bright summer landscape.

But there was no smile upon her lips, nor sparkle in her eyes, which were red with weeping, though the tears had been wiped away. Her glance rested on the pleasant scene without; but it was evident that her thoughts were not there, nor did she hear the glad song of bird and bee. What was it that had clouded her brow and saddened her heart? This was Annie's thirteenth birthday, when we should have expected to see her at least as glad and joyous as usual; and smiles were far more common than tears upon her face.

Her mother — as kind and good a mother as ever child was blest with — had left her but a short time before; and, if we could look into Annie's thoughts, we should perhaps find out why she seems so sad. "I know it is all true," — she is thinking, — "mother has

told me so before, and the girls tell me so, and I know it myself; I am very quick-tempered, — very irritable; and, when I am angry, I do and say a great many things that I am very sorry for. It was only yesterday that I offended Jenny Long very much indeed, by what I said when I was provoked; and I am often very impertinent to mother; but it never seemed so very bad to me before. But now I am thirteen years old, and mother says I shall grow worse and worse; and that the older I am, the harder it will be to cure myself. I am sure it will be hard enough now. What *shall* I do?"

This, then, was the cause of Annie's tears and sad looks. Conscience was awake, and its voice was loud in her breast. The counsels and warnings of her mother, who had seen with pain this fault taking daily a stronger hold upon her daughter, had aroused its voice, and now it would be heard. Not that she now for the first time thought of her sin, or resolved against it. As she said, her mother and her companions had often told her of it; the former seriously, the latter too often in an unkind or jesting spirit; and she had always thought that she would cure herself.

But to-day, while her mother talked to her, a veil seemed withdrawn from her eyes. She saw her fault in all its fearfulness; she saw how it had grown upon her since her last birthday; how, when she yielded to it, she would do and say things which in her sober senses she never could have done. She felt how slight were the causes which could excite her to anger, and looked forward with terror to the idea of becoming a lifelong slave to this fearful evil. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she almost groaned, as she laid her head down on

the table beside her; while tears — bitter, scalding tears — again sprung to her eyes.

On the table lay her Bible. It was not a neglected book, but too often read without much thought, though never irreverently. In the restlessness of sorrow, she opened its leaves; when, as if directed by some kind hand, her eyes fell upon the words, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The words were familiar; but never had their full, deep meaning reached her heart before. "Oh! I am weary and heavy laden," she exclaimed, almost aloud — "O my Saviour, give me thy rest! Father in heaven, lead me to my Saviour!" She sank upon her knees, and buried her face in her hands; while the tears trickled through her fingers. Words she had none; but the cry of her heart went up unto His throne who is all compassion; and she rose from her knees, feeling that her prayer had been heard, and able to look forward calmly and hopefully.

She turned again to the passage; but she saw that there was a condition annexed to the promise of rest, — "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me;" she must become the disciple of Christ, submit to his guidance, strive after his spirit; and she felt how little of the Christ-like, meek, and lowly spirit she had; but, assured of his help, she could not yield to despair. Again she knelt, to ask, with earnest words, the pardon for past sins; that God would forgive her many transgressions, and enable her to forsake them at once and for ever. Then, with a serious, but no longer a sad countenance, she sought the rest of the family.

told me so before, and the girls tell me so, and I know it myself; I am very quick-tempered, — very irritable; and, when I am angry, I do and say a great many things that I am very sorry for. It was only yesterday that I offended Jenny Long very much indeed, by what I said when I was provoked; and I am often very impertinent to mother; but it never seemed so very bad to me before. But now I am thirteen years old, and mother says I shall grow worse and worse; and that the older I am, the harder it will be to cure myself. I am sure it will be hard enough now. What *shall* I do?"

This, then, was the cause of Annie's tears and sad looks. Conscience was awake, and its voice was loud in her breast. The counsels and warnings of her mother, who had seen with pain this fault taking daily a stronger hold upon her daughter, had aroused its voice, and now it would be heard. Not that she now for the first time thought of her sin, or resolved against it. As she said, her mother and her companions had often told her of it; the former seriously, the latter too often in an unkind or jesting spirit; and she had always thought that she would cure herself.

But to-day, while her mother talked to her, a veil seemed withdrawn from her eyes. She saw her fault in all its fearfulness; she saw how it had grown upon her since her last birthday; how, when she yielded to it, she would do and say things which in her sober senses she never could have done. She felt how slight were the causes which could excite her to anger, and looked forward with terror to the idea of becoming a lifelong slave to this fearful evil. "What shall I do? what shall I do?" she almost groaned, as she laid her head down on

the table beside her; while tears — bitter, scalding tears — again sprung to her eyes.

On the table lay her Bible. It was not a neglected book, but too often read without much thought, though never irreverently. In the restlessness of sorrow, she opened its leaves; when, as if directed by some kind hand, her eyes fell upon the words, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The words were familiar; but never had their full, deep meaning reached her heart before. "Oh! I am weary and heavy laden," she exclaimed, almost aloud — "O my Saviour, give me thy rest! Father in heaven, lead me to my Saviour!" She sank upon her knees, and buried her face in her hands; while the tears trickled through her fingers. Words she had none; but the cry of her heart went up unto His throne who is all compassion; and she rose from her knees, feeling that her prayer had been heard, and able to look forward calmly and hopefully.

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A year passed. Again Annie sat in her pleasant chamber, and looked over the sunny landscape. Her countenance was thoughtful, but not sad. She was thinking over the year which had just gone. It had not been free from faults: her temper was not yet wholly subdued. She could remember many times when her resolutions had given way, and, casting off the yoke of Christ, she had seemed ready to become again the servant of sin. But it had been a year of progress: many steps had really been taken in the right way. Bad habits had become weaker; and frequent victory had given her courage for renewed conflicts. And now her prayer to God was one of thankfulness and trust; thankfulness that she had been made to see her danger before it was too late, and trust that he would give her strength to complete the good work which she had begun with his help.

Now, what was the secret of Annie's success? Why had her former efforts to rid herself of her fault failed? and what has brought her now into the right path to success? It was because she never *began right* before. She had justified herself; she had thought and spoken carelessly, lightly, of her besetting sin. She had not realized its evil, nor humbly sought for her Father's and her Saviour's help in overcoming it. But on that birthday morning she saw herself as she was; she saw how displeasing such a temper was to God; her spirit was humbled; she tried to frame no excuse for herself, but confessed all to her heavenly Father. She felt what the Bible calls "that godly sorrow which leadeth unto repentance," that is, to a change of life. She was one who mourned sincerely, truly; and she received the blessing, — she was comforted.

M. M.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

FROM THE "CATACOMBS OF ROME."

THERE is a legend of the Eastern Church, which has been preserved not only for its beauty, but because it embodies a melancholy truth with regard to the changes which a few centuries wrought in the early faith. The scene was laid at Ephesus, in the Decian persecution, which so severely tried the strength of those who then professed the Christian name. But while the storm was raging, and the stake and the arena were each day seeking new victims, seven youths fled from their adversaries, and sought refuge in a lonely cave in the neighborhood of the city; and there God permitted them to fall into a deathlike slumber.

They slept on, in this miraculous way, without injuring the powers of life, while years expanded into centuries. One persecution after another passed by, till the rage of the adversary was exhausted; yet neither the sounds of sorrow nor rejoicing broke their enduring trance. Christianity vindicated its claim to the dominion of the human mind, the faith was heard in Cæsar's palace, and the Imperial Master of the world adopted the cross as his badge of honor. Then, at last, one of them awoke; but to him it had only been the dream of a night. He was ignorant of the mighty changes which had passed; and, leaving his companions still slumbering, he cautiously crept from his hiding-place, and entered his native Ephesus. Then he gazed about him bewildered; for centuries had left scarcely a familiar feature in his

ancient home. A gilded cross over the city-gate by which he entered, particularly awakened his surprise. At length, with fear and trembling, he asked, "whether there were any Christians in the city?" "Christians!" was the answer; "we are all Christians here;" and then he learned how long his slumber must have lasted, and how mighty the changes which during that interval had been wrought in the condition of the world. A "great gulf" separated him from the hour in which he had fallen asleep. He looked in vain for the once-honored temples of heathenism, but saw them everywhere replaced by those dedicated to the worship of his crucified Master. He found the cross a hallowed emblem, and the gospel honored, when before, he had known its profession rewarded only with the crown of martyrdom; the house of the bigoted Jews was now a place of devotion; the Greek philosopher acknowledged his wisdom to be foolishness at the foot of the cross; and all that might and power of the Western world, which once guarded with such jealous care the rites of paganism, were now pledged to maintain the supremacy of the faith which had supplanted it. The power of heathenism was broken; and all, from the emperor down to his lowest subject, professed that holy name which first the disciples assumed at Antioch.

His strange speech and antiquated garb attracted the attention of those he encountered, until finally he was brought before the prefect; then his story was told; and in amazement all — the magistrate, the bishop, and the emperor himself — followed him to his hiding-place. They found his companions still sleeping; and, in the language of the legend, "their faces had the freshness

of roses, and a holy and beautiful light was about them."

At the call of those who had gathered in the cave, they too awoke; and we may imagine the strange, bewildering joy which took the place of all their fears. They felt that the golden age promised by their Lord had come, and righteousness was now to humble the renovated earth. And then their thanksgiving was offered up, that they had been spared to witness these glorious times, and to spend their days where every thing around them only ministered to devotion. But a brief experience dispelled these bright visions; they found that the world had been but Christianized in name; they looked in vain for the faith and devotion of those who were even their brethren, for these qualities seemed known but by tradition as the traits of martyrdom. They found that expiring Paganism, in its last convulsive struggles, had thrown its mantle over the power that conquered it; and, in place of the pure faith of their early friends, they witnessed a distorted religion, possessing little resemblance to that which it had supplanted. Forms, too, and ceremonies had been imported from the heathen world, until the simple rites of the first centuries were overloaded and obscured. And thus they turned away in sorrow from a world which called itself, indeed, by their Master's name, but retained so little of the lineaments of the faith for which he died. The earth had become darkened to them; and they found they could live only in "the light of other days." And, therefore, in their weariness and sorrow, they turned once more to the cave, which for two centuries had been made their resting-place, beseeching God to

return them again to that slumber that had been broken. And to the crowds that followed them, they exclaimed, "You have shown us many heathen who have given up their old idolatry, without gaining any thing better in its room; many who are of no religion at all; and many with whom the religion of Christ is no more than a cloak of licentiousness; but where, where are the Christians?"

And their prayer was granted: they had discharged the duty assigned them, and uttered the reproof for which they had been raised from their long slumber. Once more, then, they sank to rest; but now it was the sleep of death, from which there was to be no awakening, until their Lord came again to visit his heritage. And thus their spirits went to be with those who had once rendered the earth fragrant with their footsteps, and whom they remembered as the teachers and guides of their early days.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. —No. 29.

Sunday afternoon, Sept. 1. — We had such a good time yesterday afternoon with our wedding, that we all said, when it came evening, "Oh! I wish it needn't be Sunday to-morrow!" Well, if it *was* wrong, we wished so; for we didn't want the bride to go to housekeeping all alone the first day, without us. Beside that, they were going on a wedding-journey; and we thought there was so much to do. — Why! what am I writing about Sunday? I did not intend to, I am sure; for, ever

since the morning, I have had a beautiful Sunday time; as good as yesterday, only different.

It was so "fresh and green and still," when we walked to Sunday School, that May gave a little jump, and then twitched off some golden-rod, and said, —

"Annie, I don't care, even if we can't play. Sunday is the best time, after all."

And when all the children at school smiled, and whispered, "There is Mr. Earniste!" and when I saw Grace and Walter coming up the aisle with him, and when he began to read the service for us himself, and then sang with us so joyfully, my thoughts kept saying, "Yes, Sunday is a good time, — the *best* time, I truly believe." After that, he began to talk to us. He said that it was so long since he had seen us, and he had so very much to say, that he hoped the teachers would spare him the first part of the hour, and excuse it if he talked too long. He would try not to forget the shortness of the time. But we all hoped that he would forget; for he looked so kind and glad, and talked so well, that we thought it was better than our lessons. So we had no lessons, but only talked about what he said to us; and Miss Everett wished we would write down all we could remember, and keep it. She said she should do so, and Ella said she should. I am too tired now. I remember so much, — how can I ever write it? But I will. Emelia will help me, and I will keep it in my Journal. It will be delightful.

Monday morning. — "Oh, oh dear me!" as the little meadow-lark says. *He* need not say or sing so; for he never has to go to school to a new teacher, — the first day too. How miserable it will be!

Evening. — What a little young teacher! not so

large as the first-class girls. I wonder if she thinks they are going to mind her. I don't think she knows how to keep school : it wasn't kept very quiet to-day, at any rate. Carrie's mother told us this morning, that she would like to go to such a teacher herself, and she hoped that the scholars would all imitate her goodness. But to-day they all asked questions together ; and in the class I saw two or three of them peeping into their books. They might just as well tell a *lie* as do that. Mrs. Howe said so herself.

Saturday afternoon, 7th. — We have had rather long lessons this week ; but we don't seem to have been very industrious. I don't like school half so well as I did before. One or two girls behaved *awfully* to-day. Little Maria Laight — I don't wonder at her : those great girls laughed at every naughty thing she did ; but if I had been the mistress, she should have had a *tre-men-dous* punishment. And Sarah Gedman, — that old girl ! I would have turned her right out of school in half a minute. If it is good to be forgiving, I am sure Miss Penley is good. They both said they were sorry, and so she excused them. I would not behave so in school for the whole world ; and so Carrie and Ella, and almost all the girls, say.

Sunday morning. — I wrote what I could remember of last Sunday's address for a composition ; and so did Ella. Miss Penley praised them up, and corrected them for us ; but I am rather afraid Miss Everett may not like them so well.

Afternoon. — Oh, it is splendid ! Miss Everett said, if we would exchange with her, she would give us both a copy of what she had written ; because it was fuller

and longer than ours. And she gave me mine to-night almost *printed*, it is so plain. I can read it any time I like, just in this very place in my Journal. Oh, how nice it is! with such a lovely stamp upon the paper too.

MR. EARNISTE'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you."

My dear Children, — This beautiful text I have chosen for my sermon this morning; but, as I fear you will not understand a long sermon, I am going to talk with you about it. These blessed words of Jesus are dearer to me this morning than ever before, and I will try to tell you why.

On my way home last week, I met a lady — an old friend — travelling with her little invalid daughter, about eight years of age. We had a glad recognition, and some pleasant talk. Presently she said, "We have enjoyed our absence from home exceedingly, but we shall enjoy the arrival at home still more; shall we not, my daughter?"

"Do you think father will be all ready for us?" asked the pale child, with a bright smile.

"We shall see," said the mother, smiling in reply; and then she turned to me to tell how her husband had left them two days before, to have every thing in order for their reception, and make them, as he said, glad to get home. "I wish," she added, "that you would go with us, and see how well he keeps his promise."

"Oh, no!" I answered hastily, "I, too, am so impatient to be at home."

"But," she pleaded, "it will only delay you one night, and you will be all the fresher for to-morrow's journey." And the little girl added softly, as if to herself, "It is so pleasant when father goes first to get ready for us."

"I go to prepare a place for you," said a holy whisper in my heart; and, before they arrived at home, I yielded to their kind persuasions, and decided to go with them.

I thank God, dear children, for your sakes as well as my own, that I did so. I found no splendor in that home; only the light of a pure taste, and a cheerful Christian love, more beautiful than the costliest decorations. I found it one of the many mansions in our Father's house, of which it has been my happy lot to meet with many during my absence. I left them here, and found them everywhere, scattered over God's beautiful earth, calling upon me, as with a cheerful voice, to make every home I could happy and blessed.

Every thing was indeed ready for the travellers. It was a warm evening, and the newly-watered plants upon the piazza sent forth a fragrant welcome, to mingle with the joyous greetings of the father and two younger children, who had, they said, just returned from grand-papa's.

"They have been in another of our Father's mansions," I thought, as I watched their bright faces and loving acts. Do you know, children, that we grown-up people can always judge in what manner of places you have been? There are always little tell-tales in your eyes, in your manners and voices, which tell very plainly of the influences which have surrounded you. If you are with rude or sinful companions, even for a day, your

watchful parents discover it before you are aware. If you go away on a visit, they can discover, by these same tell-tales, on your return, how the time has been passed.

That evening was one of great beauty. Last Wednesday evening, children, do you not all remember it? I sat alone upon the piazza, while the father was absent on business, and the mother went with the little ones to their room. I was thinking it all over about the many mansions, and wishing we could make all ours on earth more like those in "our Father's house on high," when little Mary came to the parlor-window, and sat there on a low seat, looking out. I knew by her face that her thoughts were happy as mine, and should not be disturbed. Presently I heard her mother's voice, calling her away from the evening air. "Mother," said the child, as she readily obeyed, "I do not believe anybody was ever so glad to go to heaven as we are to-night to get home. If heaven is our home, I cannot make it seem half so sweet and beautiful as this. Say, mother, don't *you* think it is a great deal more pleasant to stay here?"

I moved a little, that the mother might know I was there, and saw them sitting together in the twilight, with their arms in close embrace.

"We know so little of heaven, my child, we have as yet so few treasures there."

"I know it, mother. *All my* treasures are here. You and father, Willie and Nell, my best treasures."

"But all such must be safely treasured there, Mary."

"Then my own little room," continued the child, "my doll, and books, and pictures, and images; I love them every one so much."

"But the people who made those, the most beautiful of them, are there in the Spirit Land."

"So they are; and I *ought*, I suppose, to love them better than the mere things they made. But, mother, my birds and flowers, and Kitty Grey, and ——"

"He who made all those is there, darling."

"Oh, yes! dear mother; but they are all *so strange* to me, I don't know them. Do you, mother?"

"Not much yet; but we *can*, we *must*."

"Mamma!" said the little girl, in a surprised tone, "*How?*"

"We must frequently make little visits to heaven."

"Little visits! as we go to grandpapa's and the seashore, mamma? How can we?"

"When you and your father are away," the mother answered, after a little silence, "I look often at your portraits, I read over your letters; I think over your characters, your sayings, and actions; and thus I often make little visits to you. In the same way, I look at the portraits, and study the lives and writings of good people. I study Raphael's pictures, his face, and life, and make happy visits to him."

"Oh, yes!" interrupted the child, with a glad voice, "and I can look at my beautiful head of *Jesus*, and read his life, and make little visits to him! And when I pray, mamma," — here the child spoke gently and reverently, — "then every time I pray, *I make a visit to God!* O mamma, how beautiful that is!"

After a little silence, the mother said, "There is still another way of knowing good spirits, and of learning to know God and Jesus. Think a little, my daughter."

The child did think, and answered softly, in a questioning tone, "By doing the things they tell me?"

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and *we will* come unto him, and *make our abode with him*."

"Oh, yes! what a happy thing to know!" said the little girl.

"You saw me trying to draw your head of Christ the other day. O Mary dear, if we could only copy his holy heart!"

"*Then* we should know him," she exclaimed. "Only think, dear mother, if we could be just exactly like him; then how we should know him! Oh! *we will* try; won't we, mamma?"

"*We will try*," said the mother, "and then, my child, our treasures will be in heaven; that will be our best home, and the greatest joy will be to go there."

"If father could only go first to get ready for us, as he does here," said the little girl, thoughtfully. "But I forgot: we could not let father go to *that* home first, could we?"

The mother was silent for a moment; then she answered, "'It is expedient for you that I go away; but I will come again, and receive you unto myself. I go to prepare a place for you.' Who said that?"

"The dear Jesus," she answered softly. "God is our Father, our heavenly Father; but Jesus is our heavenly brother, and *he* will prepare the place. Now, good night, dear mother. I shall think of that all the time, till I go to sleep. What a beautiful place he will prepare!"

As she left the room, and I thought of her pale, delicate face, I said to myself, "She will go to that beautiful place very soon; and then what a treasure the mother will have in heaven!" And I too fell asleep, thinking how tenderly Jesus would prepare her place there.

As the mother read aloud that chapter the next morning, I marked the bright, happy smile on little Mary's face, as she listened. And when we joined in the family prayer, and asked earnestly for the glad union in the heavenly home, and that Jesus would prepare our places for us, I felt myself, with all the loving group, very near to — almost familiar with — our place and mansion there.

And still more I felt so, when, as I said Good-bye, little Mary whispered to her mother, "I hope that his place will be very near ours in heaven." I thought of it amid my own grateful joy in reaching home. Shall we be so glad to rest in heaven? And I thought of it most gratefully to-day, my little flock, in this greeting of eager hands and smiling faces. "Shall we be so glad to greet each other in heaven?" Will those who are there before us, those you never will forget, dear children, — will they welcome us with such a loving joy? Yes, children, we must live and love, and study and pray, now and always, that it may be so, that our places may be prepared; our home in heaven made, from this happy time, dear and familiar to us.

F. E. H.

"O HOLY trust! O endless sense of rest!

Like the beloved John,

To lay our heads upon the Saviour's breast,

And thus to journey on."



Children

CHILDREN

CLUSTERING in the crowded street,
 Hiding in the greenwood tree,
 Ever at our busy feet.

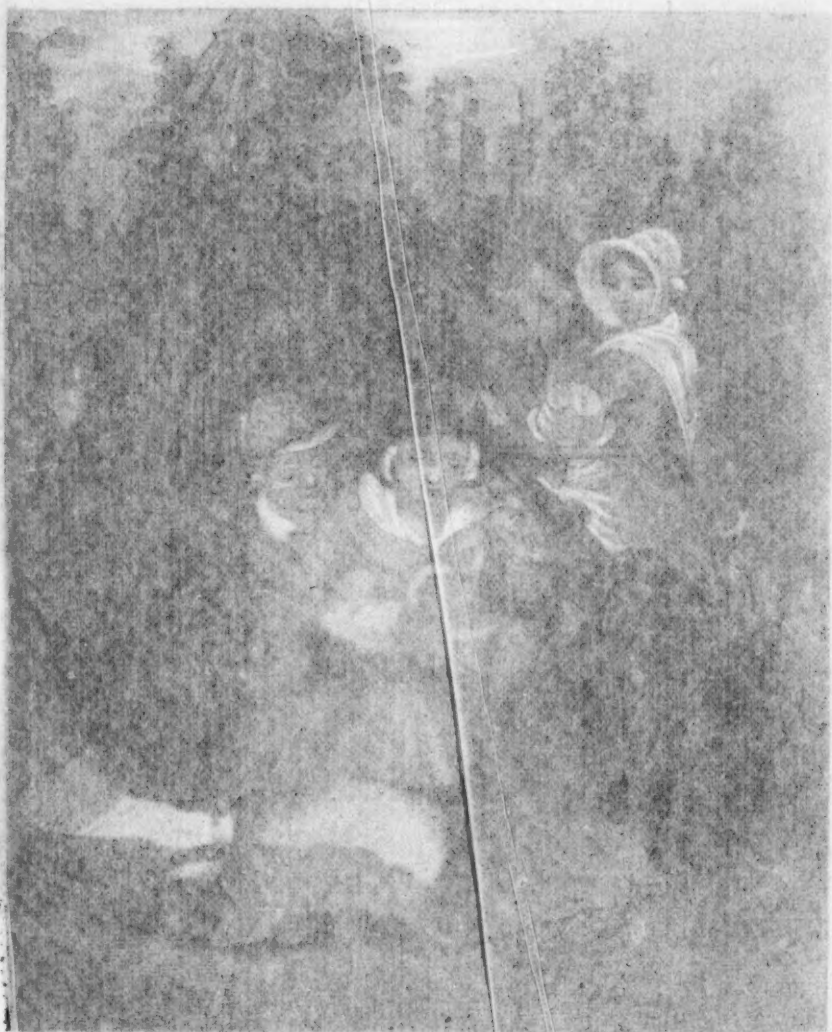
Little children, what are ye?
 God's own image undefiled, --
 Jesus Christ was once a child.

But in cellars damp and low,
 And 'mid haunts of wicked men,
 See the fierce and angry brow.
 Children, see! strike back again
 Snatch them from sin's desert wild,
 For His sake who was a child.

Hear the Father's holy name
 By those childish lips profaned,
 And no sense of conscious shame
 Filling hearts by error stained.
 Fold not hands in slothful ease,
 Jesus wore a form like these.

'Mid the crowded factories' hum,
 Knowing scarce a pause for rest,
 By the whirling wheels made dumb,
 Little children work their best.

"Man!" their silent voices cry,
 "Jesus once was such as I!"



Children

CHILDREN.

CLUSTERING in the crowded street,
 Hiding in the greenwood free,
 Ever at our busy feet,
 Little children, what are ye?
 God's own image undefiled, —
 Jesus Christ was once a child.

But in cellars damp and low,
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'Mid the crowded factories' hum,
 Knowing scarce a pause for rest,
 By the whirring wheels made dumb,
 Little children work their best.
 "Man!" their silent voices cry,
 "Jesus once was such as I!"

Children, too, in happy homes,
Sporting round your mother's knee,
Hark! the gospel message comes
To the little ones like ye:
"Be ye patient, gentle, mild,
Like the Saviour, when a child."

Yes! our blessed master took
On himself the childish form,
That we might on children look
With a love sincere and warm,
Thinking of his truth and grace,
Shining once in childhood's face.

And too, that each little one
Striving, longing to do right,
By his blest example won,
Strengthened by his heavenly might,
Should in truth, as stature grow,
Like the Saviour when below.

ED.

THE WHITE VEIL. — A beautiful but strange custom prevails among the Japanese, by which the bride receives a disguised sermon as a present from her friends. In our land, the bride frequently receives presents of jewelry and dress; but, in Japan, her friends give her, on her wedding-day, a long white veil. This veil is large enough to cover her from head to foot. After the ceremony is over, she carefully lays aside that veil among the things not to be disturbed. That wedding-veil is at her death to be her *shroud*. — *Selected*.

PATIENCE GRUE; OR, FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

(Continued from page 48.)

As she descended the hill, a new cause of uneasiness crossed her mind. Was it not high tide? Was not the wind in the very quarter which covered the little isthmus? She thought; it must be so. She hurried on; it was so. She stood still. She heard the loud dashing before her; she saw the white foam between her and the tall bushes which she knew grew on the opposite shore. Her heart sunk; and she turned despairingly away. But no! how could she go back to see her mother die, as she firmly believed she would if no help could be obtained?

"I must get across; I must!" she almost screamed to herself. She went to the water's edge, and was instantly wet with the spray, and confused with the wind, which ~~down~~ through the inlet with violence. "If I should be washed away, what would become of mother?" was her only thought. "O good God! good Father! tell a poor child what to do?"

In another moment, her courage was lighted again, as by an invisible flash; and she sprang to the fence on the road-side. "I will try it," she thought. "I will be careful; the Good Shepherd will guide me, though I cannot see his crook."

She groped about the fence, and took out a light bar. She looked up, and saw a bright star twinkling over the opposite hill. "I am coming!" she exclaimed; and

she walked down into the water. "It may not be so deep as I thought, perhaps. Trouble never is."

The wind lulled for a moment or two, as she stepped cautiously forward; and she thanked God as she received this mercy. The water was not up to her hips, in the deepest part; but the current was strong, and almost took her off her feet twice. Once she thought herself gone; but she plunged her staff into the sandy bottom, steadied herself, and struggled on. She went through. It was but a few yards; yet she knew that she had run great risk, and she would gladly have thrown herself on her knees. But time pressed; she had nearly half a mile before her yet. She flung away the bar, and attempted to run up the hill; but her wet clothes encumbered her; the wind was too mighty for her feeble limbs; and again her heart almost failed. Still she struggled on, step after step, now slowly, now rallying and struggling forward. The way sometimes seemed like a nightmare road, ever lengthening. But, at last, the roof of the great barn appeared to her rejoicing eyes; and, with fresh strength, she plunged forward, caught hold of the little gate she had so often opened under such different circumstances, and flung herself against the house-door, which she began to beat with all the strength she had left.

Even then the thoughtful girl grieved that she must disturb the mother of the sick infant, who had perhaps just sunk into a brief sleep. All was dark and still. What more solemn than to look on the tenement in which lie our unconscious fellow-creatures, buried in helpless slumbers? Angels may be walking sentry; God's protection hangs over the roof; but we see noth-

ing, but that house inhabited by silent sleepers, and the night.

Almost breathless, poor Patience attempted to call aloud ; but every effort was vain, till she threw a handful of gravel from the path against the window. Then there was a murmur within, and with unspeakable joy she heard the good farmer coming from the inner room. Exhausted, she leaned against the doorway ; and, as he threw open the window, astounded at the sound of her voice, she told her errand in almost breathless accents.

"I'll come ! I'll go ! I'll be ready in a minute !" exclaimed the kind-hearted man, as he hurried back to prepare. Suddenly, the almost sinking child roused herself. "Every moment is precious," thought she ; and she began to push her way through the tall lilac-bushes and hollyhocks ; and round the corner, and out to the barn, she glided. Often had she swung there, and played in the hay ; and she knew all the ways of the place. She found lantern and matchbox ; she struck a light ; she drew out the horse from his stall, and led him gently into the yard ; she took the saddle from the barrel on which it lay, and bore it out, just as the astonished Mr. Flint came bustling out. In two minutes, the hoofs clattered up the road.

Faint and dizzy, Patience dared not set out for home till she had rested in the easy chair of good Mrs. Flint some twenty minutes, and taken a draught of cold water. But her suffering mother floated constantly before her imagination, waited upon only by the inexperienced and terrified Georgiana ; and no entreaties could detain her longer.

The high wind had swept away the mass of clouds,

and had abated. The stars twinkled a thousand hopes over her head. The tide had gone down ; and, as one in a dream, Patience fled homewards.

Her mother was lying quiet for the moment, and returned her soft kiss without a word ; Georgiana, subdued, drew her down, and kissed her too ; and not a word was spoken till the distress again seized Mrs. Grue.

At that moment, — could it be possible ? so soon ? yes, — it was the rattle of wheels upon the gravel, grinding along under the window. The doctor had come ; he had brought the power of his art. He was not too late. But three hours more of such sickness, without the necessary remedies, would have sealed the fate of that good mother. Mr. Flint, in passing a house not a mile beyond his own, had seen lights twinkling in the window, and the doctor just coming out. He had been summoned there to a sudden case of cholera morbus, a disease of which all now stood in peculiar horror, as akin to one more fearful ; and he was about to turn his horse homewards, when Mr. Flint called to him. Mrs. Grue was cured, and, in a few days, able to return to the city.

Georgiana's first words to her mother were, "Mother, I am cured of trusting to first impressions. I am not fit to live in a lonely house, and nothing would tempt me to do it. And, mother, there never was a girl who had so much character as my cousin Patience."

Poor Georgiana ! Did she know that Patience was only a *Christian child* ?

L. J. H.

LIVES OF HOLY WOMEN.

JEANNE BISCOT.

THE province of Artois, in France, in the days of Condé and Turenne, belonged to the Spanish kings, and was often the seat of war between France and Spain. The country was often laid waste by the sword, pestilence, and famine; while miserable peasants flocked into the towns for refuge, and sick and wounded soldiers were left to die on the bare earth, and widows and orphans wandered in search of a home.

In these times, the inhabitants of Arras often beheld in their streets a young and handsome girl, simply attired in a black woollen robe. Always bent on some errand of mercy, she ventured into the darkest and saddest haunts, and braved all terror of pestilence, while striving to relieve dying peasants, or the sick soldiers in the hospitals.

This courageous girl was Jeanne Biscot, the youngest daughter of a wealthy and respected citizen of Arras. She was handsome, tall, and graceful, with regular features, a transparent complexion, and an expression both fervent and serene. As she belonged to a rich and honorable family, she might have devoted herself to and have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world; but she early consecrated herself to God, and, in her fourteenth year, she took the vow of never marrying. One fervent maxim she engraved upon her heart, and carried out in all her actions: "All for God."

And this earnest passion once almost led her astray,

to perform a most unreasonable act. There was, in the village of Neville, a sort of living tomb by the church, where human beings had formerly immured themselves. Here Jeanne seriously contemplated retiring, in order to forget the world, and live entirely to God. But she consulted two of her friends, who remonstrated with her, and, condemning this project, advised her to devote herself to the active duties of Christian charity. This she could easily do, since her parents left to her the disposal of her time and her charity.

After the death of her mother, the father of Jeanne gave up to her the care of his business and property; and, though her time was more occupied, yet she used her increased means of doing good to their fullest extent. In the year 1636, the chances of war caused a large number of poor German women to be thrown on the charity of Arras. Jeanne hired a house, and placed them in it, rendered them every assistance, and put them in a way to earn their bread. Several pious and generous ladies of Arras gave freely their time and money to aid her in this generous undertaking. Whilst she interested herself in the fate of these poor German women, Jeanne was filled with concern for the large number of orphans the war had made; and she resolved to open a place of refuge for young, destitute girls. A house of her father's was devoted to this purpose, and received seven young girls. Jeanne's home duties did not permit her to take charge of this establishment herself; but she placed a respectable woman at the head of it, and it was soon so filled as to require the aid of a second superintendent. To this home of deserted orphans, Jeanne gave the name of Holy Family.

The war had driven into the town many wounded peasants. Jeanne placed as many of the younger ones as she could in a house, and attended them, and herself dressed their wounds, and cared for them until they were well. Then she clothed them, and placed them in apprenticeship, and received in their stead the older peasants, who needed more care. Some of these were taken into her father's house. She did not lose sight of her younger protégés. Many kind persons of the town agreed to give them food, while Jeanne provided them with places to sleep in, and exerted herself to get their linen washed and kept in repair.

Again, in 1640, when an army of German soldiers encamped beneath the walls of Arras, sickness broke out amongst them. Jeanne's heart warmed towards them; and she imparted her zeal to her married sister and several other ladies. They divided the town and its vicinity into districts; and every evening, when all their household tasks were over, each went forth to visit and relieve the sick soldiers belonging to the quarter she had undertaken to attend. They carried broth to the sick, and relief to the wounded, and straw to those whose bed was on the bare earth. Their labors lasted till a late hour in the night; yet their task was performed cheerfully, at a time when few were likely to heed or praise them.

Disease increased; and, in the midst of opposition, Jeanne and her friends succeeded in providing a hospital for the suffering. For nine months, they continued their labors; they attended the sick, laid out the dead, and bore them to the grave. Next, the plague broke out in their hospital. The magistrates ordered all the sick to

be removed to some miserable sheds, in a marshy place beyond the town. And here they were forsaken by all but by their kind protectors, whom no danger could cool.

After the death of her father, Jeanne devoted herself to the interests of the orphan asylum she had established. In the space of forty-five years, six hundred and eighty-five orphan girls were received here and educated, besides a great number of out-door pupils. They received a plain education, learned to make lace, and remained until they were old enough to earn their own bread. The establishment was supported by voluntary contributions, and by such trifling sums as the orphans could earn.

When this establishment was in a prosperous condition, Jeanne resolved to open a similar one in Douay. She had little or no money, and but few protectors ; but nothing dismayed or deterred her. Several journeys to Douay being necessary, she took them on foot, in the depth of winter, when snow and rain had rendered the roads almost impassable. A younger sister, who accompanied her, often observed, in a tone of remonstrance, "How tired you are, mother !" "All for God, my poor child ; all for God," cheerfully replied Jeanne.

Jeanne was loved, not merely because she was good, but because she knew how to love. If some poor orphan, covered with rags, was brought her, she kissed and welcomed her with as much tenderness as a mother whose child was lost, and who rejoices because it is found. "With what inward and outward respect must we not attend on these children," she often said, "when we consider the image of Jesus behind those disfigured

faces and torn garments!" Her gentleness towards her adopted children was extreme; she would never allow them to be treated with severity; she attended them in their illness, and mourned for their death, with a mother's love. Love was the atmosphere in which she breathed and lived, and lighted up her speaking face with warmth and emotion.

She would never receive among her orphans children of parents in easy circumstances. Jeanne said she dreaded wealth much more than poverty for her institution. She refused the portion which a rich young girl wished to bring with her on entering the sisterhood.

Modest simplicity marked every thing in the house she governed. The chapel was almost without ornament. "It will be more agreeable to God," she said, "if we nourish and preserve his living temples — human creatures — than if we spend to adorn this, his material temple."

She was extremely sparing in those expenses that only related to herself, but would never allow the sisters or the children to want for any thing. "When all our money is gone," she said, cheerfully, "we shall pledge or sell what we have; ay, even to our chalice; and then I shall bless God." She kept no accounts of receipts or expense; and a wooden bowl held all the money of the house. There she placed whatever she received, and took from it whatever she needed. Nor did she trust in vain: whilst she lived, that bowl was never empty. The care of these two establishments could not absorb the zeal and charity of Jeanne Biscot. She reclaimed the sinning, and relieved the sufferings of the poor. In the year 1654, after the siege of Arras by Condé,

she once more gave an example of that heroic charity which she had displayed in 1636 and 1640. Again, but assisted this time by the sisters, she attended the sick soldiers, and laid out and buried the dead. The fervor of the sisters equalled that of their mother, Jeanne, who led them to toil and danger with her favorite and noble watchword, well worthy of a true servant of Christ, — "All for God."

Exhausted by so many labors, little suited to her naturally delicate health, Jeanne became infirm before her time, and fell into a languishing state. On her deathbed, she recommended three things to her sisters: "To fulfil her intentions; never to abandon charity towards the poor; and to live in peace and unity." She then gave them her blessing, and bade them farewell. They asked where she would like to be buried. "No matter where, in the parish," she calmly answered. The superior of the house of Arras said, "Mother, we should like to have you with us." "Where you like," replied Jeanne. These were her last words. Her spirit passed away so gently that her death was scarcely perceived. She died on the 27th of June, 1664, in the sixty-third year of her age. The useful establishment which she founded still exists in her native city, under the name of the House of St. Agnes. Of all the charitable women of France in that age, Jeanne Biscot is one of the least known, though surely not one of the least eminent.

For an account of Jeanne Biscot, justly called the Heroine of Charity, we are indebted to Miss Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity."

TOO ADVANCED.

LAST month, we had a word to say to those who thought themselves too old for Sunday School. We are now about to speak to a certain class who think themselves too advanced for Sunday-school instruction, and who cannot see why a quiet reading of the Bible or some good book at home should not be so profitable as the school exercises.

"We know," say they, "the *history* of the Bible, and the character of its wise and holy men. We know, too, something of the manners and customs of the Jews, and understand the geography and natural history of the Holy Land. What, then, remains to us? If a verse in the Bible puzzles us, we can get explanations of it at home, or can consult some one of the many commentators upon it." To these reasons, we reply, that they are all very good, but that they do not in the least show that you should not go to Sunday School. The history of the Bible characters, the geography of Palestine, were adapted to your younger years, when your duties were few and simple, and were easily enforced together with the knowledge of the Scriptures. But you are older now. It does not satisfy you simply to refrain from untruth, disobedience, and unkind words or deeds. You are at an age when you know that more is required of you; and, to learn what God does require of you, you ought still to go to Sunday School.

We will suppose that you join with your parents in family prayer; that they speak to you often of your

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We will suppose that you join with your parents in family prayer; that they speak to you often of your

faults and of your duties. This, however, is not enough. Your mother is occupied with household cares, and with attending to her younger children. She has not time to watch the moods of your soul, and drop in fit season the fit word. She does all she can, and the influence of her example does much likewise ; but still it is not all you need.

Your Sunday School teacher (we speak now, of course, of what should be, and what we know in many cases is the fact) is a person of a truly religious life, who has at heart the religious improvement of his pupils. He prays for you every day on bended knee, for you individually ; and he prays that God will put words into his mouth which will rouse your souls, and that he may be made the instrument of good to you. He knows that you no longer need to be instructed in the facts of the Bible. He knows that you need its spirit in your hearts. He feels that he is to join with the pastor in preaching to you "Christ, and him crucified." Christ is to him a personal Friend, to whom he can go in all his trials and discouragements, and find aid and comfort, and a "peace that passeth understanding."

And because his own heart is filled with the love of Christ ; because he is assured that "there is no other name under heaven whereby men may be saved," — he wishes to fill your heart with this love. He wishes you to realize that you stand at the opening of life ; that before you are the two ways, — the way of God, and the way of the world : and he would call to you, as did Joshua of old to the people of Israel, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

He goes, Sunday after Sunday, in the spirit of faith, and his words have power. Sometimes gradually, sometimes like a lightning flash, the sense of responsibility, the sense of the unsatisfactoriness of the life of the world, dawns upon the mind of his pupils. It will dawn upon you as well as the rest. His watchful eye will detect the awakened interest, and he will wait a few moments after the school is over to talk with you, or he will find you out during the week; and grace will be given him to pour into your soul just the help you need. It may cost you a long and hard struggle to resolve to give up every thing that lies in the way of duty. You may be filled with discouragements from your own heart within, and from your acquaintance without. Here your teacher will aid you. Perhaps he has passed through the same trials with yourself, or he can describe to you the inward life of some friend who has thought and felt as you think and feel now. But he will always lead you back to the Scriptures. He will find you there some passage which exactly suits your case, and which will help you onward.

And when all these difficulties and trials have been passed through, and you have consecrated yourself to God, and feel the calm reliance, the trustful peace, which only the consecrated soul can know, shall you then say that nothing is to be learned in Sunday School but facts? Such a teacher as we have described may not be yours, but we know there are some in every school, and we would urge you to seek the instruction of some one of them. Seek such a teacher with the desire for religious truth, with the sense that you are far from the right way, with the earnest desire to obtain good, and

then the instructions you receive will be blessed to you. God will send his Holy Spirit into your heart, will rouse it from its deadness and inactivity, and will not let you rest till your soul reposes upon him, in a faith and love which will go on deepening and strengthening for ever.

ED.

MOTHER'S PET.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

(Concluded from page 76.)

"OH! you know what you want now, do you?" said Miss Harrison carelessly. "Do you know your letters?"

"No," Nelly answered shortly.

"It is rude for little girls to answer persons so much older in that way. Say, 'No, ma'am,' Nelly."

Nelly was mute. Miss Harrison waited a moment, then said, "You may go to your seat till you can speak properly."

But Nelly stood where she was, and said what was required of her. She was tired of being treated in this way, and she saw that it was useless to contend with her teacher. Then Miss Harrison tried to teach her her letters; but it was an almost hopeless task. Nelly wouldn't try to learn; and, in the whole day, she did not remember the names of six letters. And I think Miss Harrison began to find out what we girls knew before, that Nelly Browne was a troublesome child."

Next morning, Lottie Bayly and I were standing at

the schoolroom window, looking out for the girls; for we were almost the first ones that morning. By and by, we saw Jane and Frank in the distance, and Nelly walking between them.

"There comes that spiteful little creature again," said Lottie laughing. "I wonder what sort of tantrums she'll be having to-day. Let's go have some fun with her, Em."

But I drew back. "No," I said; "I don't care any thing for Nell; but it mortifies Jane to see her sister behave so, and it wouldn't be very kind in us to put her in a passion."

"How good we are, all at once!" said Lottie, with a mocking laugh; but she did not go out to the child; and presently Jane and Nelly came into the schoolroom. Nelly was very quiet. She went directly to her seat, took out her primer, and began to say over her letters in the most diligent way. We wondered what had come over her, and were half-inclined to go and tease her; but Jane said, "Never mind her, let her alone." So we went out to play, and left her sitting in the schoolroom.

Then Jane told us how her father had asked about Nelly's behavior, when they went home last night; and, when he heard the whole story of her disgraceful conduct, he had cut a little switch, and punished Nelly, and had promised to repeat the same discipline, only worse, if he ever heard any thing like such a report of her again.

"So Nelly's been as good as pie to-day," Jane said, laughing. "I haven't had the least trouble getting her

to school; and I guess Miss Harrison won't have so much to manage her as she had yesterday."

Sure enough, Nelly was just as tractable and obedient all day as heart could desire. She neither pouted nor cried; she made no impertinent replies to the teacher; came when she was called, and did what she was bid. And as for her lessons, she really made wonderful progress; for she was naturally a bright child, and could learn quickly enough when she chose. This state of affairs lasted for a month. Between Miss Harrison at school, and her father at home, the little lady was under such control as she had never been in her life before; and people began to think "that Nelly Browne might really be made a pretty good child, by and by."

But, alas for Nelly! in about a month after this, Mrs. Browne came home, and, with her, her father and mother, the children's grandparents. Nelly was wild with delight at seeing them; for her grandmother petted and spoiled her more than her mother, if possible; and she knew that, with two such powerful friends, she could have her own way again to her heart's content. And then such loads of presents they brought for her! Picture-books, dolls, boxes of playthings, baskets of candies, and a whole baby-house full of furniture from top to bottom!

Jane and Frank had each only a book; and didn't we girls think it was just the most shameful injustice in the world! Poor Jane! she came to school, the next morning after her mother's return, *without Nelly*; and such a story as she told us of all that happened the night before! Jane cried while she was telling it; and we all got so excited and indignant, in our passionate

sympathy, that we could almost have wrung Nelly's neck, and banished her mother to Siberia, without a moment's compunction !

Last night, Jane said, they were all sitting together round the fire. She and Frank were getting their lessons for next day ; but Nelly was sitting between her mother and her grandmother, with her treasures of presents strewn all around her, and her lap full of candies and sugar-plums, which she was devouring without offering one to her brother and sister.

Her father watched her greediness for a long time without saying any thing ; but by and by, when an amazing quantity of the sugar-plums had disappeared, he told Nelly that she had eaten quite enough of those candies, and to give the rest to Jane and Frank. Nelly didn't say a word ; but she did not stir from her seat to obey the command.

"Do you hear what I say ?" her father asked sternly ; but Nelly did not answer or obey, only drew closer to her mother ; and Mrs. Browne, as she always did when Nelly was in fault, began to defend her.

"I brought the candies *for Nelly*, Mr. Browne," she said quite emphatically, "and intended that she should eat them. I didn't think Jane and Frank were quite such babies as to need sugar-plums."

"And I don't think Nelly is such a baby that she is obliged to make herself sick with them," said Mr. Browne indignantly. "She has eaten enough for three people already ; and I insist upon her sharing the rest with her brother and sister. If she were not the most selfish child in the world, she would have done it long ago, of her own accord."

"Selfish! O Mr. Browne! how can you say so?" cried old Mrs. Lee's weak voice; and Mrs. Browne exclaimed indignantly, "Selfish, indeed! I wish I had another child that was half as good in any way. I think the selfishness is for a great girl like Jane to want to take any thing away from a poor little thing like Nelly."

("Now, girls, wasn't that *too* bad?" Jane said, when she had got so far in her story. "I wouldn't have touched the old candy for the world, anybody knows.")

"I don't know whether Jane wants them or not," said Mr. Browne; "and we'll not discuss this matter any longer. Do you go and do as I bid you, Nelly, immediately."

But Nelly, grown bold through her mother's most injudicious interference, gathered her treasures closely together, and positively refused to obey. Mr. Browne got up hastily, and left the room. They heard a bell ringing violently next minute, and presently a servant came to the door to say that Miss Nelly's father wanted her up stairs directly.

But Nelly sprang to her mother's arms in affright. "Don't let me go, mamma! he will whip me! oh, don't let me go!" she exclaimed with passionate crying; and her mother took her on her lap, and sent word by the servant that she could not go. Mr. Browne came down stairs; but her mother held her tightly, refusing to give her up; and finally the father had to yield.

Mrs. Browne took the first opportunity to carry Nelly out of the room, whither neither of them returned that

night ; and from that time Mr. Browne's authority over his spoiled child was at an end.

Nelly never came to school any more. Jane said she tore her primer in halves before her mother, and said, "Hurrah, old primer ! there's half of you for Miss Harrison, and half for papa. Much good may you do 'em !"

And Mrs. Lee and her mother only laughed, and thought what a smart, spirited child Nelly was !

THE SEA-EAGLE.

EARLY in 1848, a white-tailed sea-eagle was brought to London in a Scotch steamer, cooped up in a crib used for wine-bottles, and presenting a most melancholy and forlorn appearance. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing him in this woful plight, took pity on him, purchased him, and took him to Oxford, he being duly labelled at the Great Western Station, "Passenger's Luggage." By the care of his new master, Mr. Francis Buckland, the bird soon regained his natural noble aspect, delighting especially to dip and wash in a pan of water, then sitting on his perch, with his magnificent wings expanded to their full extent, basking in the sun, his head always turned toward that luminary, whose glare he did not mind.

A few nights after his arrival at his new abode, the whole house was aroused by cries as of a child in mortal agony. The night was intensely dark ; but at length the boldest of the family ventured out to see what was

the matter. In the middle of the grass-plot was the eagle, who had evidently a victim over which he was cowering with outspread wings, croaking a hoarse defiance to the intruder upon his nocturnal banquet. On lights being brought, he hopped off with his prey in one claw to a dark corner, where he was left to enjoy it in peace, as it was evidently not an infant rustic from the neighboring village, as at first feared. The mystery was not, however, cleared up for three days, when it was ascertained that he had devoured a hedgehog. He had, doubtless, caught the unlucky hedgepig when on his rounds in search of food, and, in spite of his formidable armor of bristles, had managed to uncoil him with his sharp bill, and to devour him. How the prickles found their way down his throat is best known to himself; but it must have been rather a stimulating feast.

This eagle was, with good reason, the terror of all the other pets in the house. On one occasion, he pursued a little black and tan terrier, hopping with fearful jumps, assisted by his wings, which, happily for the affrighted dog, had been recently clipped. To this the little favorite owed his life, as he crept through a hedge which his assailant could not fly over; but it was a very near thing, as, if the dog's tail had not been between his legs, it would certainly have been seized by the claw, which was thrust after him just as he bolted through the briers. Less fortunate was a beautiful little kitten, the pet of the nursery: a few tufts of hair alone marked the depository of her remains. Several guinea-pigs and sundry hungry cats, too, paid the debt of nature through his means; but a sad loss was that of a jackdaw of remarkable colloquial powers and unbounded assurance,

who, rashly paying a visit of a friendly nature to the eagle, was instantly devoured. Master Jacko, the monkey, on one occasion, only saved his dear life by swiftness of foot, getting on the branch of a tree just as the eagle came rushing to its foot with outspread wings and open beak. The legend is, that Jacko became rather suddenly gray after this; but the matter is open to doubt.

One fine summer's morning, the window of the breakfast-room was thrown open previous to the appearance of the family. On the table was placed a ham of remarkable flavor and general popularity, fully meriting the high encomiums which had been passed upon it the previous day. The rustling of female garments was heard; the breakfast-room door opened; and, oh, what a sight! There was the eagle perched upon the ham, tearing away at it with unbounded appetite, his talons firmly fixed in the rich, deep fat. Finding himself disturbed, he endeavored to fly off with the prize, and made a sad clatter with it among the cups and saucers. Finding, however, that it was too heavy for him, he suddenly dropped it on the rich carpet, snatched up a cold partridge, and made a hasty exit through the window, well satisfied with his foraging expedition. The ham, however, was left in too deplorable a state to bear description.

The eagle was afterward taken to London, and placed in a court-yard near Westminster Abbey, where he resided in solitary majesty. It was from thence he made his escape on the 9th of April. He first managed to flutter up to the top of the wall; thence he took flight unsteadily, and with difficulty, until he had cleared

the houses ; but, as he ascended into mid-air, his strength returned, and he soared majestically up, as has been narrated. After his disappearance, his worthy master said, with a disconsolate air, " Well, I've seen the last of my eagle ; " but, thinking that he might possibly find his way back to his old haunt, a chicken was tied to a stick in the court-yard ; and, just before dark, Master Eagle came back, his huge wings rustling in the air. The chicken cowered down to the ground, but in vain ; the eagle saw him, and pounced down in a moment in his old abode. While he was busily engaged in devouring the chicken, a plaid was thrown over his head, and he was easily secured. After this escapade, he was sent to the Zoölogical Gardens, Regent's Park, where he may be recognized by his having lost the outside claw of the left foot. — *Selected.*

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart
Whenever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance, an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Selected.

THE SNOW FAIRIES.

BRIGHT the winter moon was beaming
 O'er the snowy plain and hill,
 And in steady radiance streaming,
 Silvered o'er the frozen rill.

As I wandered, my slow footsteps
 Seemed alone the calm to break,
 Save the sound of distant laughter
 From the skaters on the lake.

Where the little copse-wood groweth,
 — Used the rivulet to shade, —
 Every spray bent down with snow-flakes,
 Thither, carelessly, I strayed.

Hark ! a strain of tiny music
 Ringeth through the thicket white,
 With a sound of merry voices
 And a tread of footsteps light.

Forth advancing from the covert,
 Bounding o'er the unyielding snow,
 Lo ! a train of fur-clad fairies
 Dancing gaily as they go !

Of rich furs their graceful raiment
 Bright with many a varied hue,
 While beneath each small fur head-dress
 Sparkled forth their eyes of blue.

One among them moved superior, —
White her robe as lady's hand ;
And a slender spear, ice-jewelled,
Seemed her sceptre of command.

Graceful round their queen encircling,
Swiftly moved each little foot,
To the dance this song responding,
And the notes of fairy flute : —

“ Round we go o'er the sparkling snow,
Bright the stars are glancing !
Merrily sound, as we go round,
To lively music dancing.

“ Still the air, the moon shines fair,
In light the landscape steeping,
The trees shine bright through the lovely night,
Too fair a night for sleeping.

“ Forth we come from our crystal home,
Our home with ice-gems gleaming,
To dance a round on the fleecy ground,
And sport in the moonlight beaming.

“ And when the day drives night away,
When the watching stars grow weary,
Then swift we 'll fly where the shadows lie,
And creep to our grottoes cheery !

“ Round we go o'er the sparkling snow,
Bright the stars are glancing !
Merrily sound, as we go round,
To lively music dancing.

HATTY LEE.

(Concluded from page 67.)

WHEN we last saw Hatty Lee, she was about twelve years of age; but we shall skip over a number of years, and present her to our readers at the age of eighteen. General Lee, having strongly felt the necessity of a person to whose authority his children might be subject in his frequent absences, at last invited a maiden cousin to take up her abode with him, in the hope that the quick temper of his daughter, and the unkind propensities of his son, might be subdued under her mild influence.

Miss Mildred Lee — or Cousin Milly, as the children were taught to call her — was forty years of age when she came to reside at Ashwood. She was very gentle, but very firm. She was also very precise, and had a great many ideas of her own respecting propriety, all of which she put in practice with her young cousins. Hatty had *almost* hated her for a long time; and many were the temptations to anger which the prim lady caused the frolicsome child. At the time when we resume our story, she had lived with them five years; and those years had opened Hatty's eyes to many of her good qualities, while they had softened many of her annoying ones.

It was a cold night in January. A roaring wood fire sent its cheerful blaze up the chimney; and by the fire sat Miss Mildred, erect and stately, engaged with

some knitting-work. A clatter of horses' feet was heard in the avenue; and, in about five minutes, Hatty burst into the room, in a state of great excitement.

"O Cousin Milly! such delightful news! A county ball! And Henry is appointed one of the managers! He has just told me so. He met Sir Edward Lyndon on the road to Oakhurst; and he told him. Harry knew nothing about it till then; but, of course, he accepted. Oh! I can hardly sit still thinking of it."

"You are very much excited," said Miss Mildred quietly; so much so, that I cannot tell whether I should praise you for your generous sympathy in your brother's pleasure, or reprove a wildness which would have suited you better when I first came here than it does now."

"Generous sympathy, Cousin Milly? Oh! no. I am not so generous as you suppose. I am thinking of dancing and partners, and a new dress, and various other trifles of my own. It is on my *own* account I am in ecstasies."

"You will not be able to go, Hatty."

"Why, Cousin Milly? what can prevent? Harry is of age, and surely can be trusted with the care of me; and as for a lady protectress, even if you do not go, Lady Castleton has told Harry, this very afternoon, that she would *chaperon* me, together with her own daughter; so that there can be no possible objection."

"But your father is away, my dear, and will not return, in all probability, in season."

"No; for the ball takes place on Thursday week, and he will not arrive till the Saturday after. But that makes no difference. I know he would give me leave, if he were here."

"I think he would give you leave, too; but I do not consider it proper for you to go without him. You know you have not yet come out in London; and, as this would be your first ball, I should consider it highly improper for you to go, unless he accompanied you."

An impatient "Oh dear!" was about escaping from Hatty's lips; but she checked herself, and said, "Perhaps I might write, and ask papa his opinion."

"But you know he told us, in his last letter, that it was hardly worth while for us to write again, as he was moving about from place to place."

That was true enough. Hatty was almost in despair, and almost out of temper. She made one more effort. "O Cousin Milly! I want to go so much! Do try to think it is proper!"

But Miss Mildred never wavered; and Hatty found it difficult to preserve her temper, and to chat pleasantly all the evening, as if she had had no disappointment. She had one hope remaining. She thought it possible that Cousin Mildred might consent if Mrs. Harewood thought it proper. So, as soon as breakfast was over, the next morning, she set off for the cottage. Neither Mrs. Harewood nor Lina saw the force of Cousin Mildred's scruple; but Lina, who knew Hatty's eagerness to go, by the warmth of her manner, said to her, "Self-control, Hatty, even if our opinion has no weight with Cousin Milly. I will not say that I don't think her unreasonable; but do what is right yourself."

Hatty smiled, and promised to control herself as well as she could; and, after half an hour's conversation, she returned home. But even Hatty's representations, and the united entreaties of Mrs. Harewood, Lina, and Henry,

changed not the mind of Miss Mildred. Hatty was obliged to give up. She tried not to think of it; but Henry's enthusiastic accounts, and the many matters in which he consulted his sister's taste, rendered it difficult for Hatty to put it out of her thoughts. But she even went through the trying week without being at all impatient, though she was sorely tempted, especially as Miss Mildred suddenly declared her resolution to go with Harry, and actually carried it out.

When her father arrived, and she mentioned to him how much she had wanted to attend the ball, he answered, "And I should have preferred your going with your brother to staying at home." She felt very indignant with Miss Mildred; but she wisely shunned the temptation, and avoided her for the rest of the evening, lest she should say something she might have occasion to regret.

General Lee had a large and fine greenhouse, and an extensive grapery, in which he took much delight, and in which were constantly grapes in all stages of growth. One day in April, Hatty went into the greenhouse to attend to the removal of some plants to the open air. Some of them were at a distance from the ground; and, in reaching upward for one of the pots, the gardener placed his foot on one of the frames, and jarred it so much that a flower-pot containing one of Hatty's pet plants fell off, and was broken to pieces in a moment; and the slender stem of the plant was snapped in two. The angry word rose to Hatty's lips, but she repressed it; and, in a moment more, the gardener made another step upward, lost his balance, and, catching at the grape-trellis overhead, was soon rolling in the midst of a

nearly inextricable confusion of plants, pots, sticks, and, above all, amid crushed and mangled grapes of the richest and rarest kind.

So rapidly had the whole occurred, that the general, who had witnessed the first accident from the door, not more than a dozen yards distant, was not in time to prevent the second. Very angry was he at the destruction of his fine grapes; and the anger was not diminished when he found that many of his choicest plants were utterly destroyed. When the amount of the destruction was ascertained, he turned to walk toward the house with his daughter.

"How excessively stupid it was in you, Hatty," he said, when they were out of hearing of the gardener, "not to scream to him when he knocked down your plant! If you had scolded him then, he would have stepped back, and taken the steps to reach the other pots."

"But, papa, I could not foresee that he was going to make a misstep."

"I know that, child; but it would have been much better had you stopped him in the midst of his carelessness, and then my fine grapes and my beautiful cereus might have been saved."

Hatty saw that her father was in no condition to bear argument; so she maintained a prudent silence. But, when she reached her own room, she could not restrain her tears when she thought how much her father had misjudged her. It had been so hard for her to restrain her tongue; and then that her very silence should have been construed against her! However, the consciousness that she had done right began, after her first sense

of injustice, to console her ; and she flew to her little Bible ; and, as she read, she remembered that the Saviour was misjudged, and his highest and purest actions evil spoken of by the Jews. When her spirit was comforted, but before the tears had quite dried on her lashes, her father knocked at the door. He came to see if she would ride with him ; and, seeing that something had been amiss, he insisted upon knowing what it was. She was obliged to tell him.

" Ah, Hatty ! " said he, " I must take lessons of you. I feel rebuked now for having allowed myself to be so angry with James, and still more that my passion should have made me unjust to you, who are so good a child."

Hatty was taken by her father to London, to make her entrance into the gay world. She had a moderate share of beauty ; and her father's wealth and position caused her to be flattered and courted. But her heart was not set on these things. A very few weeks sufficed to show her the heartlessness and folly of much that is called pleasure. She would have gladly returned to Ashwood, then in the height of its summer beauty ; but her father was pleased by the attention she received, and desired her to remain through the London season. She consented, in obedience to his wishes ; but she was unspoiled. The late hours, the rival beauties, the exciting parties, and the attractions of the opera, all failed to shake a self-control that was based upon a love of right, and a sincere desire to make the Saviour her example, her Guide, and her Friend. She found, amid the gayety, one or two dear friends, who, like herself, were in the world, but not of it ; and in their society

she experienced her greatest happiness during her stay in London.

And now, dear little readers, we have shown you how the life of self-control may be attained. It cannot be done at once; very gradual must be the process; but the turning-point, the resolution that you will, with God's help, resist the temptation to be angry, is taken at once. If any one of our readers has struggled with this sin hitherto in vain, we most earnestly entreat them to pursue Hatty Lee's course, and, like her, to strive and pray that the example and precepts of the blessed Saviour may be constantly before them, to keep away all thoughts of sin.

ED.

THE MONASTERY OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

At the distance of eight miles north of Grenoble, is the celebrated Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse. In the year 1084, Bruno, a native of Cologne, the founder of the Order of Carthusian Monks, a man of learning and piety, came to the city of Grenoble, and requested the resident bishop to allow him to establish himself, for religious purposes, in some place of retirement within the limits of his diocese. Hugh, bishop of the city, strongly recommended to him, and the few pious persons with him, as a place suitable for their purposes, the neighboring desert of the Chartreuse, a place effectually precluded from intrusion by frightful precipices, and almost inaccessible rocks. The proposition was readily

accepted. Delighted with the prospect of separating themselves from the world, they went into this remarkable retreat; and, removed almost from the possibility of worldly interruptions, they built their places of prayer. Such, many centuries since, was the origin of the Monastery of the Grand Chartreuse.

As the traveller approaches it, he emerges from a long and gloomy forest, which is abruptly terminated by immense mountains that rise before him. The Pass, through which the ascent of the mountains is commenced, winds through stupendous granite rocks, which overhang from above. At the end of this terrific defile, the road is crossed by a romantic mountain torrent, over which is a rude stone bridge. The road no sooner leaves the bridge than it turns suddenly in another direction, and thus presents at once before the traveller a lofty mountain, on the flattened summit of which the Carthusian Monastery is situated, enclosed on either side by other mountain-peaks, still more elevated, whose tops are whitened with perpetual snows.

"No sooner is the defile passed," says a traveller who passed through it a few years before the period of which we are now speaking, "than nothing which possesses either animal or vegetable life is seen. No huntsman winds his horn in these dreary solitudes; no shepherd's pipe is allowed to disturb the deep repose. It is not permitted the mountaineers ever to lead their flocks beyond the entrance of the defile; and even beasts of prey seem to shrink back from that dreaded Pass, and instinctively to keep away from a desert, which neither furnishes subsistence nor covert. Nothing, as we passed upward, met the eye but tremendous preci-

pices and huge fragments of rock, diversified with glaciers in every possible fantastic form.

"Sometimes the rocks, jutting out above, overhung us, till they formed a complete arch over our heads, and rendered the path so dark that we could scarcely see to pick our way. Once we had to pass over a narrow pine plank, which shook at every step. This was placed, by way of bridge, over a yawning chasm, which every moment threatened to engulf the traveller in its marble jaws. We often passed close by the side of abysses so profound as to be totally lost in darkness; while the awful roaring of the waters, struggling in their cavities, shook the very rocks on which we trod."

From the bridge at the termination of the defile to the level opening on the top of the mountain on which the monastery is situated, the ascent is a little more than two miles. The monastery itself is a very striking object, venerable alike by its massive strength and its high antiquity. Although correctly described as situated on the summit of a mountain, it is nevertheless enclosed on two sides by stupendous rocks and peaks, of still greater height, which reach far above the clouds, and almost shut out the light of the sun. Here dwell a company of monks, about forty in number, under the direction of their general or prior; they have a large library; many of them are men of extensive information and learning; their duties and austerities are subjected to strict rules; their mode of living is simple; and much of their time is spent in acts of devotion.

About a third of a mile below the monastery, in a little opening on the side of the ascent, is a building which may be regarded as an appendage to it, though

separate from it in some respects. The principal building at this place, and the cells around it, are occupied by lay brethren and other persons, who wish to be connected with the members of the Chartreuse, and to be under their direction, without wholly conforming to the severity of their rule. It was to this place, probably, and not to the monastery proper, that Madame Guyon ascended through these frightful solitudes. — *Upham's Life of Madame Guyon.*

TO PARENTS. — My words will be few. I write them not for the sake of admiration, but of utility. Peradventure God will bless them by inducing some one to receive and follow them. In Deuteronomy it is written, "Ye shall lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul; and ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way; when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." I have lately taken the series of Sunday School Manuals for our family instruction. After reading a lesson for the edification of myself and wife, I call to my side our little children of five and three years of age, and tell them in simple words the substance of the lesson. I recommend some such daily task to every parent. It will occupy not more than fifteen minutes a day; and ought we not to make a special effort to obey God in this respect? Our excuse is we cannot spare the time. Is it a reasonable excuse? Try the plan, and you will be surprised at the result. Tears of joy will fill your eyes to see how much your little ones will enjoy the bread of Heaven. — A FATHER.

Sunday School Gazette.

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL
INHERIT THE EARTH."

"MOTHER," said George Seymour, looking up from the paper on which he had been for a long time intent, — "Mother, what a horrible thing this Battle of the Alma, as they call it, was! Did you read this account of the field after the battle?"

"I saw it, George," said his mother; "but I could not read it all, it was too shocking."

"But did the French and English know, when they went there, what they would have to go through?" said George.

"They must have expected it, George; for there never is a war without very nearly the same amount of suffering and death."

"Then what did they go for? How could anybody go where they expected to be killed, or to lose their limbs, and suffer so much?"

"Most of them were soldiers before the war broke out, and, of course, were obliged to go wherever the regiment was ordered. Many, no doubt, had enlisted while the country was at peace, and never supposed they should ever be actually obliged to fight. Others joined from love of adventure, and for the sake of seeing foreign countries. Others, being very poor, thought only of the bounty, as it is called, — money paid to every one when he enlists; and some — many, I fear — enlisted when they had been drinking, and did not know, until too late, what they were doing."

"Poor fellows!" said George; "how much they are suffering!"

"Yes," said his mother; "and not only they: think of their families at home. There cannot be more than one in twenty at the most of these poor men who has not some — perhaps a great many — who love him as much as you and I love father or Brother Charles. Think what they feel when the news of a great battle comes, and they must wait days and days before they can hear who are dead, who wounded, who taken prisoner; then, after all this anxious waiting, to find the name they love best on one or the other of these lists! Think, George, if father were there!"

Mrs. Seymour's eyes filled with tears, and George looked very serious. "Mother," said he, at length, "what are they fighting for?"

"If you were to go through the two armies, George, and ask that question of every one you met, I do not believe that one in a hundred would be able to tell you. That is, they do not know what the war is about, nor who began it. Probably they do know that by this time they hate each other, and want to fight to revenge their friends who have been killed."

"Well, I'm sure, if I was a soldier, I should want to know what I was fighting for," said George. "I guess the soldiers in our Revolution did."

"Yes; but the cause of this war is not a matter which concerns the soldiers at all: it is merely a question between the different governments, which not half of them could understand. But come, now: it is time for you to learn your Sunday-school lesson."

George took his books, and was silent for a time;

then, looking up, he asked, "Mother, what is it to be meek?"

"To be gentle, kind, and forgiving," she replied. "One who is meek does not always insist on having his own way, even on having his rights. He does not use harsh words, nor do unkind deeds, but is always ready to forgive, anxious to please others, and willing to overlook things at which he might take offence. It is indeed, as Jesus calls it, a blessed disposition."

"But Jesus said, 'The meek shall inherit the earth:' what does that mean?"

"To inherit the earth, or the land, was a proverbial expression, among the Jews, for possessing the highest blessings. Jesus means that the meek will enjoy a great deal more, even in this life, than those of an opposite disposition."

"But I should not think they would, mother. I should think those who stood up for their rights would be most likely to get them."

"Suppose, George, you go into the schoolroom of a cold morning, and take an empty chair by the stove. Pretty soon up comes another boy, and says, in a cross tone, 'I was sitting there,' and tries to push you out. How do you feel?"

"I feel mad," said George, smiling, "and hold on as tight as I can."

"And then you have a quarrel, or else both are sent to your seats for making a disturbance. But if he had come up to you, and said, 'I was sitting there, George: can't you let me have half the chair?' — what should you do then?"

"Why, of course, mother, I should give him a good large half."

"There, then, is a small example of the way in which the meek inherit the earth; and, in addition to his 'good large half,' this second boy has no unkind feelings to trouble him, nor does he get into disgrace for quarrelling."

"But will it always be so?" said George.

"Perhaps it will not always *seem* so. There are tyrants both among men and boys, who will oppress and abuse those in their power; and sometimes those who think it wrong to resist with violence are thus deprived of what is rightfully theirs; but the question still remains, whether, by submitting to injustice, they do not save themselves from something worse."

"How do you mean, mother?"

"Let us go back to our old example of the school-house fire. Suppose you leave your seat for a minute, and another boy takes it, who will not give it up, nor half of it, though you ask him pleasantly. You have some such boys in school, have you not?"

"Yes," said George promptly, — "Tom Jones."

"Well, now, you can do three things. You can try to pull him out, and perhaps be hurt, perhaps punished, certainly get angry, and feel very cross and uncomfortable. Or you can complain to the master, who would see justice done; but that is never a very favorite remedy with boys. ("No, indeed," said George.) Or you can give up the point quietly, and take your seat at your desk, where you will be comfortable after a while, though your hands may be numb at first. Now, is not the evil in the last case less than in the others?"

"Yes," said George thoughtfully; "but the boys would think I was mean and afraid, if I gave it up so."

"Perhaps they might, at first, at least, though I don't believe all of them would, even at first; and I am pretty sure, though I do not know a great deal about schoolboys, that, if Tom Jones should try to do the same thing the next day, you would find half the school ready to take your part. But do not you think a boy who habitually acted thus, — yielding his rights rather than contend for them; not easy to take offence, and equally careful not to give it; gentle and kind to those weaker than himself, but not cowardly or cringing to those who were stronger, even when he submitted to their injustice —"

"Stop a minute, mother: I don't quite understand what you mean."

"I mean, George, that a person can be truly meek, in the sense in which Christ used the word, in the sense in which Christ was himself meek, and not be cowardly or mean-spirited. That is a great obstacle to some people: they confound meekness and meanness. Now, a man or a boy may submit to injustice when he cannot escape it except by a violent resistance, without showing any trace of fear or servility. How was it with Christ himself? What meekness, yet what nobility, he showed, when conversing with the carping, treacherous Pharisees! And where can we find a scene, which, for brutal injustice on one side, and majestic meekness on the other, surpasses his trial before the high priest and Pilate? Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, mother, perfectly; and now please finish what you were saying."

"I was asking whether such a boy would not really be a much greater favorite than one who always held to

his own rights, and resented every thing at which he could possibly take offence, — Tom Jones, for instance : is he a favorite in school ? ”

“ Not at all,” said George ; “ though the boys are all afraid of him, because he is always ready to fight : so they scarce ever plague him.”

“ But, if I know you,” said Mrs. Seymour, smiling, “ you would rather be plagued a little than feared and disliked.”

“ Oh ! yes, indeed,” said George.

“ Try, then, by meekness to deserve the blessing,” continued his mother earnestly, “ and have no fear but that you will obtain it, in the love of your schoolmates, and your own freedom from angry and revengeful passions.”

George was silent for a while, and then said, “ Mother, is the blessing intended for nations as well as individuals ? ”

“ I do not doubt it,” said his mother ; “ but I am sorry to say no nation has ever yet tried the experiment.”

“ Seems to me it would have been a good chance for England and France to try it now,” said George.

“ They would have saved themselves much misery, if they had,” answered his mother ; “ misery, too, of which, I fear, we have seen only the beginning. But people are very slow to believe Christ’s words : they think they know better ; and so, for 1855 years, there have been wars and fightings, till real Christians begin to feel almost discouraged, there is so little prospect of an end being put to such sin and misery.”

“ Well, mother, what can we do ? ”

"Nothing, George; nothing at present, but govern ourselves. Let us each learn the lessons of the meek and lowly Jesus; then, while we receive his blessing ourselves, we shall be giving the whole weight of our example and influence to help on the happy time 'when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

M. M.

THE WAY THE RUSSIANS TREAT THEIR HORSES.

THE Russian coachman seldom uses his whip, and generally only knocks with it upon the foot-board of his sledge, by way of a gentle admonition to his steed, with whom, meanwhile, he keeps up a running colloquy; seldom giving him harder words than "*My brother,*" "*my friend,*" "*my little white pigeon,*" "*my sweetheart.*" "Come, my pretty pigeon, make use of your legs," he will say. "What now? art blind? Come, be brisk! Take care of that stone there. Dost see it? There, that's right. Bravo! hop, hop, hop! Steady, boy, steady! What art turning thy head for? Look out boldly before thee. Hurra! Yukh! yukh!"

I could not help contrasting this with the offensive language we constantly hear in England from carters and boys employed in driving horses. You are continually shocked by the oaths used. They seem to think the horses will not go unless they swear at them; and boys consider it manly to imitate this example, and learn to swear too, and break God's commandment by taking his holy name in vain; and this while making use of a fine noble animal he has given for our service, but not for our abuse.

There is much unnecessary cruelty in the treatment of these dumb creatures; for they are often beaten when doing their best, or from not understanding what their master wants them to do.

The man who is driving a cart will often stop on a cold winter's morning, and, fancying a glass of ale will warm his inside, leave his horses standing in the cold till their legs are stiff. Then he comes out half-intoxicated, feeling he has lost time, and that his horses must make up for it. So, before they perceive him, for he has covered their eyes with blinders, he gives them a great lash; and the poor beasts start, and, finding their legs stiff with the cold, do not, at first, go as quickly as he wishes. Then he gets angry, and curses the poor beasts, and lashes them about the head and on the most tender parts, endangering their eyes, which are very prominent, with the end of the lash. The drink, and the using this bad language, makes him get into a passion, for making use of angry words gives rise to bad feelings; and *all* have an uncomfortable journey. His horses, whether his own property or entrusted to him by his master, are the worse for the treatment; and the man becomes brutal and hardened.

Now, a merciful man is kind to his beast; and a really good driver knows that creatures that are kindly and steadily treated do better, and go more willingly. I rode outside the "Free Trader" one morning. It had three fine horses harnessed to it. The driver mounted his box, put his long whip into a hole in the box, and, buttoning his coat, called, "*Tchick, tchick, tchick.*" Away the horses set off, and went so willingly and briskly, till he saw a passenger waiting to get into the coach. "Wo, wo!" he cried out. Immediately they

stopped, and the man got in. "Right!" The docile creatures pricked up their ears, and off they set again. The same thing was repeated many times; and the horses always obeyed directly. The man looked proud of the fine, obedient creatures in such good training; and the whip had an idle life of it. They went far more willingly without it. — *Penny Magazine.*

"PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING."

ROM. II. 7.

It is oftentimes easier to perform some difficult duty than it is to keep steadily on a path of well-doing. For instance, George hears a great deal said, both at home and at school, about generosity; and, when his father comes with a carryall to take his children to ride, and either George or Charles must be left at home, George feels it will be generous to let his brother go in his stead; and he makes a great sacrifice, and sees Charlie ride off with a face so happy, that it quite rewards him for losing his ride. But, at the tea-table, George takes the brownest slice of toast, although he knows his sister likes brown toast as well as he does; and he helps himself to the last gingerbread heart on the plate, though Charlie has often said he prefers hearts to rounds.

We hope our illustration has made the meaning of the passage clear to our younger readers. The truly good child is not he, who, once in a while, does some very good deed, but he who continues patiently in well-doing, and in whom the habit of doing well in little things is so confirmed, that he hardly feels that he makes any sacrifices.

This text has also another meaning. We frequently

hear children say that it is of no use for them to try to be good. They rise in the morning, or they go to school, and think that they will do just right; and they do just right until the temptation comes; and then, after they have yielded to it, they say, "Oh, I'm discouraged! It's of no use for me to try. I am just as bad when I do try as when I do not." "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Continue *patiently* in well-doing. Do not be overcome by one failure, or by two, or by three. Our whole life here is made up of temptations. Sometimes they assail us on one side, and sometimes on another. The temptations of children are always proportioned to their strength, as well as those of their elders. A temptation never comes to us which it is impossible for us to resist. We often think it impossible; but God, seeing our hearts, knows that we can resist, if we seek his aid in our weakness.

Beware, too, children, of thinking that a *little* wrong is of no consequence. A single wrong step, however slight, will prepare the way for others; and, the descent once begun, it is fearful to think how far we may go in sin before we are conscious of it.

Be patient with yourselves, with your own failures and shortcomings. Let us all remember how long-suffering our heavenly Father is with us. He does not give us up after one or two trials, as we give up ourselves. He endeavors to draw us to him through the love of our friends, through the beauties and wonders of creation, through some instance of his particular care over us; and then he sends us trials and sorrows and cares; but all, all is done by his patient love to make us see the error of our ways, and to bring us to his feet in the spirit of the repentant prodigal.

Think of these things, then, before you determine that it is of no use to try to be good; and, at least, try once more, with a more earnest resolution than ever before, remembering that "eternal life" will be your sure reward. ED.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

AMONG the many notable things in our American scenery, is one in the State of Virginia. I allude to the Dismal Swamp. Most of my readers have heard of this remarkable spot; and some, perhaps, have seen it. All, however, will be gratified, I doubt not, to read what a visitor from one of the Northern States has recently written about it; and I will give you the substance of what he says: —

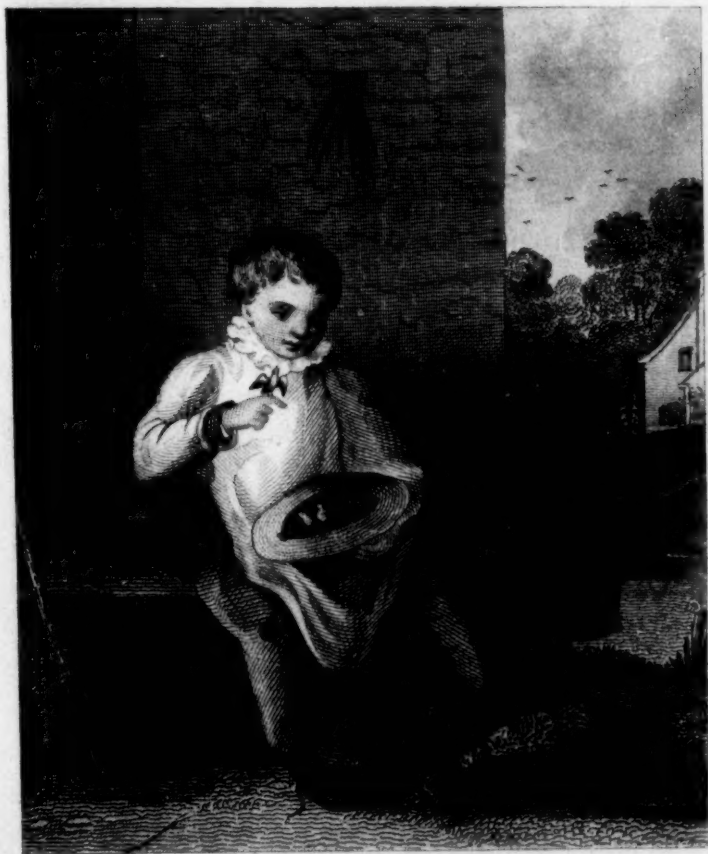
I have lately had the gratification of seeing the far-famed Dismal Swamp. It certainly is a dismal place, but, contrary to my preconceived opinions, very healthy. One would naturally suppose it to be the abode of chills, fevers, and other diseases of a warm, damp climate. There are two kinds of inhabitants that thrive exceedingly in the Dismal Swamp. Runaway negroes and mosquitoes find a safe asylum in its dark recesses. The negro's skin is impervious to the bite of the ordinary mosquito; but those that live in the Dismal Swamp have a proboscis that will pierce the hide of an ox. One can scarcely conceive of a more gloomy, sombre place than the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. The animals are in keeping with the place. Huge bullfrogs, as large as a man's foot, with smaller specimens of the same genus, open a grand concert every night. Great, indolent

herons, and other aquatic birds, too lazy to take a fish unless he jumps out on the bank of his own accord, sit round on the trees. Swarms of mosquitoes and sand-flies fill the air. At about sundown and after, all the animal life is in motion. Every throat is musical. The croaking of bullfrogs, buzzing of insects, cooing of turtle-doves, and the sounds from a thousand musical instruments, pitched on as many different keys, make an assemblage of harmony and discord that defies description.

The vegetation of the Swamp is more luxuriant than I have seen in any part of the world. The timber is pine, oak, sweet-gum, black-gum, holly; the beautiful tulip-tree; the tall cedar; the cypress, loaded down with its long festoons of moss; the mistletoe-bough, in dark green bunches, growing about on many different trees; with different kinds of timber that no one could give me the name of. Immense cane-brakes are so thickly interwoven with vines, that one might as well attempt to walk through a brick wall as to force his way through these.

A canal is made through the Swamp, and part of the way it goes through the lake, and on its bank runs the State road. Snakes, lizards, scorpions, cameleons, and other loathsome reptiles, abound in great numbers. The captain of the steamboat "Star" said he was going up the Blackwater one day, and he came along where three men were in a boat fishing. To avoid the steamer, they went up under the bank; and, as they hit some bushes near the shore, three or four moccasin snakes fell down from the branches into the boat. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

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THE BIRDS NEST.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

What is Harry thinking of,
 Sitting on that mossy stone?
 And his brothers are at play,—
 Why is he so still and lone?

He is musing earnestly;
 And the flutterings of the bird,
 And its pleading, feeble chirp,
 Fall upon the ear unheard.

Well may little Harry think!
 When the pear-tree's withered bough,
 Has brought the pretty nest,
 Placed within his hat-crown now.

That is why he sits alone;
 And he hears a voice within,
 Louder than the robin's note,
 Saying, "Harry, this is sin."

Then put back the nest, my boy:
 So you will be glad and free,
 Nor will hasten by in shame,
 When you pass that withered tree.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

WHAT is Harry thinking of,
 Sitting on that mossy stone ?
 All his brothers are at play, —
 Why is he so still and lone ?

He is musing earnestly ;
 And the flutterings of the bird,
 And its pleading, feeble chirp,
 Fall upon the ear unheard.

Well may little Harry think !
 From the pear-tree's withered bough,
 He has brought the pretty nest,
 Placed within his hat-crown now.

That is why he sits alone ;
 And he hears a voice within,
 Louder than the robin's note,
 Crying, " Harry, this is sin ! "

Then put back the nest, my boy :
 So you will be glad and free,
 Nor will hasten by in shame,
 When you pass that withered tree.

Selected.

ANNETTE'S LESSON.

"OH, dear! I wish —" sighed Annette Malcolm, at the close of a reverie which had lasted some ten minutes.

"Any thing that I can grant, Netty dear?" asked her eldest sister, who had just entered.

"No, Kate; I was wishing we were rich."

"I thought we were," said Kate, as she seated herself, and took up her sewing. Annette looked so excessively astonished, that she continued, smiling, "Rich in health and strength, and innocent pleasures, and the love of our parents and kind friends, and opportunities and means of improvement. Are we not?"

"I suppose so," was the half-reluctant answer. "But I meant rich like Marian Hastings, so that we might keep servants, and have a carriage, and go to parties, and be treated well."

Kate could not repress a smile at the concluding clause. "Who ill-treats you, little sister?" she asked kindly.

"Nobody, — yet. Only the girls laugh at me, some of them, for not dressing better. I don't mind, because I dress well enough for a school-girl, and my parents couldn't afford to give me silks and jewels, if I wanted them. But, by and by, after I leave school, the girls will not speak to me when we meet, or ask me to their parties, just because I am not so rich as they. You know they do so, Kate."

"I know," answered Kate thoughtfully. "And I see what you have been thinking about. You were

resenting what you thought *my* injuries. Dear Netty, do you think it vexes me, that Julia Foster pretends not to know me, or Maria Blanchard does not ask me to visit her? I am too happy at home to mind such things; and you may be very sure that no one whose affection is worth having would withhold it on account of your poverty. I never could see that Marian Hastings liked you any the less, because her father is so much wealthier than yours."

"Not now, Kate; but she may by and by. The Blanchards used to visit here before they grew so rich."

"So they did: wealth has altered them very much. Perhaps it might alter us in the same way, Annette. Don't let us wish for it. We have so many reasons for thankfulness."

But Annette was thoroughly discontented, and refused to see any such reasons, dwelling on the trials of her lot, and wilfully overlooking its many blessings; and her sweet-tempered, thoughtful sister tried in vain to restore her happiness. Their conversation had been overheard, however; and, in the afternoon, their uncle invited both girls to walk with him. Kate was obliged to decline; but Annette gladly accepted the invitation, and was soon ready.

"Where are you going, Uncle Charles?" she asked.

"To make some visits, calls rather. There will be great variety in them, in one way."

Mr. Malcolm's first call was on a friend who was ill of a painful and incurable disorder. All the comforts, many of the luxuries, of life were there; but the invalid was unable to enjoy them. His pale face brightened as

Mr. Malcolm entered : and he greeted Annette kindly, thanking her for coming to visit him in his illness. Annette blushed, for she felt that the thanks were undeserved ; but she looked with much interest at the invalid. He was a young man, not more than twenty, with dark, bright eyes, that seemed even larger and brighter in contrast with the pale, thin countenance ; and there was an expression of suffering in his face that instantly excited her compassion. But he seemed cheerful, and even happy ; and conversed with his visitors with evident pleasure, though often interrupted by the recurrence of severe pain. He spoke of his sister, his only relative, who lived with him, and took care of him ; telling how kind she was, how thoughtful for his comfort, how forgetful of her own ; and recalled, with a half-melancholy smile, the bright hopes he had cherished of doing great things for her.

"It is better as it is, I am sure," he said, "though I cannot see how ; and sometimes it seems hard that poor Lucy should be my protector and guardian, instead of my being hers. It was a long time before I was reconciled to our Father's will ; but now I would not have it otherwise, unless it seemed good in his sight, — no, not to accomplish all I once dreamed of doing. Young lady," he added, turning to Annette, "I see in your face that you compassionate me : but, believe me, I am far happier than many who have health, and forget to be thankful for it."

Annette's conscience smote her : had she not been unthankful ? When they left the house, she asked how long a time the young man had been ill. "He has not left his room for many months," answered Mr. Malcolm.

"And, of late, he has scarcely left his bed : I think he never will again. I will tell you more of him at some other time. Now I am going to see a poor woman, who was mentioned to me as an object of charity."

They went ; and Annette, who had never seen extreme poverty, was shocked and distressed beyond measure by the sight that met her eyes. The cheerless, fireless apartment ; the half-clad, shivering children ; the sad, careworn mother, — formed a picture as novel as it was painful ; and she eagerly offered her assistance, when, on leaving the house, her uncle spoke of the means he should use to make the family more comfortable.

Their next call was even more painful ; for here intemperance was the cause of the evil, and the coarse language and brutal oaths that met her ear made poor Annette turn pale with affright. The presence of Mr. Malcolm seemed to put a restraint on the half-intoxicated parents for a time, and the child (fortunately there was but one) ceased its sobs when Annette spoke kindly to it, and allowed it to lay its cheek on the soft fur of her tippet ; but they had scarcely closed the door after them, when the noise recommenced, and the sound of blows, followed by cries, proved that the unfortunate child was the innocent victim of its parents' anger.

"O uncle Charles ! what a place !" said Annette, looking up with tearful eyes. "And that poor little child ! Can nothing be done for her ?"

"I fear not, Netty. The parents will not give her up, or I could easily find a home for her, where she would be kindly cared for. But I do not quite despair of reforming the parents : they were once respectable and industrious, and may become so again. I have but

one more call to make: will you go with me, or are you too tired?"

Annette hesitated. "I don't like to go to such places as this, Uncle Charles."

"You need not fear another *such* sight, my love. The friend whom I am now going to see is a very wealthy and a very benevolent man; and my errand to him to-day is principally to obtain some present relief for the poor widow we left a little while ago."

Annette professed herself not at all tired, and walked on, silent and thoughtful. Her uncle partly divined her thoughts, and not a word was spoken by either until they reached their destination. They were very cordially received by the owner of the house, a grave but pleasant-looking gentleman, who entered with interest into the subject of Mr. Malcolm's call, and promised his aid and co-operation in obtaining employment for the destitute woman. His eye often rested on Annette's blooming countenance, and at length he abruptly asked her age.

"Nearly sixteen," she answered. The gentleman sighed, and, begging them to excuse him a few moments, left the room. When he returned, he placed some bills in Mr. Malcolm's hands, and then said, "Mrs. Dalton would be glad to see you, if you will come up stairs: Helen is not so well to-day, and she is unwilling to leave her. Your niece will doubtless excuse us for leaving her alone, when I tell her that my daughter is ill. My dear young lady, you will find books and pictures in this room, which may serve to occupy you in your uncle's absence."

Mr. Malcolm was not long away; and, with a cour-

teous farewell from Mr. Dalton, they left the house. Annette was quite in raptures with the elegance of the mansion, the beauty of the pictures and statues, the evidences of wealth and taste which she had seen; and, after warmly expressing her delight, she ventured a hope that the daughter was not seriously ill. "Though, after all," she said, "it would not be quite so bad to be sick among so many beautiful things, and with kind parents."

"My dear girl," answered her uncle, "Mr. Dalton would thankfully resign his wealth, and toil early and late, if he could thus restore to his afflicted child the health and intelligence which you seem to prize so lightly. You saw him look earnestly at you. Helen Dalton is of your own age, and an only child. She was gifted with beauty and talent; and, though sweet-tempered and docile, she was very energetic in all she undertook. Her parents were proud of her early proficiency, and urged her onward by their approbation and delight. Her studies, eagerly as she pursued them, would not probably have injured her health, had she not recklessly sacrificed every thing else to them. Rest and recreation were forgotten; exercise neglected; hasty, irregular meals, and late hours, combined to undermine her originally good constitution. A valuable prize was offered at the school she attended, and emulation ran high among the pupils. Helen Dalton felt her strength lessening, her power of continuous application failing; but she persevered. 'Just this one prize,' she said, 'and then I will rest for a long time.' She received the prize amid the plaudits of numerous spectators, and, two days after, was tossing in her bed, in the wild restlessness of a brain

fever. For a long time, her life hung upon a thread; and when, at length, they felt that she might recover, — how shall I tell her parents' agony to find that the light of reason had fled; that their darling child, their idol and their pride, was almost as helpless and ignorant as an infant? By degrees, as her strength returned, a little improvement took place; she began to remember some things, and to resume some of her former habits; she was quiet, docile, and affectionate; but with no more recollection of her studies, her pursuits, and her acquirements, than if she never had them. She will sit for hours upon the floor, playing with the toys so long ago discarded, smiling as placidly as an infant; but no gleam of intelligence ever brightens her still beautiful face, except when she looks at her parents. Them she recognizes always, but no one else; and they are entirely devoted to her.

"Now, Annette, tell me which, of all the persons you have seen this afternoon, you envy most."

Annette looked up in utter bewilderment. "Envy? why, Uncle Charles, we have seen nothing but sorrow and suffering. How could I envy any of them?"

"But, my love," he answered, gently, "all of these people, except, indeed, the intemperate ones, have many things to be thankful for, and gratefully acknowledge them. Charles Conway, helpless and dependent in the prime of youth, blesses God for his sister's affection, and the comforts he possesses; and gladly submits to God's will, knowing it for the best. The poor widow is even now rejoicing that her children are warmed and fed, and that a prospect for the future is opening to her. The Daltons, in the midst of their heavy affliction, find cause

for gratitude in their daughter's improving health, and unchanged affection for them; and look forward hopefully to the time when, in the next world, if not in this, her darkened mind shall be enlightened, and they shall rejoice together.

"But you, my poor child," he added, as they reached home, and he opened the door, "you have so little to be grateful for, that you would no doubt gladly exchange situations with any of them."

Annette looked surprised; then, as the truth dawned on her, she blushed deeply. "I see it now, Uncle Charles. You heard me complaining to Kate, and took me with you this afternoon to make me ashamed of my ingratitude. I thank you; for I am sure I cannot complain again, while I remember this walk. Oh, how could I esteem so lightly my health, my happy home, my kind parents and friends, my reason, the blessings, too many to number, which God has so freely bestowed on me?"

Annette's lesson was not quite finished: her brother, coming home to tea, mentioned, without remembering his sister's interest in the family, that "Mr. John Hastings had met with a sad accident. His carriage had been overturned, himself seriously injured, and his eldest daughter killed on the spot."

"Oh, Marian! poor Marian!" exclaimed Annette, bursting into tears, and throwing her arms round her sister's neck. "Augusta is her only sister, and they love each other so much! O Kate! how thankful I ought to be that I have you? How could I live without you? And, only this morning, I was complaining of my trials: what trials have I, in comparison with my blessings?"

The lesson was not lost upon Annette: when tempted

to murmur, she thought of the trials of others; and, in ministering to the comfort of those who needed it, she found peace for herself.

A. A.

"AS THY DAY, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

THE Bible contains words and teachings which are suited to every state of mind, and to every age and condition of life. This fact our young friends may not be able to realize now; but, if they love its holy lessons, and take them to their hearts, they will find every day that some verse has a new meaning, — to encourage and comfort, or to warn and reprove. We had often heard the above text quoted by aged people, and felt how appropriate it was to them, standing as they did, infirm and feeble, on the confines of another world. We had yet to learn that it was suited to all, even to the very youngest child. And the blessed lesson came to us the other day, — came with such force and distinctness, and filled our heart so, that, in preparing our sermon for you, we felt that we could give no other thoughts utterance than those which it suggested.

We are taught here our daily dependence on God for strength to overcome temptation. We are not to say, "Oh! I never can keep on doing right. If I do succeed to-day, some trial too great for me will come to-morrow." God has promised us strength for the day, — for the day only; and so he would have us look to him, as each day opens, for the aid he alone can give us to bear its trials, and resist its temptations. Every

morning, when our heavenly Father, "with touch as gentle as the morning light," wakes us from slumber, we should ask his assistance for the day that is before us. Our Saviour has taught us how to ask; and he has told us also that whatever we shall ask in his name shall be given us.

If we then acknowledge our dependence upon God, and resolve, with our first waking thought, to live during the day as becomes his children, the day will be a holy and a happy one. When temptation comes, the thought of the heavenly aid will come with it, and render it powerless; or, if there be a struggle, it will be but for a moment. The day will be happy, because the soul will have a consciousness, through all its hours, that God is with it. It will be at peace with itself and with all the world; and, though pain and sorrow may come, the feeling of the holy presence will give comfort, and even happiness, in the midst of tears.

Do any of our little readers think we are speaking of what is above their comprehension? If so, it is because they have never had the experience in their own hearts. Begin to-morrow with a heartfelt prayer to God to be kept from sin, and a firm resolve that you will do all in your own power to resist it. Try to realize that God *will* give you his help when the time of trial comes. It is very likely that you will say at evening, like many a child I have known, that the day has been without trials. But it is not so. Something that vexed you very much last week has happened to you to-day almost unnoticed, because you had taken "the shield of the Spirit" to "quench the fiery darts." You will see that it is so, when you review the events of the day one by one.

It is a great mistake that children make when they think that grown persons only can live a holy and Christian life. They can live such lives too, if they will ask God's aid, and really strive themselves. There is no more lovely sight in the world than a Christian child. Such there have been, such there are, and such, we trust, will be. God is ready to assist us "to the uttermost;" and he has told us that all the paths of righteousness are peace. .

ED.

THE CAMEL FAMILY.

THERE are two distinct species of the genus of animals to which the camel belongs. The one which is most common, and which we so often hear of as carrying burdens in the deserts of Arabia, is more properly called the dromedary, though we seldom hear it called by any other name than the camel. The other species — the camel proper — is sometimes called the Bactrian camel, in distinction from the dromedary. The principal difference by which these races are distinguished consists in the camel having two bunches upon his back, whereas the dromedary has but one. The latter, also, is neither so large nor so strong as the camel.

The camel proper is scarcely found, except in Turkey and the countries of the Levant; while the other is spread over all the deserts of Arabia, the southern parts of Africa, Persia, Tartary, and great part of the East Indies. Thus, the one inhabits an immense tract of

country: the other, in comparison, is confined to a province. The one inhabits the sultry countries of the torrid zone: the other delights in a warm, but not a burning, climate. Neither, however, can subsist in the variable climates approaching the north. They seem formed for those countries where shrubs are plentiful, and water scarce; where they can travel along the sandy desert, without being impeded by rivers, and find food at expected distances. Such a country is Arabia; and this, of all others, appears the most adapted to the support of this animal.

The camel — I use the term in the remainder of this article, as it is generally used, to indicate the dromedary rather than the other species — is the most temperate of all animals, and can continue to travel several days without drinking. In those vast deserts, where the earth is everywhere dry and sandy; where there are neither birds nor beasts, neither insects nor vegetables; where nothing is to be seen but hills of sand and heaps of bones, — there the camel travels, posting forward without requiring either drink or pasture, and often passes six or seven days without any sustenance whatever. Its feet are formed for travelling upon sand, and utterly unfit for moist or marshy places. The inhabitants, therefore, find a most useful assistant in this animal, where no other could subsist, and by its means cross deserts with perfect safety.

In Turkey, Persia, Arabia, Barbary, and Egypt, their whole commerce is carried on by means of camels; and no carriage is more speedy, and none less expensive, in these countries. Merchants and travellers unite themselves into a body, furnished with camels, to secure

themselves from the insults of the robbers that infest the countries in which they live. This assemblage is called a *caravan*, in which the travellers are sometimes known to amount to above ten thousand ; and the number of camels is often greater than that of the men. Each of these animals is loaded according to his strength ; and he is so sensible of the exact weight he can carry, that, when his burden is too great, he remains still in the posture in which he is loaded, refusing to rise till his burden be lessened or taken away. In general, the large camels are capable of carrying a thousand weight, and sometimes twelve hundred ; the dromedary, from six to seven. In these trading journeys, they travel but slowly. Their stages are generally of a fixed length ; and they seldom go above thirty miles a day. Every evening, when they arrive at a stage, which is usually some spot of verdure, where water and shrubs are plenty, they are permitted to feed at liberty, and are then seen to eat as much in an hour as will supply them for twenty-four. They seem to prefer the coarsest weeds to the softest pasture. The thistle, the nettle, the cassia, and other prickly vegetables, are their favorite food ; but their drivers take care to supply them with a composition of paste, which serves as a more permanent nourishment. After these animals have often travelled the same track, they are said to know their way precisely, and to pursue their course when their guides are utterly at a loss. When they come within a few miles of their baiting-place in the evening, they sagaciously scent it at a distance, and, increasing their speed, are often seen, even after a weary march, to trot with vivacity to their place of rest.

The patience of this animal is most extraordinary. When it is loaded, it frequently utters most lamentable cries; but it never offers to resist the tyrant that oppresses it. At the slightest sign, it bends its knees and lies down, suffering itself to be loaded in this position. By this practice, the burden is more easily laid upon it than if lifted up while standing. At another sign, it rises with its load; and the driver, mounting its back, between the two panniers, or baskets, which are placed upon each side, encourages the camel to proceed with his voice. They have no need of whip or spur to excite them; but, when they begin to be fatigued, their conductors support their spirits, or rather charm their weariness, by a song, or the sound of some musical instrument. When they want to prolong the route, or double the day's journey, they give them an hour's rest, after which, renewing their song, they again proceed on their way for many hours more; and the singing continues until they reach their stopping-place. Then the camels again kneel down on the earth, to be relieved from the burden, by the cords being untied, and the bales rolled down on each side. They remain in this cramped posture, crouched upon the earth, and sleep in the midst of their baggage, which is tied on again the next morning with as much facility as it was untied before they went to rest.

A distinguished traveller in Asia Minor says he has often seen the Turks pat their camels affectionately at night, when their day's work was done. "The camels," he adds, "appeared to me quite as sensible to gentle treatment as a well-bred horse. I have seen them curve and twist their long necks as their driver approached,

and often put down their heads towards his shoulder. Near Smyrna, and at Magnesia, I have occasionally seen a camel follow his master, like a pet dog, and get down on his knees before him, as if inviting him to mount." No doubt there are a great many instances in which these useful animals are abused; but the same writer from whom I have just quoted says, "I never saw a Turk misuse his camel. I have, on the contrary, frequently seen him give it a portion of his own dinner, when, in unfavorable places, it had nothing but straw to eat."

The same writer gives rather an amusing account of his own experience on the back of the camel. "I was made acquainted," he says, "with a singular movement of the camel, the first time I mounted one out of curiosity. I ought to have known better, and, indeed, I did know better. But, when he was about to rise, from old habits associated with the horse I expected he would throw out his fore legs; and I threw myself forward accordingly; when up sprang his hind legs, and clean I went over his ears, to the great delight of the Turks." — *Selected.*

TRUE COURAGE.

WILLARD NORTON was perhaps thirteen years of age when he left home for a large boarding-school. He was remarkable for his love of truth, and was, besides, good-tempered and obliging. But these last qualities were not balanced by sufficient firmness; and many had been Willard's troubles among his playmates because

he could not say, "No." Of course, such a fault as this could not escape the observation of his parents; and many a time had they reasoned with him upon it, and endeavored, by rewards, by punishments, by reproofs and persuasions, to make him feel the necessity of moral courage; and Willard grew ashamed, and promised, and, to do him justice, really tried, to overcome his easily besetting sin.

It was partly because his parents felt how much it was growing upon him, and knew that it would prevent all future excellence and usefulness, that they at last determined to send him to boarding-school. The plan originated with his father; and his mother had for some time been unconvinced of its propriety: she feared his weakness of character would lead him into some terrible trouble.

"Very probably it may," answered Mr. Norton. "I anticipate nothing else; but I hope it will be, should it happen, a sufficient warning to him, and teach him the lesson he so much needs." Her husband's reasoning at length convinced the mind, if not the heart, of Mrs. Norton; and she gave a reluctant consent.

Willard was very much opposed to going. He was the youngest child; and his older brothers and sisters, with one exception, had all married, and left the paternal roof; and he had, in consequence, been much indulged, though not spoiled, by both father and mother. He knew, that, in a great school of boys, he should receive no more consideration than any one else; and he dreaded the change. Many were the charges, and much the good advice, that were bestowed upon him by his parents, before he set off. His mother particularly charged him

not to let the ridicule of other boys keep him from his duties to God, and never to omit praying to him morning and evening, as well as at any other time when he was tired and tempted, and needed his help, or when he was glad and happy, and felt full of gratitude to the Giver of all things.

Willard secretly hoped he might have a room to himself; for his experience was small, and he knew little about the arrangements of boarding-schools. His father had readily consented to his mother's desire that he should go in the morning. He will feel less lonesome at night," said she, "if he becomes a little acquainted." Willard had been to new schools before. He was, therefore, prepared for comments upon his dress, both as to material and fashion; upon the cut of his hair, the tone of his voice, and any slight peculiarity of figure or face that he might be thought by his new schoolfellows to possess. He bore all the teasing with perfect good-humor, now and then revenging himself by a satirical remark in return upon one or another of his assailants, until, at last, a tall boy called out, —

"Let him alone. He's had enough. He's true metal." Whereupon he advanced, and shook hands with him, and expressed himself proud to welcome him to the school; and most of the boys followed his example. In the afternoon session, he was found to take a high standing in the school; and thus his first day seemed to bid fair to be a prosperous one. It was destined, however, to see him tried once more.

His room, a large one, was shared by two other boys; and, though he enjoyed the privilege of a separate bed, yet he saw at a glance that he could not retire for his

devotions. A lucky chance, as he thought it, favored him on that night. His trunk was placed behind the bed, between it and the wall; and, while he kneeled down before it to take out some necessary articles, he remained longer, and uttered his first prayer away from home. On the second night, he had no such excuse; for his articles of clothing were disposed of in drawers and the closet belonging to the room. He called to mind all his mother had said to him, and kneeled in a retired corner to say his evening prayer. He was at first unnoticed; but, as he rose from his knees, one of his room-mates said, "Aha! we've a prig here, I see!" Willard made no answer, though the blood rushed into his cheeks. And then, with a nasal twang, intended to be very witty, he added, "I say, parson, couldn't you sing us a camp-meeting tune, or give us the fag-end of a discourse?"

Let him alone," chimed in the other companion: "you'll never make any thing of him in that way. I say, my boy, we all do that sort of thing when we first come here, and are *soft*, and just away from home; but we soon get out of the habit. Nobody does it here but James Edson; and he's earned the right to do as he pleases."

"How?" Willard asked.

"How? Why, he can beat any of us boys at any game; and he's got more courage than all the rest of the school put together; so none of the fellows would think of laughing at *him*, let him do what he would." And then they began to relate some wonderful stories of Edson's prowess; and Willard escaped any more teasing that night.

For that night only, however; for Willard's two

companions did not scruple to inform the other boys in the morning; and he was soon surrounded by a host of tormentors. Being, however, as we have said, amiable and good-tempered, the boys soon left off teasing him, and turned to some more active sport. Willard thought he should have a few minutes to himself, if he retired before the bed-bell rang. He contrived to slip away unheeded. But the bell rung before his devotions were finished; and, when he concluded, he found that the boys had quietly opened the room-door, and were all standing gazing at him. His persecutions began anew. But Willard had tried last night the wisdom of silence; and he did not reply to any of their taunts. James Edson came up stairs just then. He had waited a few moments to speak with one of the teachers.

"What's going on, boys?" he asked.

"Nothing but a little fun with Norton" was the answer.

"It is time you had gone," he said. "If there is much more noise, the master will come up." The boys quickly dispersed, leaving Willard to no very pleasing reflections.

The next night, Willard attempted to pray in bed; but he was so tired that he fell asleep in the midst of his prayer, and woke with the uncomfortable consciousness of having done wrong. Thus matters went on for a week; and Willard's tormentors boasted among themselves that they had broken him of his foolish tricks, as they called his habit of prayer.

Whether James Edson overheard them, or whether he had known from the first that they had assailed Willard, will never be discovered. But, one morning

before school, James saw him sitting disconsolately under an old cart, that was placed in a field adjoining the playground.

"Halloo, Norton!" he cried. "That is out of bounds. Did you not know it?" Willard started up, and ran quickly to the fence, and jumped over.

"You looked very thoughtful just now," continued Edson. "I hope you are not homesick."

"Not exactly," answered Willard, half-smiling.

"What is the trouble, then? a hard lesson?"

"No, indeed."

"Ah! then it is something I must not ask you about, — some trouble with the boys, I suppose. Well, you ought not to tell me. But one thing remember," he said, stopping suddenly short, for they had begun to walk toward the schoolroom, and taking Willard's hand, while he looked steadily into his face, — "never be persuaded to do what is wrong, and never be prevented from doing what is right, by the laughter of these boys, or of any boys. I know enough of boys to know that you are in trouble of some kind because of their teasing. Do what is right, no matter for their laughter; but don't say," added he, smiling, "that I have given you any good advice, or we shall both be laughed at."

It would be impossible to say how much these few words encouraged Willard, and fanned up the feeble spark of moral courage, that was about dying out, into a flame. He was happier all day for them; and he resolved firmly that he would not neglect his devotions that night. He trembled a little, to be sure, when he placed himself in a posture of devotion; but he felt that he was doing right; and he added to his usual form of prayer a

petition for strength to overcome temptation. Of course, he was subjected to unusual jeers from his room-mates. They fancied he was too much afraid of them ever to renew his old habits; and they were vexed to find themselves mistaken. But Willard's conscience was so buoyant that night, that he did not care for the jests. He did not yield again. The boys endeavored in every possible way, both by practical and spoken jokes, to deter him from his purpose; but in vain. At length, finding him resolute, they ceased to torment him, and had more real respect for him than if he had yielded.

An affair happened, too, at about the end of his trial, which greatly raised him in the opinion of his school-fellows. It was a rule of the school, that, if a boy dropped a book or pencil on the floor, he must raise his hand, and ask permission to pick it up. A careless little fellow, who was continually dropping his pens and pencils, sat just before Willard, and had, one morning, held up his hand so many times, that the master forbade him to ask again, and told him, if he lost any thing more, he must proceed without it. Not more than ten minutes after, away rolled his slate-pencil. He had no other, and could not borrow one, as the boys around him were all engaged in ciphering. He must have it, or his examples would not be finished in time. He slipped from his seat without leave, and crawled on the floor in search of the pencil. His head came in contact with Willard's desk, and gave it a violent jar, which upset the inkstand. Little George succeeded in reaching his seat just as the master looked up, and asked, "Who upset that inkstand?" George cast a most imploring look at Willard, and no one answered.

"Very well, Norton! You can stay in after school, and commit thirty lines of Virgil." All the boys looked at Willard; but he only rose, and took his Virgil to the teacher to have the lesson set. After school in the afternoon, the boys came around him to express their approbation, and to admire his generous spirit. Little George, in particular, overwhelmed him with his expressions of thankfulness; and he was in more real danger from flattery than he had so lately been from ridicule.

ED.

(To be concluded.)

A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. BERNARD'S.

ON the 7th day of June, in company with two young Americans, in whose society I saw many of the most noted lions of Italy and Switzerland, I went up to the Great St. Bernard. It was a charming summer morning at Martigny, when we set out on the excursion. The temperature was not unlike that of Connecticut or Massachusetts at the same season of the year. Though we arrived at our hotel at Martigny, on our route across the Simplon, the night before at twelve o'clock, and were then so tired, from walking many a mile up the Italian slope of the Alps, that we could scarcely crawl up one flight of stairs to bed, yet we were "as good as new" at sunrise the next morning, and ready for any achievement in the Herculean way that might offer. It was thus day after day, during my rambles in Switzerland. I never dreamed before that I was capable of enduring so much fatigue with so little permanent

inconvenience. Every day, the physical clock-work would completely run down; but, every night, it got nicely wound up again. I do not believe that Rip Van Winkle slept sounder among the highlands of the Hudson than I did among the glaciers of the Alps.

The guide we hired at Martigny, Pierre by name, provided every thing necessary for the expedition. We gave him a *carte blanche* for the purpose, as soon as we opened our eyes in the morning; and, before we had despatched our breakfast, he was ready to set out. Each of us was provided with an *alpenstock*, — a long pole, with a spur at the lower end, and a chamois horn at the other, — to assist us in leaping when it should become necessary, in the course of human events, to exchange our mules' feet for our own. Pierre was a good commissary. We laughed when we saw how liberally he was providing against an onslaught from the genius of starvation. Among his stores was a black bottle, which he treated as carefully as if it contained consecrated oil for extreme unction, though, in fact, it was filled with a very different fluid. We started in a *char-à-banc*. The reader has, no doubt, heard of this vehicle; but he will not probably see its like out of Switzerland. It is rather a grotesque contrivance. Its shape —

“If shape it can be called which shape has none” —

is unlike any thing else in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, unless it may be said to resemble a crab, which I am not sure but it does a little, when it is in motion. Two mules were attached to this vehicle. “*Prenez-garde de la bouteille,*” said the guide. “*Oui,*

monsieur," we replied; "we will take the most excellent care of it, never fear." And, with that, we set out. Reader, are you fond of a jolting ride? Because, if you are, and can't get enough of it at home, I am sure you would be pounded to your heart's content, in riding from Martigny to Liddes, on your way up the Great St. Bernard.

A most uninviting district of country we pass through for a great part of the way, after leaving the valley of the Rhine, in which Martigny is situated; and it becomes more uninviting still, when we leave the valley of the Dranse, a small tributary of the Rhine, which falls into it at Martigny. Though the Dranse now and then accomplishes something respectable in the way of a cascade, I was disappointed, on the whole, in not finding more of the picturesque in the scenery. The inhabitants seem, for the most part, to be shepherds and hunters. Many keep their herds, in the summer, as far up the slopes of the mountains as they can find pasture, but retreat towards the valley at the approach of winter. I suppose it would be difficult to find a worse-looking set of people in all Switzerland than those we saw on our way up to the hospice. That most disgusting form of disease called the *goître*, so common in Switzerland, seems to run riot here. Of adults whom we met, I think nearly one quarter were afflicted with this calamity. It seemed to be more prevalent among the women than the men. In its worst type, or in its most mature stage, an immense and exceedingly revolting protuberance appears on the neck. In several instances which came under my observation, this swelling must have been five inches long. The little villages on the way — there are

two or three of them — exhibit a shocking degree of poverty and filth. At one of these villages, called St. Pierre, we left our *char-à-banc*. The road, for the remainder of the distance, is too steep and rugged even for such a vehicle. The guide transferred our luggage to the back of one of the mules; and, after a little refreshment, we resumed our march on foot, alpenstock in hand; the mule, however, giving us a lift now and then. Pretty soon, the cool atmosphere which we encountered at St. Pierre changed to one positively cold. Vegetation became more and more scarce and stunted. The rude huts of the shepherds disappeared. The last house which is inhabited before reaching the hospice is distant about an hour's walk. Albeit, it is rather a shabby house of entertainment, having in it, if I recollect right, but two rooms, and comfortless rooms enough at that. It bears the name of *La Grande Maison*. I was in advance of the rest of the party, having rode for half an hour. I was as near freezing as I ever wish to be; but there was not a spark of fire in the room to which they conducted me; and it took a long time to make one. A most cheerless place is the "Great House;" and a most cheerless country, every way, is that which meets the eye around it. Not a green thing was to be seen. Trees there were none. A cold, drizzly, dismal, freezing rain was in progress, which soon changed to a fine, drifting, pelting, cutting snow. The mule could proceed no farther, and we left him. So much of the old snow of the previous winter remained, that it was deemed dangerous to trust to any legs but our own. Pierre strapped the luggage, all except the coats and shawls, which we needed, upon his

own back; and we were soon hard at work floundering through the snowdrifts, and leaping over the little streams. It was at this juncture that I picked up a piece of information which was not a little vexatious. I had left my overcoat at St. Pierre. It was so warm and comfortable there that I had forgotten it; and now I was in the midst of an angry winter, and had to depend upon a shawl which I had not the means of confining upon my shoulders. In this plight, I could not help thinking of another pilgrim, with whose history you are well acquainted, — the man who, once on a time, when he fell asleep by the roadside, lost a valuable roll, and did not discover the loss of it until he was in a situation where he greatly needed it. It was a grand calamity, the loss of that garment; and we soon had an illustration of the old notion, that

“Misfortunes come not single spies,
But in battalions;”

for, in an unguarded moment, when we were scrambling along the edge of a mammoth table-rock, our guide lost his footing, and down he tumbled, pack and all. On picking himself up, it was discovered, to the unutterable consternation and grief of poor Pierre, that the bottle, of which he had all along taken such especial care, was dashed to atoms. I fancy I hear my good friend Dr. Marsh giggling over this accident; but, if he had been on the ground, seen the long face of Pierre, and, withal, heard the loud lamentations of the entire party, I am not sure but some genial tears of sympathy for us would have flowed from his eyes, and mingled with the snows of old St. Bernard.

We arrived at the hospice at about six o'clock in the evening, a sorry company of adventurers, you may be sure. For a great part of the last stage of the route, we had to wade in snow so wet that we sunk in it up to our knees. Sometimes we had to creep cautiously over a huge drift, below which, I know not how many fathoms, we could hear the murmuring of a stream of water. We had to keep a bright look-out for avalanches, too. We saw one only. It gave us a wide berth, providentially; and no one of the party wished it had come nearer. It was a grand sight. The noise of a distant avalanche is very like that of thunder; and the traveller is not unfrequently startled by it in this vicinity. A week or two before our excursion, as we learned from the good monks, two Americans went up the St. Bernard without a guide. They missed their way, and, in consequence, encountered an avalanche. They were completely buried in it; and it was with the utmost difficulty that they actually escaped.

The monks — we are now at St. Bernard's, reader — received us with great cordiality, showed us the chambers where we were to sleep, provided us with dry stockings and slippers, and made up for our benefit a fire large enough to roast an ox, before which — the fire, not the ox — we could not so *very* much wonder that the *ghebers* made such a choice as they did among all the different false deities. We had been but a short time at the hospice, when another party, two of whom were ladies, arrived. They, too, were welcomed in the same courteous and hospitable manner. Our supper was excellent; and you may rest assured we all did it ample justice. The monks, at the time we visited the convent,

were some four or five in number. In the winter season, I believe, more are required. They sat at the table with us, and conversed with us during the meal. I was glad to find that they were cheerful and happy, notwithstanding their solitary life. While seated at the table, they made a great many inquiries about matters and things in America, and expressed much interest in our answers. It would appear that the account of the terrible calamity which happened in one of the public schools in the city of New York had recently reached them; and they begged us to tell them all we knew on this painful topic. They speak the best of French; and their enunciation is so clear and distinct, that we, who limped occasionally in French, found that we could understand them much better than most Frenchmen, whose frequent elisions, added to the rapidity of their utterance, in common conversation, confuse the Anglo-Saxon not a little. They were in fine humor, perfectly ripe for a joke. They had picked up a few English words; and they laughed up to their very foreheads as they fruitlessly essayed to pronounce them. Once in a while, too, when we tripped rather ludicrously in our French, they took the license to be good-naturedly merry at our expense.

On the whole, I was exceedingly pleased with these self-denying monks. Whatever flaw there may be in the heart of their religion, I do not see how, with that charity which "hopeth all things," we can refuse to accord to them and their fraternity a genuine Christian philanthropy of the highest stamp. If theirs is not disinterested benevolence, where on this planet shall we look for it? These men devote themselves, at a

very early age, to the humane duties at St. Bernard's. Young men only can perform effective service there. Their voluntary enlistment is for fifteen years; but such are the hardships to which they are exposed in traversing these boundless fields of snow in the winter season, that very few of them live to complete that term; and those who do live are often driven, with impaired health, to seek a lower and more genial clime. The hospice, let it be borne in mind, is situated more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. It always freezes there early in the morning; and they told us, that, in the height of summer, a week rarely passed without a formidable fall of snow. Sometimes, in the winter, the snowdrifts accumulate around them to the depth of forty feet. The perils of the Pass of St. Bernard in the winter can hardly be over-rated. The snow falls in very fine particles, like dust, and completely blinds the traveller, so that it is quite impossible for him to find his way. The attempt, indeed, to cross the Pass of the Great St. Bernard in the depth of winter, unless with a most skilful guide, long familiar with the route, is little less than suicidal. Yet, strange enough, many reckless adventurers, mostly peddlers, I believe, undertake the journey; and not a few are lost.

There were only three dogs in the hospice when we visited it. Fine fellows they seemed to be, perfectly under the control of their masters. I do not know whether I ought to disturb a pleasant charm which hangs over the history of these dogs in every part of the globe. It is always pleasanter to believe a pretty story than it is to disbelieve it. The condition of faith, on the whole, is a more happy one than that of doubt.

But these good monks, when they heard us praise the renowned dogs of St. Bernard, smiled a little, and intimated, that, though they were undeniably very intelligent, very shrewd, very humane dogs, yet their intelligence and shrewdness and humanity made rather a greater figure abroad than at home. These animals, sagacious as they are, we were told, never performed much effective, Howard-like service, unless attended by one or more of their masters; in which case they were, nevertheless, invaluable.

The rooms at the hospice, which are comfortable and neat, are capable of accommodating nearly a hundred travellers with beds. The main building is substantially built of stone. The summit of the mountain on which the hospice stands is subject to exceeding high winds. During almost the entire night I slept there, a furious gale was blowing. Though I had over me unnumbered strata of quilts, to say nothing of a veritable feather-bed, — for in Switzerland they are in the habit of creeping under, instead of reclining upon, these feather-beds, — I had the greatest difficulty in keeping comfortably warm. The next morning, when we rose, we found ourselves in the very heart of one of the angriest snow-storms I ever witnessed.

After prayer with the monks, and breakfast, we were shown the *morgue*, where the bodies of those who fall victims to the severity of the winter in this region are exposed to be recognized by their friends. A truly frightful spectacle this place presents. From the rapid evaporation at this height, the bodies dry, without going through the usual process of decay. There, among the victims, lay a mother, with a child clasped in her arms;

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the bodies left in the same position as they were discovered amid the snowdrifts.

Afterwards we visited the chapel, containing, among other things of less interest to an American Protestant, a monument erected by Napoleon to General Dessaix, who fell at Marengo. A box is placed in the chapel, where travellers who have the means are expected to deposit what they are disposed to give for their entertainment. The money thus contributed, which, I was rejoiced to learn, is by no means inconsiderable, enables the monks to extend additional liberalities in behalf of suffering wayfarers, and to entertain, free of expense, those who are destitute.

Soon after breakfast, we bade the inmates of the hospice adieu, and departed with their blessing. One of the monks, perceiving how poorly provided I was for encountering the storm, offered to loan me his mantle; and I was glad enough to borrow it. A long and very clerical robe it proved to be; and, when I was vested with it, the humor of the brethren of the order of St. Augustine burst out afresh. They laughed, clapped their hands, and declared I seemed a very creditable specimen of a monk. — *Selected.*

MARGARET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

“Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.”

MARGARET ALLEN was the proudest girl in Miss Harrison's school; the most beautiful, too; and the most brilliant, besides being the oldest daughter of the wealthiest man in the county; so that, perhaps, she had

reason enough, humanly speaking, to be proud. She was not vain; neither was she supercilious; and no one could call her overbearing, — though she had had admiration and homage enough, young as she was, to have made her all three. She was a favorite in the whole school. Miss Harrison was proud of her as her best scholar in every sense of the word; the girls liked her, because she was always generous and kind; and I loved her better than any thing in the world almost, because she was my ideal of every thing that was beautiful and noble in womanhood. I was one of the little girls then; and Margaret was sixteen, — a most womanly age, I thought; and the four years between us seemed to make an immeasurable distance of superiority on her part. I looked up to her with almost boundless reverence, not able to conceive the possibility of her ever doing an unworthy thing.

And this, in truth, was Margaret's own opinion of herself; and herein lay her unbounded pride. No pride of wealth or station or beauty, — she would have scorned all that; but pride in herself, her own innate nobleness, her own invincible (as she thought) rectitude, truth, and honor. She despised with an utter contempt whatever was small or mean, and never pardoned any deviation, in the slightest degree, from the strictest line of truth and honor; so that whoever sought her favor must needs be careful to let her quick eyes detect no flaw of falsehood in them.

Undoubtedly Margaret's influence in this respect had the best effect upon her companions, particularly in school, where she was a sort of queen in her own right. The girls of her own age, who were only too happy to

be thought her friends, strove, for the sake of that distinction, to avoid offending her in what they knew would be "the unpardonable sin;" and, though the motive was unworthy, still the good effect was produced. The little girls loved her for many reasons: no one was so kind as Margaret to help us in our lessons, to obtain favors from the teacher for us, and to share, with a grace all her own, in our games and plays. But we knew well enough, that, if once we deceived her, or were uncandid in any respect, her favor was gone for ever; and we could not afford to lose it.

So, because Margaret was queen in the school, the spirit of truth prevailed; and Margaret looked upon her work with no little pride. She never thought of a fall for herself. It never entered her mind that her human strength, so great in her own belief, had in itself no power to resist the smallest temptation; that, without divine help, it was but infinite weakness. All untaught of that Holy Spirit whose teachings are that only in meekness and lowliness is strength perfected, she walked in her own wisdom, not knowing it was folly, and trusted in her own uprightness, not seeing it was a broken reed for dependence. Poor Margaret!

My seat in school was near hers; and my desk-mate was Jessie Allen, Margaret's only sister. Jessie and I had the same lessons, and were in the same classes all through; and that threw me in Margaret's way; so that, by and by, seeing, as she could not help seeing, how great was my childish admiration and love for her, — from simply being kind to me, she grew fond of me, and made me a sort of pet of hers. My great happiness in her love is a very vivid memory to me still.

I used to watch her beautiful face, with its large, liquid eyes, and clouds of rich brown curls sweeping over such peachy cheeks, as one would watch a picture. It was more beautiful than any picture to me, with its varying shades of expression, every one of which I grew to know with love's quick instinct: more like a poem, I thought, that one could never tire of studying. And her few and simple caresses — for she was rarely demonstrative in her affection — were worth more to me than most lavish expressions from any one else. I cherished with such pride and pleasure every word of praise from her, and strove so hard to merit it, even my teacher's commendation was of little value, compared with Margaret's.

One of the pleasantest events of my life in those days was a visit that I made at Elkinton, Mr. Allen's beautiful homestead. One Thursday, Margaret told me that I must ask my aunt to let me go home with Jessie Friday afternoon, and stay till Monday morning, when school opened again. I was delighted with the invitation; and my aunt willingly gave her consent. So I made the visit; and a very happy one it was. Elkinton was a large plantation, four times as large as ours; and the grounds about the house were extensive and very beautiful. Such grand old oak-trees, and elms and maples, shaded the lawn, that was large enough to be called a park; and then there were all sorts of flowering shrubbery, and clusters of pomegranate-trees; and shady walks amongst groves and pines, that almost made you fancy yourself out in the woods, the wind swept through them with such a forest murmur.

The house itself was an old graystone building, with

broad wings each side, and double piazzas, all overgrown with Virginia creeper and wild honeysuckle, running all round it. There were wide halls inside, and grand old oaken staircases, such as one rarely sees nowadays; with large, lofty rooms, oak-panelled some of them, hung with family portraits, and filled with heavy, elegant old furniture.

Mr. Allen was a true Virginian, courtly and hospitable; and there were already several guests in the house, but all gentlemen, as it happened. So Margaret left them to her father's care, and gave herself up to make my visit happy. She carried me all over the house, and showed me many old-fashioned treasures of pictures and jewels and curious dresses, that had belonged to grandmother or great-grandmother; wandered about the grounds with me at my own pleasure; and gave Jessie and myself famous swings in the grape-vine hung in the biggest oak-tree. Then, Saturday night, we had a moonlight ride, Margaret and Jessie and I, with one of the negro boys for our cavalier. And such a merry, merry time it was! The horses galloping over the smooth, hard road, the sweet summer-breeze blowing back the hair from our faces, that were shaded with neither hat nor veil, and we laughing and racing in the gayest frolic, stirring up the moonlit stillness of the evening with many a merry shout.

Sunday evening, we sat all together in the piazza; the gentlemen at one end with their cigars, sending out long fragrant wreaths of incense into the moonlight, and we girls grouped together on the broad stone steps. I, with my head resting in Margaret's lap, and her arm thrown lightly round me, had nothing else to wish for.

Her rare caresses filled my heart with such a happiness.

The negroes were having a prayer-meeting down in the pine grove ; and, in the still summer evening, we could hear their wild, sweet hymns floating out upon the air with wonderful distinctness. The negro voices have a rare melody ; and many of their hymns and songs are full of strange sweetness and beauty. They swelled out, this sabbath evening, with a solemn harmony, that hushed all our hearts into thoughtful stillness ; and even now, at such a distance of time, I can remember the vague feeling, half of pain, half delight, the sense of wondering unrest, and undefined yearning for something which I had not known, when those thrilling hymns rang out upon the sweet summer night.

Very sorry was I when this happy visit came to an end, it had been so full of delight to me. I wished, childishly, that I might always live with Margaret at that grand, beautiful Elkinton. But the walk to school Monday morning was very pleasant. It was nearly all the way through the pine woods ; and they were so fragrant with the dewy morning freshness, so merry with the ringing bird-songs, and so cool with the early breezes !

(To be continued.)

PAPER.

THE manufacture of paper has become so important in the United States, that we fancy some account of the process may not be without profit and interest to those of our young readers who have never witnessed it for

themselves. Fifteen or twenty years ago, nearly all the paper was made by hand, — by a much more tedious series of operations than are now in use.

The first thing to be done now is to sort the rags, and separate the white from the colored. This is done by women and children. The next is to cut up all the large pieces. A table is provided for this purpose, with sharp knives inserted in its surface, the point uppermost. Before each blade sits a person, who, by passing the rag along the edge of the knife farthest from her, soon reduces it in size. These rags are next carried to the bleaching and grinding room.

Here are several large vats, each filled with water and rags in different states, and into each of which bleaching powder is put. Over each vat is a large, cylindrical wheel, from eighteen inches to two feet in diameter, with a plate directly beneath, between which and the cylinder the rags pass repeatedly, and become finer and finer, till at length they are mingled with the water in a sort of soft pulp. When they have reached this state, a little door is removed in the bottom of the vat, and the pulp passes down into a huge receptacle beneath.

It is now to be made into paper; and, for this purpose, we must enter another room, where we see, in a corner, a pump with two shafts, one of which raises pure water, and the other pulp. The pulp flows from half a dozen apertures, over a wire netting at the head of the machine. This netting is constantly moved by the machinery from side to side, until the water is shaken off, and only a thin coating of pulp remains. This is carried by the onward motion of the machine over a number of cylinders, both large and small, and finally over the

hot cylinders, which dry the paper ; and from them it is rolled on still another, till it is ready to be cut. It is then unwound, and carried to another machine, where it is colandered, or smoothed, and cut into the requisite size by a sharp knife. The cutting process is sometimes carried on at the end of the machine itself, when it requires a tender to take the sheets as they are cut, and place them in piles. It is in this way that the paper is made for books, newspapers, and music. The cuttings and parings of the paper are carried into the grinding-room, and again ground over with the rags.

The paper is taken from the manufacturing-room into another, where the sheets are doubled, and arranged into quires and reams. This is done by hand. The machine which makes the paper was invented by a Frenchman, named Fourdrinier. The mills must be, of course, where there is a quantity of running water, both to turn the machinery, and to supply the large quantity needed in the manufacture itself. The whole process is clean and inviting, from the vast amount of water used, and from the whiteness of the pulp and paper. We advise all our young readers to omit no opportunity of witnessing our manufacturing processes, any of which will well repay the time spent in observing and understanding them.

ED.

A LETTER UPON LOVE.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRLS, — In the beautiful season of gifts that has just passed away, when tokens of our love one to another have been so freely and so eagerly circulated among friends and dear ones, I have been thinking

a great deal about the heavenly blessing of *love*; and, since I miss your sunny smiles and sweet kisses so much, and long so constantly for them, perhaps I prize the love that prompts them all the more.

Did you ever *think* about it, — this human love, that girds us round, from the time we are tiny, helpless infants, never dreaming of such a thing as love, all the way through life; making all our joys brighter and more beautiful (indeed, I hardly know whether we could have any joys, were it not for this, God's blessed boon of love), and soothing all our sorrows and cares and griefs?

You know what it is, — this great gift; you feel every day this great happiness of loving and being loved; and though, perhaps, you are hardly conscious of it, I think, your hearts are grateful to the good Father for this highest of all his blessings. I always thought those lines of the hymn —

“Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days,” —

expressed a great deal more than we could realize, or know how to be grateful for. Think of it, — the love of fathers and mothers for their children, of children for their parents, of brothers and sisters for each other, and for their schoolmates and companions! Can you count how many fountains of joy it opens for you every day and hour? Think how every thing you do and bear and enjoy is sweetened by the love of those around you, from the time you rise in the morning until you lay your weary heads upon your pillow at night. *You* can scarcely imagine how little Gerty must have felt in her loneliness, with nobody to love her, before good Uncle

True took pity on her, and gave her a home in his *warm heart*, as well as in his humble room.

If you *could* watch for one day, and see how many things are done for your good and happiness, I think you would find that they were more than you could number or appreciate. Suppose you try it some day, at home and at school; and though, perhaps, some things done in *greatest love* for you may seem to you harsh, and pass by as trials, still you will be astonished, I think, at the human love which surrounds and keeps and watches over you for your good. Then you will think of God's love around and above all this, — the Father who gives you all the love that blesses you, and who himself watches over you with more care and wisdom than any earthly friend can do; who surrounds you with every thing beautiful to remind you of his love, — of himself, for *he is love*: and you will feel, with me, that we can hardly understand how to "praise him" enough for his greatest gift.

But this is not all. There is another side to the question, which you cannot help seeing, and *feeling* too; for he not only made your hearts to rejoice in *being* loved, but in *loving*; and perhaps you have already lived long enough to have felt sometimes that there is a higher joy in *giving* than in receiving love. Do you think you have? You will feel it more and more, as you grow older, and learn by daily experience the pleasure of giving your love freely and joyfully to all around you, and of working for and helping them always if you can. You already *know* that pleasure; for I have read it in your beaming eyes, and happy faces and voices, very often; and it will grow greater

and gladder to you, as your power of doing kind actions and saying kind words increases.

And then we cannot forget that this is a never-dying joy; for no love is ever lost. It lives on and on in the heart, gladdening ourselves, if it does no other good, — an immortal fountain within us. Death cannot quench it: it only makes our affection more tender and holy and enduring; and we cannot believe that it chills that of those who go from among us to dwell with angels, nearer to Christ and nearer to God, and to learn a nobler love than we know here on earth. You *know* this also, do you not? for you have *many* loved ones among those who have gone heavenward; and you love them still, perhaps even more than when they were here with you; and in happy hours, when you are glad and good, you feel that they love and watch over you, to keep you from all evil and sin.

And for you, — the going to another and brighter world will only give you new objects of love, better opportunities for cultivating that beautiful spirit which will make the great happiness of heaven. H. S. H.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

IN the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a mysterious captive, with his face concealed by a black mask, was confined successively in the fortress of Pignerol, in that of the Isle of St. Marguerita, and lastly in the Bastille. His imprisonment included a period of twenty-four years, during which he was always in custody of the

Signor de St. Mars, who was consecutively the commandant or governor of all these fortresses. In April, 1687, the masked prisoner was brought from Pignerol to St. Marguerite, which is an island in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Provence. He was carried in a chair so closely covered with oil-cloth as to conceal him entirely. Eight men were in attendance to carry it in turn, being accompanied by a guard of soldiers, and St. Mars the governor. His island prison was a room in one of the towers of the fortress, facing the north, lighted by a single window set in a very thick stone-wall. This casement was guarded by bars of iron, and looked out upon the sea; and here he remained in rigid confinement for eleven years. It has been related, that, while imprisoned in this place, the unknown captive wrote something with a knife upon one of his silver plates, and threw the plate from the window, towards a boat which was moored near the foot of the tower. A fisherman picked up the plate, and honestly carried it to the governor, who, much surprised, inquired if he had read the writing upon it. "I do not know how to read," answered the fisherman; "I have just found the plate, and no one else has seen it." He was, nevertheless, detained within the fort for several days; and, when dismissing him with a reward, the governor said, "Go: you are very fortunate in not knowing how to read."

It is also asserted, that, on another occasion, the prisoner wrote all over a fine shirt, which was seen floating on the water, just under his window, by a friar of this island. This priest was so conscientious as to carry it directly to St. Mars, who pressed him eagerly to tell him if he had read it. Though the friar posi-

tively denied having done so, yet, knowing that he of course was able to read, the governor still doubted his veracity. Two days afterwards, this friar was found dead in his bed.

In the autumn of 1698, the unknown captive was transferred to the Bastile, of which St. Mars was appointed commandant. The journey from the southern coast of France to the city of Paris was, in those days, a very long one. The mysterious prisoner was carried in a litter, a closely-curtained vehicle slung between two horses. The litter was guarded by soldiers on horseback, and accompanied by the carriage of St. Mars, at whose own estate of Palteau, which was near the road, they passed a night and part of two days.

The prisoner was of tall stature and remarkably fine figure. His face was covered by a mask of black velvet, strengthened and shaped with whalebone, and fastened behind with a small padlock, of which St. Mars always kept the key. This mask was erroneously reported to be made of iron; and the belief became so general, notwithstanding the impossibility of any human being continuing long in existence with a covering of that metal perpetually on his face, that "the Man with the Iron Mask" is the appellation by which this unfortunate personage has always been distinguished. The name by which St. Mars addressed him was Marchiali; but it was understood to be fictitious, and merely adopted because of the necessity that those about him should, for their own convenience, call him something.

During the journey from St. Marguerite to Paris, the governor always sat opposite to him at table, with a loaded pistol on each side of his plate, that he might

shoot the prisoner in case he attempted to discover himself, even to the single domestic that waited on them at meals. The dishes were left in the ante-room, and brought to the eating-department by this servant, who carefully locked the door whenever he came in. A bed was put up for St. Mars, close to that of his charge, that he might keep him in view during the night.

In the afternoon that they arrived at the Bastile, the masked captive was immediately shut up in one of the lower rooms; but, at nine in the evening, he was conducted by Dujonca, the king's lieutenant, who relates the circumstance, to an apartment prepared for him in that part of the building called the Bertaudiere Tower, where he wore away the last five years of his melancholy existence. His face was always concealed by the black mask, and never seen even by his physician. He was evidently of a dark or brown complexion; and his hair was tinged with gray. His skin was extremely fine and smooth, and his voice remarkably agreeable. He was only permitted to speak to the governor St. Mars, to Rosarges the major-domo, to Reilh the surgeon, and to Girault the chaplain of the Bastile. He was allowed sometimes to hear mass in the chapel of that fortress, passing thither through the court-yard between a line of soldiers, all ranged with their muskets presented, and having orders to fire on him if he spoke. He read much in the solitude of his tower, and was frequently heard to play on the guitar.

The prisoner with the mask died in the Bastile, on the 19th of November, 1703, after a few hours' illness; expiring so suddenly that the chaplain, who was sent for to administer the last sacrament, had only time to address

a few words to his parting spirit. The date of his arrival at the Bastile under the name of Marchiali, with the day and hour of his death, were regularly registered on the archives of that gloomy prison, and inspected long after by many persons, whose curiosity led them to examine into the few facts that glimmer through the mist which will most probably rest for ever on his history.

(To be continued.)

THE BANISHED FAIRY.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *A smooth, grassy lawn, bordered by clumps of trees. The full moon is just rising over their tops. Fairies are dancing in a ring, while their queen is seated, at a little distance, on a bed of moss. Suddenly the fairies all stop dancing, and look towards one end of the lawn.*

Thistledown (in a whisper to *Hyacinth*). See! there she comes. Poor creature! how she trembles! and well she may. I would not fall under our queen's displeasure for all the fairy treasure I know. Do but see how fast *Clematis* and *Ivy* hold her.

Hyacinth. Our queen sometimes shows mercy rather than justice; but I know now, by the sparkle of her eye, that some severe punishment is in store for *Cowslip*. She is as self-willed a fairy as dwells in fairy-land. But her poor sister, *Daisy*! She is leaning against yonder grass-stalk for support, and trembles almost as much as *Cowslip*.

Anemone. What will be her punishment, think you?

Thistledown. It is not known. Some suppose banishment.

Several fairies together. Banishment!

Thistledown. It is said ——. But hark! there is the horn of the gray fly. We must attend upon the queen.

(All flock towards the queen, leaving an empty space in the midst, where Cowslip stands, between Ivy and Clematis.)

Queen. Our loving subjects, seldom does an occasion like this call us together. You know our laws are few and mild, but the punishment for their transgression is ample and severe. You know that Cowslip has consulted her own ease, and, because she was revelling among the honeysuckles, refused to listen to the cry of human distress. We would teach her to heed such. She must become familiar with them. Her sentence is banishment for one year.

Daisy. Mercy! gracious queen! My poor sister!

Queen. We should love thee less, Daisy, didst thou not plead for her. But it is in vain. She must go, — go at this hour.

Daisy. Since she must go, spare her, at least, to-night. Oh! let us mingle together our tears for her sad fate.

Queen. No! What have the guilty to do among the innocent? See how her wings droop, and how dim and faded are their sparkles! She can no longer live among us. She must be gone. (To Cowslip) Go, unhappy, selfish creature! Stay not here to sadden those who

have done naught to make them weep. Go! and let the year's experience teach you love and pity.

(Daisy springs forward, and throws her arms round the neck of her sister. Cowslip lingers, weeping.)

Queen. This must not be. Stay not thy footsteps. Hence, and come no more till June's full moon again shines o'er this spot.

(Cowslip and Daisy go to the farther end of the lawn, where, after one more embrace, Cowslip disappears. The fairies resume their dance; but from a willow, where Cowslip departed, a sad, sweet strain of music mingles with the merry measures of the harpers.)

DAISY'S SONG.

Where we, at eventime,
Sat on the mossy bank,
With charm of music's chime
Or free and lightsome prank,
No more shall I recline; for thou hast gone,
Wandering from our bright land alone, alone!

Hark how the flowers sigh
Sadly around the spot!
They droop, and should not I,
Where thou and joy art not?
Sister, sweet sister! thou canst hear my moan,
Though thou art wandering far, alone, alone!

END OF ACT I.

(To be continued.)



Engraved by O. Pelton.

THE BIRD.

MY BIRD.

Thou art a little bird, a little thing,
 But thou art full of spirit, full of life;
 And thou art full of song, and full of joy,
 And thou art full of love, and full of strife.

Remember, I am here,
 And thou art full of love, and full of life;
 And thou art full of song, and full of joy,
 And thou art full of love, and full of strife.

Remember, if I had not been,
 Thou wert not here, and thou wert not alive;
 And thou art full of song, and full of joy,
 And thou art full of love, and full of strife.

Remember, I'll let you fly;
 And thou art full of love, and full of life;
 And thou art full of song, and full of joy,
 And thou art full of love, and full of strife.

Remember, I'll drop some crumbs for thee,
 And open wide the window-pane;
 And thou art full of love, and full of life;
 And thou art full of song, and full of joy,
 And thou art full of love, and full of strife.



Engraved by J. T. Smith

THE BIRD.

MY BIRD.

How can I let my robin go,
 The pretty, playful, sprightly thing?
 He's learned so well my step to know,
 And sweetest notes for me will sing.

He can't remember, I am sure,
 The day he from the tree-top fell,
 When I determined I would cure,
 And nurse the little stranger well.

But yet I think, if I had ne'er
 In fresh and fragrant meadows been,
 The sight alone of things so fair
 Would wake in me a longing keen.

So, little bird, I'll let you fly;
 But, when the winter whistles shrill,
 And snow-clouds fill the darkening sky,
 Come fluttering to my window-sill.

I'll always drop some crumbs for thee,
 And open wide the window-pane.
 Go, pretty robin, thou art free!
 But don't forget to come again.

ED.

THE CUMÆAN CEMETERY.

By far the most interesting ancient cemetery in Italy, and probably in all Europe, is one at Cumæ, in Southern Italy. I must tell the reader something about this remarkable cemetery, though first I ought perhaps to say a word or two respecting the old town of Cumæ, as it is one which does not figure very largely in geography. It is principally noted for what it has been, not for what it is; for the ashes of a former race, rather than the forms of a living one.

Cumæ is situated at the distance of but a short drive from Naples. In visiting it from the latter city, the tourist passes through the village of Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts of the Apostles, the point at which travellers from the East usually landed, who were bound for Rome. Paul, it will be recollected, landed here, and from this place proceeded by land to the city of the Cæsars. Cumæ lies between Lake Avernus, so celebrated in Virgil, and the eastern shore of the bay of Gaeta. Its remote antiquity is placed beyond all question. Many years before the commencement of the Christian era, it was celebrated as one of the richest and most powerful of the Italian cities. Its history, however, stretches far back of the rise of the Roman power. Historians tell us that it was first settled by Phœnician emigrants, some fourteen centuries before Christ. Under the Romans, its delightful situation and the salubrity of its climate were such as to invite great numbers of noblemen, and even the emperors themselves, to reside here during the summer months. Those of you who have read the

Ænead of Virgil need not be told that the poet describes Cumæ as the place where Æneas first landed on Italian soil, and where he had his first interview with the Sibyl, — the priestess of the temple of Apollo. It began to decline about the time of Nero; Baiæ, a neighboring city, becoming popular at its expense.

After the fall of the Roman empire, Baiæ was occupied by Totila, who built a citadel over the cave of the Sibyl. Teias was elected king of the Goths within its walls. In the eighth century, Romoaldo, Duke of Beneventum, made himself master of the city. In the ninth century, it was sacked by the Saracens. In the thirteenth, it had become a nest of pirates, who had converted the Sibyl's Cave and its numerous other excavations in the rocks into receptacles for their spoils. In 1207, the citizens of Naples fitted out an expedition against these robbers, and expelled them from the site.

It was in the month of May, 1852, that I paid a visit to the remarkable ruins of Cumæ. The drive from Naples is one of the pleasantest imaginable. The eye is constantly delighted with scenes of surpassing loveliness. The blue Mediterranean, along the shores of which we pass, is always a conspicuous object in the picture. I found myself, however, notwithstanding the beauty of the landscape, regretting, — so difficult is it for the human mind to be *quite* satisfied, — that old Vesuvius did not appear in the picture. I missed his tall form, with his head away up in the clouds, frowning and fuming, and belching out torrents of smoke from his throat. He is conspicuous in most of the fine landscapes around Naples; and one gets so accustomed to see him in the background, that he can hardly help lamenting his

absence. I confess to having accorded to him a great measure of respect.

The *necropolis* of Cumæ — so its ancient cemetery is called — is peopled by three distinct and successive races, the tombs of which, respectively, were constructed one over the other; so that the necropolis may be said to be formed of three stories, each being the work of a different age. The first or lowest stratum of tombs embraces those of the oldest. These are occupied by the ashes of the Phœnicians. The second stratum is occupied by the tombs of the Pelasgians, a people who originally settled in Greece, before the era of the Grecian empire. The third layer of tombs are Grecian proper. You will recollect that Southern Italy was formerly called *Magna Grecia*, and was settled by colonists from Greece. This people flourished in Cumæ; they had their day; and their ashes were deposited in this ancient cemetery. Then came the Romans. Their mode of burial, it will be recollected, was for the most part peculiar. They burned the bodies of their dead, and carefully collected the ashes, which they placed in little urns, called *cinerary urns*, and deposited them in sepulchres, generally so arranged that surviving friends could visit them, and each provided with another urn called the *lachrymal urn*, in which mourners shed their tears, to be preserved as memorials of their affection. It is not among the least of the remarkable facts connected with the Cumæan necropolis, that above the three strata of tombs which have been noticed, and around them on every side, were deposited the ashes of the Roman race; and both the cinerary and lachrymal urns are found here in great profusion.

The Phœnician tombs were excavated simply in the earth. When they were first opened, they were found still to contain skeletons, though they immediately fell to dust when they were exposed to the air. At the head and feet of the bodies were antique vases, apparently of Egyptian manufacture, with bronze rings, glass beads, and similar articles. The Pelasgic tombs, which were built above the Phœnician, were mostly formed of four large slabs of soft stone, called *tufa*, covered sometimes with three flat stones, though some are found with a sloping roof, the stones meeting in the middle, like rafters, and giving the tombs the appearance of small houses. Some of these sepulchral chambers contained two bodies, but generally, I believe, only one. In the tombs were vases, with black figures painted on a yellow ground. The Grecian tombs, which formed the third story, and were evidently the work of the Cumæans, after they had become incorporated into the Italian family, were similar to those of their ancestors, but were distinguished from them by the greater elegance of their vases, and by the richness of the furniture in general. Articles of gold and silver, instead of bronze, abounded in many of the sepulchres. Above these three strata of graves, occupied by as many races that had flourished and passed off the stage, were the urns, as I before stated, of the Romans. It is not very creditable to the latter people, that they plundered a great many of the graves of previous generations, to enrich their own burial-places. There is conclusive evidence that a great portion of the urns used by the Romans had been previously occupied by the Grecian race. This is proved from the fact that the style of the articles in the tombs

of the two races is often identical, as well as the circumstance, that when the tombs of the former were discovered in modern times, they were found to have been, in many instances, rifled of their contents.

It is impossible to visit this wonderful cemetery of antiquity without feelings of peculiar interest. It seemed almost as if I were treading on sacred ground, while I stood upon the soil where reposed the ashes of men and women who lived here when Joshua led the children of Israel into Palestine. Here are seventeen centuries of monuments, commencing fourteen hundred years, perhaps, before the Christian era, and coming down to the age of Constantine, if not to the fall of the Roman empire.

The first modern excavations in this necropolis were made a little more than one hundred years ago. Since that time, a great portion of the curious articles in these tombs have been removed to the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, where, a few days after my visit to Cumæ, I examined them at my leisure. Next to the curiosities from Herculaneum and Pompeii, they form, perhaps, the most interesting cabinet in this museum which is regarded as the richest in the world. — *Selected.*

MARGARET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

(Continued from page 181.)

MARGARET was merry as a bird herself. Nobody would have called her "proud" then, who could have seen her dancing through the woods, swinging her bonnet in her

hand, with her soft, bright curls all tossed over her face and neck, and laughing and frolicking in such a glad, childish way. It was all right to me though, whatever Margaret did. I admired and wondered at her womanly grace and self-possession as she presided at her father's table, and entertained her father's guests, and looked up to her with great childish veneration as she walked amongst the school-girls, so far above them all; but I loved her as much then as when she made herself a child with me. To me she was perfect at all times.

We were going through the woods in that romping way this morning, Margaret's voice loudest of any, when we met suddenly a gentleman that none of us knew. He came out from a side-path in the woods, directly in front of us, before we had seen him, or had time to check our noisy demonstrations; and Margaret blushed rosily at his bow and smile of amusement as he passed by.

"Who in the world is he?" she exclaimed, as soon as he was out of hearing. "I never saw him before; and what a set of tomboys he must think us! But that's all your fault, Miss Emily," she said, gaily. "That comes of laying myself out to entertain children."

"Children indeed!" Jessie exclaimed, saucily. "As if we were not as well worth entertaining as gentlemen! And, by the way, Miss Maggie, I guess you were the child that made the most noise; wasn't she, Em?"

"Be quiet, saucebox," Margaret said, laughingly; "and don't you speak till you're spoken to. Walk faster both of you, for we'll be late at school."

She hurried on, tying her bonnet as she walked; for we had come out of the woods now into the sunshine, and the schoolhouse was but a little way off. We saw

groups of girls playing under the trees, Lottie Bayly and Jane Browne swinging together in the grape-vine swing, and the boys playing fives down at the great wooden battery. Under the maple-trees close by the schoolhouse, a little crowd of the older girls were sitting on the grass, listening very eagerly to one of them, who was telling something of great interest to them all.

"Do come here, Margaret Allen," Susie Archer exclaimed, as we were passing by them, "and hear what Ellen Wilson says."

"Well, what is it?" Margaret asked, quietly, as she stopped for a moment. She was never very curious to hear the girls' gossip, as they all knew.

"Well, what is it?" Susie repeated, mimicking Margaret's careless tone. "Nothing much, to be sure, only Miss Harrison's gone away without so much as saying good-bye to anybody, and we're to have a new teacher this morning; a *gentleman*, moreover. That's all, Miss Margaret."

Margaret had scarcely time for an exclamation of surprise and incredulity, when a quick, firm step sounded near, and the gentleman whom we had met in the woods passed by, bowing gravely to us, and went into the school-room. The bell rang a moment after; and, when we went in, he was already seated at Miss Harrison's desk, with an air of authority, as if he had a perfect right there. Everybody was curious and wondering; but he very quietly and gravely called the school to order, and proceeded with the usual morning exercise of reading and prayer; only we noticed, that, instead of using the prayer-book, as Miss Harrison did, the prayer was his own. Very earnest, fervent, and beautiful it was

too, touching my childish heart strangely; and I saw how Margaret's face was full of a deeper thought than I had ever seen it wear after this morning duty.

After prayers he explained to us in a few words that Miss Harrison had been suddenly summoned away to attend a sister who was very ill with consumption; and that he, her cousin, would take her place in the school until her return, — that is, if the arrangement were not displeasing to parents or pupils. This was all he said; and it was simply expressed; but he had already made an impression upon the whole school. We all loved Miss Harrison, and regretted deeply the sorrowful cause of her departure; but then a novelty is always pleasant; and it seemed delightful to most of the scholars to have a new teacher for awhile. Some of the girls thought it charming to have a gentleman for a teacher, and already began to practise blushes and graces for his benefit. But others — Margaret most of all — had been impressed by his grave, gentlemanly manner, and deeply moved by his earnest and fervent prayer. Margaret felt instinctively that he was good and noble, and even her own nature must be elevated by contact with such a one as his.

So Mr. Page soon grew to be a favorite in the school, especially amongst the girls, who said all sorts of extravagant things of him, some of them, before a week was past. I thought it was very weak and very silly, child as I was, for girls who should have more womanly dignity to think and say such foolish things; and I only admired Margaret all the more when I saw her proud lip curl at the silly speeches she heard. I knew that she liked Mr. Page more than any of them, and that she

was the only one who could fully understand and appreciate his noble mind; but she only proved her respect and admiration by renewed application to her studies, and more perfect — if that were possible — obedience to all school discipline and proprieties.

Not long after Mr. Page's establishment, I heard the girls talking about a new class in mathematics that was to be formed. They were to have new books, more difficult than they had ever studied; and the class was to consist of only six girls, to be selected by Mr. Page himself. There was quite a little excitement amongst the older girls about the election, all of them anxious for the honor of the new study, yet many of them shrinking from the difficulty of the enterprise. Mr. Page settled the matter, when the new books came, by writing in them the names, Margaret Allen, Susie Archer, Julia Egerton, Ellen Wilson, Mary Gray, and Annie Wise, and handing them to the young ladies designated.

There was some murmuring at his choice, of course. Mary Hughson "thought she was as well fitted for the class as Annie Wise;" and Miss Isabella Brisbane "would be very sorry if she didn't know more about algebra than Ellen Wilson." But Mr. Page did not seem to see or hear any of these things; and so the new class was formed according to his own plan.

It went on swimmingly for a while; the young mathematicians worked bravely, bending every energy to the conquest, and rejoicing in seeing Mr. Page's pride and pleasure in their progress. Margaret, of course, was the head of the class, as she was of all others; no difficulty daunted her, — no obstacle but she trampled down; and

so the others depended upon her, bringing their perplexities to be untangled by her clearer vision and keener application.

One afternoon she sat alone at her desk, after school had been dismissed for the day, and every one else, save only myself, had gone away. I lingered to walk part of the way home with her; but Margaret was busy with an unsolved problem that had puzzled the whole class for two days, but which she was determined to master. So she told me not to wait for her.

"I'm determined not to leave this schoolhouse till I prove whether I can or *cannot* do it," she said; "so you'd better run home, Emily, and not wait for me. It may be night before I get through. Good-bye, little girl."

She kissed me as she spoke, — a rare thing for her to do; so I went away very happy in her love, very proud of her noble perseverance, and left her alone to her work. What happened after I left her I did not know for many days; but I will tell you now the story that I learned from her own lips, — the story that she, my proud, beautiful Margaret, told, standing in her shame and utter humiliation before the little world of the school-room.

The rest of the class had wished to ask Mr. Page's assistance in the difficulty; but Margaret had proudly refused, and pledged herself to be able to explain the problem for them before the time for the next lesson. She saw that Mr. Page approved her resolution, and this nerved her with double energy; so Margaret worked away in the lonely school-room through those pleasant evening hours, keeping a firm heart in spite of her wear-

ness and the apparent fruitlessness of every endeavor. She grew sick and disheartened at last, though. She had worked ceaselessly all the afternoon; her head ached painfully; and she was worn out with such steady application. But still the subtle question evaded every effort of her intellect; and Margaret, in the dimness of the coming evening, rested her weary head upon her hands, almost tempted to give up the struggle entirely.

She had changed her seat as it grew darker, from her own desk to the teacher's, which stood upon a raised platform just in front of a window, so affording her more light for her work. Leaning back wearily in her chair, she saw that the desk, usually locked, was now unfastened; the lid resting lightly upon the spring, and no keys in the lock. It was an instantaneous, irresistible temptation. Without a moment's thought, Margaret lifted the lid; and there before her, touching her hands, lay the key which would solve the problem, and put an end to her labor.

Poor Margaret! Human pride, human uprightness, human truth and honor, — what did they avail before a moment's strong temptation? Alas! they were all but human weakness. She opened the book in eager excitement; the solution of the problem lay before her eyes, and one hurried glance gave her the clue to the mystery. Then the book dropped away from her guilty fingers, the desk-lid slammed down, the spring-lock fastening of its own accord, and Margaret was alone, free from all danger of discovery, with no evidence of the deed she had committed, and only her own conscience to accuse her.

But that conscience — it was awakened now. One

moment after Margaret had yielded to the temptation and sacrificed her integrity, in her bitter, overwhelming anguish, she would have laid down a right hand or a right eye but to have undone what she had done.

(To be continued.)

THE BASTILE.

THE Bastile, the erection of which began in the year 1370, was composed of high and large towers, united together by thick walls, enclosing two large courts, which were separated from each other by other walls intervening; the whole being enclosed by a deep and wide ditch. At the base of all the towers were dungeons. Each tower, eighty feet in height above the dungeons, consisted of four stories. The dungeons were below the level of the ground; some of them admitted a little light; others were perfectly dark. It was in these dreadful abodes that the two princes of Armagnac were imprisoned by the orders of Louis XI.; one of whom, overcome by the weight of wretchedness and despair, lost his reason; the other, set at liberty upon a change of the government, published an account of his sufferings.

Above the dungeons rose successively four apartments, each occupying a single story. These apartments, all of which were prisons, were in the form of irregular polygons, eighteen feet across the floor, and eighteen feet high, except in the apartment of the upper

story, which was a little smaller. The walls were twelve feet thick at the highest part of the tower; and they increased in thickness as they approached the bottom. The doors of the prisons in the towers were of oak, and double, each three inches in thickness. Each of the prisons above the dungeon had one window, which was secured on the outside by an iron grate of prodigious strength. The chimneys also were secured by iron grates, crossing the vent at proper distances. The floors were laid with stone or tiles.

Each tower had its name, and each apartment had its number; so that it was not necessary to say who the prisoners were when orders were given respecting them, or when they happened to be the subjects of conversation; but only to mention them in the language of the place, as No. *One*, in the tower *du Trésor*; No. *Two*, in the tower *de la Comté*, and so on. Most of the apartments had the same kind of furniture, both as to the number of articles and their quality. It usually consisted of a bed, a table, a chair, a basin, and a large earthen pitcher for holding water, a brass candlestick, a broom, and a tinder-box.

When the prisoners entered these dreadful abodes, their names were entered in a register, with the dates of their arrival, and with the specification of the towers and the numbers of the towers to which they were assigned. They were there subjected to a strict search, and every thing was taken from them except such clothing as was absolutely necessary. The large and stony apartments, in which they were enclosed, if they were so much favored as to escape an incarceration in the dungeons, were exceedingly cold in winter; and, as they

were not capable of ventilation, the prisoners suffered no less from the unpleasant heats of summer, — a grievance which was increased by the steams issuing from the water that putrified in the ditch below. Iron cages and other instruments of torture were kept in reserve for those who were refractory. — *Life of Mme. Guyon.*

THE BANISHED FAIRY.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The fairy grove in autumn. The time almost dawn. The moon is just setting.

Daisy comes wearily in. Ah, my poor Cowslip! What would I not give for some tidings of thee? Often as I have wandered upon the earth since her departure, I have never seen her. Where is she? and what must she suffer! (*She hides her face in the fallen leaves.*)

Ivy appears from another direction. I thought to find Daisy here. She cannot yet have returned. I hope I may be the first to bring her the welcome intelligence. (*He discovers Daisy.*) Are thy wings so drooping, my poor Daisy, that they can no longer sustain thee? Listen, then; I have that to tell thee which will revive thee.

Daisy. Cowslip!

Ivy. Yes; I would speak of her. Thou hast not seen her?

Daisy. No! But thou ——

Ivy. I have indeed seen her.

Daisy. When? How? What said she to thee?

Ivy. Alas! I dared not speak to her. Such were our queen's commands, and I might not disobey. But I saw her. A lovely woman sat beside a little mound in a garden of graves. The sods were scarcely green; and I saw how Cowslip's flower sprang from the mound, and hidden in the cup lay Cowslip herself.

Daisy. And did she see thee?

Ivy. No. I feared her too great longing for our home, and I kept concealed behind the fallen leaves. Then I saw how the sorrowing daughter of earth plucked the tiny flower; and then I heard Cowslip whisper to her loving words. Truly hath she learned somewhat of the lore of these mortals; for her speech was of matters which I understood not. But, as she spoke, the cloud on the face of the mourner grew less heavy, and a quiet peace reigned there; and I heard how Cowslip whispered to her along her homeward path.

Daisy. Dear Cowslip! And didst thou see her? and were the sparkles on her wings yet dim?

Ivy. Not dull as when she left us. Their sparkle was as when a thin vapor passes over the face of the moon; but they shone not like thine. Alas! her year of trial has not yet half passed; but I know that she will return more than ever lovely.

Daisy. Oh that that day might hasten!

(*They go out.*)

SCENE II.

The time is Christmas Eve, and the ground is covered with snow.

Cowslip. Ah for the snow palace of our queen!

For here I am benumbed with cold. But here comes a mortal who shivers like myself. Poor little creature ! I must listen ; perhaps I can aid her.

Janet (disconsolately). How beautiful these houses are, with their warm curtains, and bright fires, and shining lights, and wreaths of evergreen ! How I wish I had a Christmas tree ! I would not even ask for a single toy, but a pair of shoes for myself, and a blanket for my mother. (*She sighs deeply.*)

Cowslip seats herself on a falling snow-flake, and alights on the hand of the child. Cheer up, little girl. It is always darkest just before dawn.

Janet. What a beautiful snow-flake ! It is like a star. Now, if I had been sitting by a warm fire, and should not have seen this. It almost seems as if it spoke to me, and told me I had a great many things to be thankful for.

(*Gertrude, a warmly-clad little girl, passes Janet. Cowslip flies to her, and whispers in her ear.*)

Gertrude (to herself). Why, what a thoughtless child I am ! And on Christmas eve, too, to forget the poor ! I am afraid I do not deserve any Christmas gifts. (*She calls Janet.*) Little girl ! *As Janet approaches, she says :* Don't you want to come into my house, and warm yourself ? It is close by ; and perhaps mamma can find you a pair of shoes.

Janet. You are very kind, miss ; but I have been very discontented, and have had wicked thoughts. Your kindness makes me ashamed of them.

Gertrude. I am ashamed, too ; for I promised my papa that I would visit some of the little children in the

village to-day; and I have been so happy that I quite forgot it. I believe it was feeling a snow-flake on my cheek that made me remember.

Janet. How strange, miss! A snow-flake fell on my hand just now; and it was so beautiful that it almost seemed as if it spoke to me, and told me to cheer up.

Gertrude (at the door of her own house). Come in, for I am sure we can make you more comfortable.

(They go into the house.)

SCENE III.

A very warm day, late in spring. An invalid child sits in a pillowed chair beside an open window. Her mother watches her from a little distance.

Anna. How warm and stifling it is! Oh for only one breath of air!

Mother. O my dear child! if we could only afford to take you to the sea-shore, I am sure it would do you good. But here in the city the heat is so oppressive. Shall I not fan you?

Anna. No, mother dear. I can breathe easily; but I feel a languor which your fanning could not remove. *(Cowslip brings a fresh breath of the sea-breeze into the room.)* I thought I felt cooler then. I believe I can scent the sea air.

Mother. But the wind has not changed.

Anna. It has indeed, dear mother. I already am revived; so you must not long for the sea-shore for me. If it is best for me to go, I doubt not that some way will be provided for me.

(The wind blows quite strongly ; and an old gentleman, passing by, takes off his hat. The wind blows away several of his papers, and Cowslip wafts one to the capping of the front door, directly over which is the room where Anna is sitting. The mother calls to him.)

Mother. Sir, your paper has fallen on the ledge above our door.

Gentleman (looking up, and catching a glimpse of Anna). I will come up, madam, if you please, and get it myself. *As he enters the room, he says:* Your daughter reminds me of a dear sister who died some years ago. She looks feeble. Why don't you take her to the sea-shore ? I am a doctor, ma'am, and know it would be the best thing for her.

Mother (blushing). We should gladly, but ——

Gentleman (hurriedly). Ah, I see. Well, madam, the paper that you just now restored to me is worth five hundred dollars. It is but right that I should reward you for finding it. No thanks, madam. Only let this bit of paper which I give you take this poor child to the shore ; and if I pass here next autumn, and see her with rosy cheeks, I shall be amply repaid.

(He goes quickly.)

Anna. Did I not say so, mother ?

END OF ACT II.

ED.

(To be concluded.)

MAKING A NEEDLE.

I WONDER if any little girl who may read this ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which she every day uses. What can be more common, and, you may think, more simple, than a *needle*? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and it takes a great deal of time, too. Let us take a peep into a needle-factory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shops is hung round with coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for codfish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they came off from coils. The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; then taken out, and rolled backwards and forwards on a table until the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement, and find a needle-pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grindstone, first one end, and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten

thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes; and the boy who does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast your eye can hardly keep pace with him. The splitting follows; which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles. A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and, what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and, when red hot, are thrown in a pan of cold water. Next, they must be tempered; and this is done by rolling them backwards and forwards on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth, needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap daubed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled hard up, and, with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and the doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself. Enough has been told you to see how various are the branches of industry, and that even to furnish so handy and common a little instrument as the needle, how much labor is necessary, and how many workmen are employed. It should make us humble, also, to see how dependent we are upon one another. While the

bird, the cat, and all inferior animals, are supplied with ready-made clothing, and no help from each other, we cannot live comfortably a day without being ministered to by hundreds whom we have never seen. This great law of mutual dependence should help to impress upon us those precious lessons of brotherly love taught us in the gospel; as it makes wonderfully clear the sweet rule of the apostle, "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto *all men*." — *Selected.*

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

"Silver and gold have I none: such as I have, give I thee."

IF you turn, my young readers, to Acts, third chapter, sixth verse, you will find the above-written words.

This the Apostle Peter said to a poor lame man, who was sitting at the gate of the temple called Beautiful. As Peter and John went up thither together, this lame man asked an alms of them; and he expected to receive something from them. Then Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And he took him by the right hand and lifted him up, and miraculously cured him; so that he leaped and walked, and entered into the temple with them, praising God.

Though this was said to the poor lame man hundreds of years ago, yet it is so expressive a sentence that it may often be used now under far different circumstances.

Yes, my children; each one of you, though you may have neither silver or gold, can yet say, "What I have, give I thee." You may each one, in your own little sphere, do a great deal of good. You can speak a kind word; you can do a kind act for some poor, sick person. Many of you can, amid your mother's arduous duties, lend a helping hand, and thus lighten her cares, — taking care of your little baby brother or sister, moving quietly about, and doing a great many little useful deeds; and always remembering, by being obedient, kind, and attentive, how much, even in this way, you can accomplish of good.

Some children think, because they are young and small, they cannot do much; but you know, "Little by little the bird builds its nest," and almost every thing great and wonderful in this world has come from very small beginnings.

"What if the little rain should say,¹
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky?"

This is the same principle you act out when you think, because you can do so little, you have no responsibility, and are required to do nothing for others. Then, again, the hymn says, —

"Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?"

So will you help to warm and beautify the hearts of those around you, if you each in your own sphere

endeavor to be the kind sister, the helpful and affectionate daughter, and the sympathizing friend of the poor; not passing them thoughtlessly by, but giving them a gentle look, a kind word, and bestowing upon them something from your own little store. A. L. L.

CAMBRIDGE.

"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see.
I ask thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching, wise;
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart *at leisure from itself*,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
 In whatso'er estate,
 I have a fellowship with hearts
 To keep and cultivate;
 A lowly work of love to do
 For thee on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
 To none that ask denied;
 A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If *thou* be glorified.

And, if some things I do not ask
 In my cup of blessing be,
 Be then my spirit filled the more
 With grateful love to thee, —
*Less careful how to serve thee much
 Than to please thee perfectly.*

Briars beset my every path,
 And call for patient care, —
 The cross that's found in every lot
 Makes earnest need for prayer;
 But a lowly heart that leans on thee
 Is happy everywhere.

In labors which thy will appoints,
 There are no bonds for me:
 My secret heart is taught the truth
 (Which makes thy children free), —
 A life of self-renouncing love
 Is a life of liberty!

London Newchurchman.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 30.

Nov. 5.

If anybody should read all the good things I have written here so long ago, I suppose that anybody would think I had been growing very good all this time. Well, I haven't; that is the truth. No one else shall know that I think so, only you, my little journal; it is a secret for you, because you never scold me or find fault, as all the other bodies do. I guess I ought to be very sober about it; for I do believe I have been growing *awfully* naughty.

Just now I find what I wrote about school; and this is it: "*I would not behave so at school for all the whole world.*"

Now I am afraid even to *write* how I have behaved. Miss Penley thinks that I am the very worst girl in school, — I almost know she does; and everybody would think so, if they could know about it. I don't laugh and make faces, as one girl does, while we are singing the morning hymn: that would be too wicked. And in the prayer time I almost always think, "Now, to-day I *will* be good;" and then every day I act just as badly as ever. Sometimes I long so to have fun, and then the girls all laugh; and sometimes I feel angry and fret, and then the girls all take my side. I am sure I do not know what makes me act so. Father asked me to-day, "Annie, how is it at school now? I have heard some complaints." I thought he was going to say, about *me*, and I was frightened. What would he say if he knew all about it? He told me that he

hoped I should copy no bad examples, and that we should all improve as fast as possible. Oh, I do love the fun so! it is splendid! But I don't like the troublesome thoughts that keep coming afterward. I *never* feel happy now when I go to bed. Every night I say to myself, "To-morrow I will be good, — perfectly good." And every morning I am very bad. Every day Miss Penley says, "I shall be obliged to inform your father." But every day, when I am expecting it, she doesn't inform him. Sometimes I wish she would. What I shall be by and by I am sure I don't know.

F. E. H.

"THOU RENEWEST THE FACE OF THE EARTH."

PSALM civ. 30.

As spring again opens with its beauty and fragrance, it seems, as ever, a new call to gratitude and praise. The charms of spring-time never weary us. We hail its return with as much delight every succeeding year as we did the first time we noticed the wonderful change. With as much delight, do I say? If in our advancing years we have grown in grace as in stature, each succeeding spring-time will be more and more beautiful. We love to call your attention to all these renewed tokens of God's goodness, because we believe that children readily learn to see the Father's hand in every thing that is lovely in nature. Some years ago, in the cold winter months, we often led a little child to the foot of the com-

mon to enjoy the sight of the low hills, with the dark purple tint of winter upon them. Every time she went out, she would ask to be taken there, and would say, "God made the hills."

Every child has in its pure soul a love of nature. It needs very little training to lead its thoughts from the creation to the Creator. But some children have never had the eyes of their souls opened. The sunbeam, when it awakes them from sleep, does not come as God's messenger. The thunder-cloud, with its stores of rain and its vivid flashes, does not speak to them of God's power. The quiet summer landscape, with the setting sun, does not suggest to their minds the loveliness of Him who has made all things fair.

All need more of this spirit; but, like all other good things, it can be only had by striving. He who sees his Father's hand in all around him has sources of enjoyment of which other men are entirely ignorant. A blade of grass can give him a happiness real and true beyond any thing which earth can bestow. Wordsworth has beautifully said, —

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And, children, if we learn to see our Father's hand in his visible works, we shall begin to see it in his dealings with our spirits. We shall see, dimly it may be, why our Father has appointed our several lots; we shall see that riches are best for the character of one, and poverty for that of another; nay, more, — we shall read, day by day, the lessons that he designs to teach

us in each day's experiences, in our temptations, our joys, and our sorrows.

And, if we see these things, we shall be indeed blessed. Temptation will flee away; for the moment we feel that God has suffered them to try our strength, the thought of his purity drives them away. And if we see his dealings in our joy, that joy will be hallowed. It will not be a useless, consuming flame to our spirits, but a cheering and steady warmth; and how inexpressibly will it lighten sorrow! If we acknowledge that our Father has afflicted us for our good, we can fly to him, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and feel that, "though he slay, yet will we trust in him."

Children, this is one of the myriad lessons of spring. Learn to read them, for it is the only knowledge which will outlast time; it is the only wisdom which will not perish. Memory may fail, and the strength of mind decay; but still the soul that has loved through life to accept both joy and sorrow from a Father's hand will remember his love and goodness when all else is forgotten.

ED.

WATER-SPOUTS.

UNDERNEATH a dense cloud the sea becomes agitated with violent emotions; the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the agitated mass of water, on arriving at which they are dispersed into vapors, and rise whirling round in a spiral direction towards the cloud.

This conical ascending column is met by another descending column, which leans towards the water, and joins with it. In many cases the marine column is from three to four hundred feet in diameter near its base. Both columns, however, diminish towards the middle, where they unite; so that here they are not more than three or four feet in diameter.

The entire column presents itself in the shape of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass, empty within. It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed, several have been seen at once following different directions.

When the cloud and the marine base of the water-spout move with unequal velocities, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally to burst in pieces. A noise is then heard like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley. Lightning frequently issues from the very centre of the water-spout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard.

Sailors, to prevent the imminent danger to which their vessels would be exposed by coming in contact with these tremendous columns, discharge upon them a cannon-ball, which, passing through them, causes them invariably to burst, and consequently removes all chance of injury connected with them.

This phenomenon is accounted for in the following manner:—

When two currents of air of unequal temperature, moving in opposite directions with unequal velocities, meet, a whirlwind is formed. In the same manner eddies are produced at the junction of two streams

flowing with unequal velocities. Water-spouts are caused by these whirlwinds over seas and other large bodies of water.

The rushing currents of air, coming in contact, condense the vapor of the atmosphere, and at the same time impart to it a whirling motion; so that instead of falling in drops, like rain, a cone of water may be seen descending from a dark cloud towards the sea below. This circular motion appears to commence high up in the air; and, as it descends, the surface of the water becomes violently agitated, and dashes high its spray and waves. The same rotary motion is imparted to the dashing water, forming a cone of the spray, which ascends higher and higher, while the first descends, until both unite in a continuous column from the water to the clouds. The water-spout is now complete, and has both a rotary and a progressive motion. It bends and sways to the wind as it advances on its course; but the upper and under part must move in the same direction, and with equal velocity; otherwise it will break.

The duration of a water-spout is usually not more than six or eight minutes; when the column separates in the centre, the spray soon quickly settles down again into the sea, while the cone from the cloud becomes smaller and smaller, finally breaks, and nothing remains but the dark cloud, which then moves away, distilling itself in the form of rain. All water-spouts do not pass through all the changes that we have here delineated; for sometimes only the cone is seen descending from a mass of black clouds, like a huge, tapering trunk, without ever reaching the water; at other times nothing is seen but the cloud of spray and mist that forms the base

of the column; but the process described is the usual form in which they appear.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for several water-spouts to appear at the same time. In May, 1820, no less than *seven* were seen during a single half-hour, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, by Lieutenant Ogden. Some persons suppose that water is taken up into the clouds by these water-spouts, to be sifted down again in the form of rain. This is a mistaken idea: there is no proof whatever that the water from the sea thus ascends to the cloud. — *Merry's Museum*.

THE GOLDEN BRANCH.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE was once a king who ruled his subjects entirely by fear. He very rarely showed himself to them, and, upon the slightest suspicion, caused them to be put to death. King Brun—for that was the cruel king's name—had a son who had no equal for sweetness of disposition, talent, and learning; but he was deformed. Never did so beautiful a soul animate so ill-made a body. But he was so good and kind and wise that he was loved by every one, in spite of his ugliness. This prince's name was Torticoli.

King Brun, not from any regard for his son's happiness, but to augment his own greatness and power, resolved to marry Torticoli to the daughter of a neigh-

boring king. Now, this princess was far more deformed and ugly even than the prince Torticoli. She was so lame that it was with difficulty she could walk at all. Nevertheless, Trognon was one of the most amiable creatures that ever lived. It seemed as if Heaven wished to recompense her for her personal disadvantages by giving her the best qualities of heart. Having sent for a portrait of this princess, King Brun showed it to his son. The prince turned from the picture with disgust. "Is it well for *you* to find fault with the appearance of this princess," asked King Brun, disdainfully, "since you are yourself a monster of ugliness?" "It is on this very account," replied Torticoli, "that I will never marry her. It is enough for me to endure my own deformity. Shall I also suffer for the same misfortune in my wife?" "Say what you will," replied the enraged king; "you must marry the Princess Trognon. It is enough that I command it." Torticoli said nothing, but withdrew with a low bow.

King Brun was not accustomed to opposition. He fell into an ungovernable passion, and ordered his son to be confined in an old tower that had been unoccupied for two hundred years. It was damp, cold, and uncomfortable. When the prince, who was very fond of reading, asked for books, he was told he could have none but the old books in the library of the tower. These were written in such an ancient language that Torticoli could not understand them; so he looked round for something else to amuse himself with.

King Brun, certain that Torticoli would soon grow weary of his prison, proceeded as if he had consented to marry Trognon. He sent ambassadors to his royal

neighbor to ask the hand of his daughter for the prince, with many brilliant promises. The father of Trognon, who was as ambitious as King Brun, readily consented, although he was not much pleased with the portrait which they brought him. He told his daughter his will, and showed her the picture. She cast down her eyes and wept. Indignant at the repugnance which she betrayed, the king led her to a mirror, and exclaimed, "Look at yourself, Trognon! Why should you weep at this picture?" "Ah, my father," she replied, "I do not wish ever to be married. I do not wish to share with any one the pain I suffer from my ugliness. If I may but remain the Princess Trognon, I will not complain of it." The king would not listen, but compelled her to depart with the ambassadors.

In the meantime let us return to the unfortunate prince. The affection the guards felt for him led them to soften the rigor of his imprisonment as far as they were able. One day, when he was walking in the gallery, and thinking sadly of the fate that had made him so frightful in appearance and now seemed about to unite him to another as unfortunate as himself, his eyes fell upon the great stained windows, and he began to admire the rich designs and brilliant colors. In particular, he was much struck by one figure, which was an exact portrait of himself. The man was represented as searching in the wall of the donjon of the tower, and finding a golden hook, by means of which he opened a cabinet. "Strange!" said Torticoli to himself. "How could an artist wish to paint a man like me?" He saw also a figure so beautiful, and with such a lovely expression upon her face, that he could scarcely turn his eyes

from her. He did not leave the gallery until it was too dark to distinguish any thing.

When he went back to his lonely chamber, he took down again one of the old parchment books, and opened its covers of gold and blue. He was extremely surprised to find here the same designs that were upon the windows. He tried again to read what was written there, but could not. While he was examining the groups of figures, all at once they became animated! The musicians began to play and sing, the richly-dressed ladies to dance, and the card-players to shuffle their cards. Perceiving a delicious, savory odor, he observed many little figures at a banquet. One of the tallest, not an inch in height, turning to the prince, said, "Give us back our queen. If you *will*, you can do a good action. Only be wise and brave." At these words Torticoli was so overcome with fear that the book dropped from his hand, and he fell senseless to the floor. His guards, alarmed at the noise, came running to their beloved prince, and used every means to restore him to consciousness. When they had succeeded, he told them, in answer to their anxious inquiries, that he had been so weak and faint from want of food that his head was full of wild fancies, and he had imagined that the figures in the book moved and spoke. Full of remorse, they immediately brought him abundance of food, notwithstanding King Brun's orders. When he had eaten enough, he again took up the book, and, now seeing nothing extraordinary there, he was convinced it had all been a delusion.

But the next day, when he went into the gallery and looked at the figures on the great windows, they moved

and spoke, and hunted deer and rabbits, and fished, and built houses. The figure resembling himself, and wearing a dress like his own, climbed into the donjon of the tower, and found the golden hook. As he was not faint from hunger, he could no longer believe himself deceived. He resolved to explore the donjon tower.

He climbed up the old stone stairs. Striking his sword against the walls, it seemed to him in one place to be hollow. He pulled out one of the crumbling stones, and discovered there the golden hook. He saw the old cabinet in the corner. It had no lock nor visible door; but, inserting the hook in one of its gaping cracks, he pulled with all his might. It flew open, disclosing rows of drawers filled with gems and curious jewels. He opened one after another with delight, till only one remained unexplored. It was fastened, but at last yielded to his efforts; and he started with horror at the sight of a severed hand! Torticoli shuddered; his hair stood up; his trembling limbs refused to support him. He sank to the earth, covering his eyes. It was some time before he recollected what the little figure had said to him. At length, rebuking himself for this fear as unworthy of a great mind, he fixed his eyes on the hand, and said, "O unfortunate hand! can you make no sign to instruct me as to what I must do?" At these words the fingers moved, and wrote, "Learn that you alone are able to release an unhappy creature from enchantment. Go without delay into the gallery; mark the spot where the rays of the sun shine most intensely; search there." Hastily refastening the cabinet, and concealing the hook again in the wall, Torticoli descended to the gallery. He looked to see where the

hottest rays of the sun lay, and saw it was beneath the portrait of a beautiful youth. He raised the picture, and discovered behind it a small ebony door, with bars of gold across it, which he succeeded in opening after several attempts. He found himself standing in a lofty vestibule of porphyry, adorned with marble statues. Before him rose a staircase of agate, with golden bannisters. Passing up the staircase, he found himself in a lofty stone hall. He went on through one magnificent apartment after another, now and then stopping to admire some piece of furniture or superb painting, until he arrived at a little chamber ornamented with turquoises. Upon a couch, decked with blue gauze and gold, lay a sleeping lady. She was very beautiful; her hair, as black as ebony, made her complexion still more fair by contrast. She looked sad and ill, and moved uneasily in her sleep. The prince approached gently, and listened to her half-uttered words, "Trasiméne, Trasiméne! shall I never see thee again?" Tears flowed down her cheeks as she spoke. While his mind was confused by a thousand different conjectures, he suddenly heard the most entrancing music. It seemed to be the voices of birds. An eagle of extraordinary size flew into the room, surrounded with rare singing-birds. In his talons he bore a golden branch covered with rubies. The royal bird laid the branch at the feet of the prince, at the same time fixing an intense gaze on the sleeping beauty, as if she were the sun. Torticoli approached the fair sleeper, and, touching her gently with the golden branch, exclaimed, "Charming and beautiful creature, in the name of Trasiméne, I conjure you to return to consciousness." The lady opened her eyes.

and, stretching out her arms towards the eagle, cried, "Stay, Trasiméne, — stay!" But the royal bird, uttering a sharp, doleful cry, flew away with all his winged musicians. The lady turned then to Torticoli, saying, "I listened to my love before my gratitude; but now I feel how much I owe to you. You have released me from a spell that has bound me for two hundred years. I am a fairy. Ask what you will, and I will gladly grant it." "Madame," exclaimed the good and generous prince, "I ask only to be allowed to restore to you your beloved Trasiméne." "That will be accomplished, but not by you, kind friend," replied the fairy. Do not deny me the pleasure of granting you happiness. Ask what you desire."

No. 99.

(To be concluded.)

SOME OF THE DUTIES OF A SCHOOLGIRL.

TRIFLES make up life; and "true politeness is benevolence in trifles." You cannot expect every day to do some great thing to confer happiness around you; but every day you can do little acts of courtesy. You can forbear to utter an unkind remark, a cutting sarcasm, an unpleasant truth, a mortifying remark; and you can, by tone and voice and words, every day make some happy. If you cannot remove mountains from the paths of your companions, you can show kindness and gentleness. "A gentle spirit is like fruit which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to

pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach. No one living in society can be independent." It is small frequent wounds which are so hard to bear. The horse may now and then step on your foot, and cause you great pain; but we suffer far more from the impudent horse-fly, whose foot only tickles as he walks on your nose.

One great thing to be attended to is an unflinching, unalterable cheerfulness. Some people have no sunny side to their houses. They eat, drink, sleep, and summer only on the north, cold, damp, mouldy side of the house; they seem to feel that, if they are not martyrs to religion, they must be to circumstances. They do not know how it is; but they have *more trials*, more misfortunes, than anybody else. All the colors in the rainbow are gathered into blue; and the clear sunshine would be pleasant, were it not that it is always followed by bad weather. The moon *would* look bright; but she, too, is surrounded by a ring, which foretells a long storm. The spring would be pleasant, but it gets here so late; the summer would do better, but it is always so hot; the autumn is sad because the leaves decay and fall; and who does not know that winter is all horrors? If there be a great or certain curse from which you should strive and pray to be delivered, it is a murmuring disposition.

Some, however, mistake mirth for cheerfulness; they feel that it is enough, if now and then they throw off gloom, and break through their heart-rending trials, and become sweet and mirthful. This, perhaps, is a little better than nothing; but it is not what you want. Let the beautiful pen of Addison instruct you. "I have

always," says he, "preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient; cheerfulness, fixed and permanent. Those are often raised to the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through the gloom of clouds, and glistens for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity." — *Selected.*

TRUE COURAGE.

(Concluded from page 167.)

WILLARD, when he returned home for his Thanksgiving vacation, had a very favorable account to give to his parents of his proceedings. James Edson, though too old to be a companion for him, often rendered him the most essential service. At his urgent request, a tiny bedroom, almost a closet, which communicated with James's room, was to be occupied by him after vacation. His mother rejoiced at Willard's improvement; but his father said, "I think just now he is under James Edson's influence. We cannot decide whether he is really improved or not, until we can place him in some position where his friend is not at hand to help him."

All too quickly passed the days of vacation. The week had been extremely cold; and Willard, to his delight, found, when he reached school, that the pond, some half a mile distant, was covered with ice of an inch in thickness, — not strong enough to bear any weight as yet, but promising glorious sport in a short time. James Edson did not appear that night; and a letter to Mr. Grove, the principal, came in his stead the next morning, saying that Mr. Edson, having occasion to go to Washington, had wished James to accompany him, and that he would return to school in a fortnight.

The first week was a rather forlorn one. The boys were more or less homesick; but, towards the latter part of the week, they began to brighten, and relate the various frolics and adventures of their home visit.

“For the pond! for the pond!” shouted Willard, when school was out on Saturday.”

“Wait till after dinner!” cried another boy; “then we can give up the whole afternoon to it, and we shall have capital fun.”

Mr. Grove just then passed through the group, prepared for a walk; and the boys scattered in various directions, to unpack skates, or to cut poles, or to find missing mittens or comforters. The hour before dinner seemed interminable; but at length the welcome sound of the bell was heard, and the five-and-twenty eager boys crowded into the dining-room. Before they left the table, Mr. Grove said, —

“I heard you, my boys, making arrangements to go and skate on the pond this afternoon; and, as I was not willing you should do so unless I was sure that the ice

was strong enough, I have been myself to the pond since school, to ascertain whether it was safe for you to go. I do not think it is. One poor, shivering fellow had just been pulled out of the water as I came up. Mr. Lane, who has lived by the pond so many years, thinks that it will not be best to skate on it before next Wednesday. I am sorry to disappoint you; but I wish you to consider it an express command, that you are to stay away from the pond until Wednesday."

Much unreasonable grumbling was occasioned by Mr. Grove's prohibition. The boys thought they knew a great deal better than Mr. Grove; while Mr. Lane, a man fifty-five years old, was pronounced by them to be in his dotage. After a little ebullition of disappointment and vexation, Willard, with some ten or more of his companions, left the rest to murmur as long as they liked, and were soon engaged in an active game of football, while the others stood for a long time in earnest conversation.

On Monday morning, before school, one of the older boys beckoned Willard aside.

"Norton, we're going to have some fun to-night. Won't you join us?"

"I'm ready for any fun. What is it?"

"Why, you see, old Grove is a regular Miss Nancy. You know he would not let us go on the pond Saturday; and Phil has been down this morning, and says the ice is as solid as the ground. So some of us are going to skate to-night. It will be bright moonshine, and we shall have plenty of light."

"But Mr. Grove said we were not to go until Wednesday!"

"No matter. The ice is strong enough, and he will never know."

"But how are you to go out at night?"

"Why, Phil's room is directly above the piazza, you know, and from that the steps lead into the garden. We can easily let ourselves down. We shall have a glorious time. Come, say you'll go. That's a good fellow."

"No!" answered Willard promptly, "I shall not go with you."

"Oh! you need not be afraid. Edson is not here now to preach to you if he finds it out."

"Edson!" repeated Willard indignantly. "I should hear a louder preacher than he, if I consented to go with you. But why can you not wait till Wednesday? It surely is not a long time."

"To prove to the old commander that the ice is strong enough, if for no other reason."

"And suppose it should *not* be strong enough?"

"Nonsense. It is. Phil has been down this very morning, I tell you."

After a little more conversation, in which neither prevailed over the other, any further discussion was prevented by the ringing of the school-bell. Willard's honor had been fully tested at the time of the affair of the inkstand, and his companion felt that he need not ask him not to betray them.

Willard was anxious and uneasy during the whole day. He had great confidence in Mr. Grove's judgment, and he felt sure that the ice was not sufficiently formed for skating. Yet how could he inform Mr. Grove, especially when his schoolmates trusted him so implicitly? No, he could never betray them. In this decision, he

remained until night-fall, though he was not quite sure that he was right in so doing; but, as he went in the dark to his own room just before tea, the thought struck him, that should one of his fellows break through, and be drowned, he should feel all his life, that he had failed in duty by neglecting to tell Mr. Grove. He had some hours yet left him. The boys were required to retire at nine, and Mr. Grove's immediate family always followed soon after. He would try again to dissuade the boys, particularly the smaller ones. But of the fifteen or sixteen who were to form the party, he only succeeded in winning over one, and his desertion was hailed with much contempt, and many hard words to Willard for his interference.

Every thing proceeded as usual through the evening. They studied their lessons for the next day, and then assembled for prayers, after which they were all dismissed to their rooms. Willard lingered behind, but could not quite gain courage to speak to Mr. Grove, so he followed his companions slowly up stairs. He could not lie down quietly to rest; but, putting out his light, he stationed himself at his window, which overlooked the garden. He sat there a long time, and his eyes began to grow heavy, when suddenly a figure emerged from the shadow of the house. Another and another followed, and Willard finally counted the whole disobedient party. They stole noiselessly along, climbed the garden fence, and cautiously went on to the turn in the road, where they all disappeared. Willard sat in the same position for some minutes after the last had vanished, and then that horrible thought came across his mind again, "If one of them should drown, I should be responsible!"

He started up, ran down stairs, and knocked at the door of Mr. Grove's bedroom. Mr. Grove had just gone to sleep, and it was difficult to rouse him. Willard knocked three or four times, and at last was answered by a sleepy "Who's there?" from within.

"It is Norton, Mr. Grove. Will you come to the door a moment?" The agitated, hurried tone seemed effectually to rouse Mr. Grove; for he was at the door instantly wrapped in his dressing-gown."

"Not undressed, sir, at this time of night?" — began the teacher, but Willard could only say, "The boys! the boys! Quick! or they'll be drowned!" The truth seemed to flash upon Mr. Grove. He sent Willard for some ropes, which he knew were in the shed, and a sharp axe which was usually kept there; and, by the time Willard returned, he was dressed.

"Now, my boy," said he, "you can do most good at home. In case any boy should fall in, and get chilled, we must have a roaring fire, and some water heated. I leave you to attend to that; but use the lantern in the shed, so that nothing may be set on fire."

Away went Mr. Grove as if he had had wings to his feet; and Willard immediately began to attend to his duty, finding his anxiety, whenever he ceased his exertions, almost overpowering. By the time he had fairly kindled the fire, Mrs. Grove came from her room, dressed, and ready to act in any emergency. Her presence was a great comfort to Willard.

"If we have made these preparations for nothing," said she, "it will seem absurd; but, if any boy has fallen in, he would be badly off, if every thing was not in readiness, when he was brought home."

Their anxiety became fearful, when almost an hour had elapsed, and nothing had been heard. At last the sound of feet on the gravel walk greeted their ears; and Mr. Grove, assisted by one of the largest boys, came, carrying a form which seemed to be lifeless. It was laid upon a large rug spread on the floor. No pulse, no heart-beat, was discernible; but still they could not give him up. Every method was tried which is usually resorted to in cases of drowning. Willard, as he went hither and thither, — for the boys who had been on the ice were too terrified to render any assistance, — or as he chafed the lifeless hands, could scarcely realize that the pale, inanimate form was that of the leader of the whole expedition. The boys stood in an awe-struck group just without the door, catching eagerly at Willard, as he passed, to ask him how all was going on.

They had given the poor fellow up at last; and Willard, with his head bent over the pale figure, was giving way to his excited feelings in long-drawn sobs, when suddenly he raised it, exclaiming, "I heard his heart beat!" and Mrs. Grove, placing her hand upon his breast perceived a feeble sensation. Willard choked back the tears, and again began to rub his hands, and to hold strong essences to his nostrils; and slowly, slowly, he came back to life. A bed was hastily prepared in the very room, and he was gently placed in it. Not till this was done did Mr. Grove find time to speak to the guilty group, who stood still in the same position just without the door.

"Go to your rooms," he said: "your school-fellow has been brought to life, and we trust will do well. I shall not reprimand you to-night. You have been sufficiently punished."

Willard, too excited to sleep, was permitted to sit by his companion's bed ; but the stillness of the room at last produced its quieting effect, and he slept, only awakened by the broad sunlight which played into the window. He started up ; but Mrs. Grove, who had not left the room during the night, pointed to his quietly sleeping school-mate, and he noiselessly went out.

The door of Mr. Grove's study was open ; and, hearing Willard pass, he called him in. He asked him a great many questions concerning the transaction of the past night ; and Willard freely told him his own doubts, and the struggle that had gone on in his own mind, before he determined to betray the confidence of his school-fellows.

"You did right, Willard," said Mr. Grove. "I esteem, as highly as any one can, the sense of honor among school-boys, which makes them silent to each others' faults ; but, in a case of this kind, it would have been weak and wicked to have carried that sense to an extreme. Your schoolmates may reproach you ; though, after the events of the past night, I hope all feelings of wrong done them, will be swallowed up in the consciousness of their own sin. Of course, they all must know the share you had in the affair ; and if, for a few days, you are annoyed by them, the right will finally triumph."

He then, at Willard's request, gave him some particulars of the occurrence on the pond, which their care of the drowned lad had not before permitted. At first they had kept near the shore, but, growing more and more bold, had at last ventured to the middle of the pond, when suddenly the ice gave way, and this boy sank. The ice near was so weak that none of the others durst venture on it ; but they threw the poor fellow their tippets, which

his benumbed fingers did not suffer him to grasp. He kept himself up, however, by resting his elbow on a cake of ice; but this at length gave way. He sunk; and, just as he rose the first time, Mr. Grove appeared, and quick as thought made a running noose of the ropes, and threw it around the boy, who no longer was capable of making any effort himself, and drew him to the firm ice, whence they had brought him home as quickly as possible.

Willard never knew what Mr. Grove said to the disobedient boys. It was something that sobered them for a week, however; and Willard heard no reproaches of his conduct. On one occasion, some weeks after, a boy, who had always disliked Willard, began some speech of the kind; but he was instantly silenced by all the rest. Mr. Grove wrote a full account of the whole affair to Willard's parents, and to those of the rescued boy; and from the latter, a few days after, Willard received a letter, which made him blush with the sense of its undeserved praise, when he remembered how he had wavered in his duty. He had written to his father and mother the whole story, and their glad approval gave him the greatest satisfaction. As they thought he had learned the lesson he so much needed, they proposed that he should return home again at the end of the term. But Willard felt that the influence of his friend James was of great benefit to him, and he remained with Mr. Grove until James was fitted for college. Often and often he said to him, "Ah! James, if you had not given me your good counsel, and confirmed me in my habit of prayer, I should have gone on from bad to worse, and perhaps have been drowned myself on that terrible night."

ED.



THE BROTHERS.

RATS.

When science was younger than she is now, and less
 able to distinguish between being and seeming, be,
 certain of her followers, who fancied themselves turned
 a natural history, used to find marvellous things in
 some of the animals they wrote about. They were not
 easy to discover, they seldom mentioned, without
 expressions of fear or abhorrence, giving no credit
 for more than human intelligence. There is no
 likelihood that rats were not ready to pay when
 they appeared to be strange relations between the sun-
 ning rodents and human beings; investing them with a
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They, in his "Doctor," remarks that, whatever man
 rat always takes a share in the proceedings.
 Whether it be building a ship, or erecting a church,
 or a grave, ploughing a field, storing a country,
 or planting a distant colony, it is
 always something to do in the matter, and
 can no more get transported from one place
 than without the great power that
 "How is it that rats can climb a house
 all, or a ship to sea? How can they learn
 down stairs, from the top of the house to
 the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to
 abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their



R A T S.

WHEN science was younger than she is now, and less able to distinguish between being and seeming to be, certain of her followers, who fancied themselves learned in natural history, used to find marvellous attributes in some of the animals they wrote about. For reasons not easy to discover, they seldom mentioned rats without expressions of fear or abhorrence; giving the creatures credit for more than human intelligence. There was no wickedness that rats were not ready to perpetrate. Then there appeared to be strange relations between the cunning rodents and human beings; investing them with a mysterious character, not only in the eyes of the multitude, but in the opinion of students. At times they were more than half suspected to be agents of the Evil One.

Southey, in his "Doctor," remarks that, whatever man does, rat always takes a share in the proceedings. Whether it be building a ship, or erecting a church, digging a grave, ploughing a field, storing a pantry, taking a journey, or planting a distant colony, rat is sure to have something to do in the matter: man and his gear can no more get transported from place to place without him, than without the ghost in the wagon that "flitted too." How is it that rats know when a house is about to fall, or a ship to sink? Where did they learn to carry eggs down stairs, from the top of the house to the bottom, without breaking? Who taught them to abstract the oil from long-necked flasks, by dipping their

tails in, and then licking the unctuous drops from the extremity? What prescedent had they for leading a blind companion about by a straw held in the mouth? and how did they know he could not see? All those are questions requiring no small amount of ingenuity to answer.

As with nations, so with rats: one tribe comes, and dispossesses another. The rats that used to gnaw the bacon in Saxon larders in Alfred's reign; that squealed behind the wainscot when Cromwell's Ironsides were harrying royalist mansions; that disturbed the sleep of George I., were a hardy black species, now seldom seen, and doomed apparently to become as rare as the dodo. Like the Red Men in presence of the Palefaces, they have had to retire before the Norwegian rat, larger in size, and brown in color. Notwithstanding all the popular notions on the subject, it is difficult to explain why this was called the Norwegian rat; for it did not come from Norway. It may surprise those who are sticklers for their Scandinavian origin to know that this rat was brought to England from India and Persia in 1730.

In 1750, the breed made its way to France; and its progress over Europe has since then been more or less rapid. When Pallas was travelling in Southern Russia, he saw the first detachment arrive near the mouth of the Volga in 1766. The species multiplies so rapidly, breeding three times a year, each litter numbering from twelve to twenty, that a single family, if kept out of harm's way, would produce nearly a million in two years. No wonder they drove out our aboriginal black rat! In Ireland, they did more; they killed the frogs, once numerous in that country; and, since the diminu-

tion of the croaking race, the waters, as peasantry say, have been less pure than formerly. The Isle of France was once abandoned by the Dutch, because of the prodigious increase of rats : human life was hardly safe from their attacks.

After making themselves comfortably at home in England, the country of their adoption, they sent colonies across the Atlantic, — rat empire, like men's empire, taking its course westward. In the West Indies, they found congenial quarters, no cold, and plenty of food ; and, multiplying in consequence at an astonishing rate, they became a destructive and intolerable pest, until the inhabitants were obliged, in self-defence, to poison them with arsenic and pellets of cassava. The remedy was attended by dismal results ; for, tormented by thirst, after eating the poison, the rats swarmed down to drink at the streams, and, falling in, the water was poisoned, and a great mortality followed among the cattle that drank from the same rivers.

Besides this check, they have many natural enemies in the islands : the *Formica omnivora* is not the least formidable. A battalion of this species, known as the Raffles' ant, makes but short work in clearing a plantation of every rat. At one time the negroes used to catch the rats, and expose them for sale in the markets of Jamaica, where the black population were always willing purchasers. The Chinese, too, have a weakness for "such small deer ;" and it is a standing bit of fun, on board ships lying in Canton harbor, to catch a rat, and hold the struggling animal up by the tail, in sight of the celestial crews in the tea-lighters alongside. A shout is immediately set up, and no sooner is the rat flung from the ship

than an uproarous scramble follows for the possession of the coveted prize.

The Greeks knew a good many things; but, if naturalists are to be believed, they did not know either the Norwegian rat or the Black rat: a large-sized mouse was their familiar pest. Where the black rat originally came from is a mystery. Some suppose it to be a native of America. But how did it get to Europe? Did it cross Behring's Strait, and traverse the whole continent of Asia? One cause of its present rarity, besides the invasion mentioned above, is, that it brings forth not more than five or six young at a time, and only once a year.

There are about one hundred species of rats, large and small, audacious and harmless; very few, however, devoid of the mischievous propensity.

Nine inches is a respectable length for a Norway rat; but the *giant rat* of Malabar is twenty-four inches long, — one half body, the other half tail. The *hamster* species swarms in the southern provinces of Russia, and has settlements in Hungary and Germany. They are excessively fond of liquorice, whether wild or cultivated, and find abundance of either in those countries, committing sad havoc in the plantations.

For winter use, they store up in their burrows from twelve to one hundred pounds of grain in the ear, and seeds in pods, all well cleaned and dried. The hamster is about the size of the Norway rat, but with a tail not more than three inches in length. It has a pouch in each cheek, not seen when empty; but, when full, they resemble blown bladders coated with fur. These pouches are the animal's panniers, and are generally

carried home well filled from foraging expeditions, when they are emptied by pressing the forepaws against them. Dr. Russell, who dissected one of these rats, found the pouches filled with young French beans, packed one upon the other, so closely and skilfully that the most expert fingers could not have economized the receptacle to greater advantage. When taken out and laid loosely, they formed a heap three times the bulk of the creature's body! The hamster, moreover, is brave as well prudent, and shrinks from no enemy, be it man, horse, or dog: mere size has no terrors for it. If facing a dog, the rat empties his pouches of their contents, and then inflating them to the utmost, gives such a big, swollen appearance to his head and neck, as to present a most extraordinary contrast to his body.

The two sexes live apart in their habitations, — the males in one set of chambers, the females in the other; a practice which again shows analogy between rats and some human sects. The peasants dig down to the burrows in winter; and, seizing the stores of grain and the torpid rats, they eat the flesh of the latter in some places, and sell their skins. In Germany, rewards are given by the authorities for all the rat-skins brought in; and it is on record in the town-hall of Gotha, that not fewer than 145,000 were paid for during three seasons.

Somewhat similar in habit is the *economic rat*, which is found inhabiting the American and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. This species generally form their abode in a turfy soil, where they excavate chambers a foot in diameter, with a flat arched roof, and at times thirty entrance-passages ramifying in different directions. Besides the lodging-vaults, they dig others, to be used

as storehouses, and employ themselves during the summer in filling these with edible roots; and so careful are they over the task, that, if the least trace of damp appears, they bring out the roots again and again on sunshiny days till they are sufficiently dried.

Like their German congeners, they are exposed to pillage, especially in Kamtschatka, where the natives in winter often run short of provisions. They are found also in Iceland; but, food being scant in that inhospitable country, the *economic* foragers have frequently to cross and recross rivers and lakes in their search for provand. Olaffsen relates, that, on such occasions, "the party, consisting of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries they have collected in a heap in the middle; and then, by their united force, drawing it to the water's edge, launch it, and embark, placing themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendant in the stream, and serving the purpose of rudders."—*Selected*.

THE BROTHERS.

(See Engraving.)

MRS. DENHAM'S boys were a perfect picture, everybody said; and, as what every body says *must* be true, we shall be obliged to assent to this fact. Not only did the whole village of Bayside agree in the verdict, but an artist from the great city, strolling through the picturesque little hamlet, was struck by their beauty, and

requested Mrs. Denham's permission to take a sketch of them; and, when he had completed a very beautiful picture from his first sketch, he touched that up a little, framed it, and sent it to the gratified mother.

But it is not of Mrs. Denham's boys in their early childhood that we are about to speak. We do not introduce them to our young readers, except by picture, until they are eleven and thirteen years of age. Mrs. Denham, who was a widow in deep mourning when their pictures were taken, was the wife of an engineer, who had died, when his youngest son was only six weeks old, from the effects of a fatal accident. Mrs. Denham was left in comfortable though somewhat straitened circumstances, and many were the day-dreams she cherished about the future of her young and beautiful boys.

Albert, the eldest, was naturally a more grave and thoughtful child than Edmund, who was overflowing with fun and humor. Both were about equally spoiled by their too indulgent mother, though of course the indulgence did not produce the same effects in both. Albert, at thirteen, was determined, obstinate, and daring; never to be turned from any purpose on which he had set his mind. Edmund, a year and a half younger, was quite as daring, but easy, good-natured, and indolent. An incident, which occurred at this time, and which is to form the substance of our story, wrought a radical change in the character of each.

Bayside, as its name denotes, is situated at the head of a deep and narrow bay, as deep and narrow as a Norwegian *fiord*; with perpendicular overhanging cliffs on one side, stretching out into a steep promontory, and with as high cliffs on the other side, — that of the main-

land. Excellent was the fishing in this little bay; but, from its shut-in position, a storm upon it was fearful indeed, and the old sailors used much caution in venturing to their occupation when their practised eyes detected any sign of one. Mrs. Denham, though, as we have said, extremely indulgent, was firm in one particular. She never suffered her sons to join in any expedition upon the bay, unless Sparhawk (pronounced in Bayside dialect, *Sparrake*), the most experienced fisherman in the village, accompanied them.

It was fine summer weather, and a fishing excursion had been projected which should take in a more extensive sail than usual. The fishers generally found plenty of fish, without going more than a mile down the bay, but this time it was proposed to go to the end of the point, — some four miles distant from the town. The party were to rise at day-break, and set off as quickly as possible, and were to return in the evening by the light of the full moon. There were to be three or four fishing-boats, and old Sparhawk was to command one.

The morning proved as beautiful as could be desired; and, long before the east was reddened, the whole party, including Albert, Edmund, and some half a dozen youths of their age, set out in the grey light. The boys were collected in one boat. They fain would have excused any of the older and steadier heads of the company from embarking in their vessel; but one of the old sailors, to whom the boat belonged, declared that he should not consider it safe with such a parcel of youngsters, and they were obliged to submit to be accompanied by him. The tide was against them, so that their progress in rowing was small, and it was five hours or

more before they reached the point. Here, each boat taking the position it liked best, they began to fish. They had excellent sport, and were in the midst of their pleasurable and profitable toil, when Sparhawk suddenly called out, "See there, lads!"

All looked in the direction in which he pointed; but nothing was discernible, except a white cloud which seemed a mere speck on the horizon.

"What is it?" called one of the boys.

"That there cloud, small as it looks now, will bring a tempest before many hours. The tide has just turned, and I'm for home; and, if you'll take my advice, you'll come too."

"Sparhawk! you're mad! There was just such a cloud yesterday, and you thought nothing of it!"

"I hope I may be wrong, my man, for your sake; but I'm as sure as I need to be. Come, Albert; come, Edmund; come, young Turner. You know I'm in special charge of you three, and your mothers 'll be very anxious if I go home without you."

"Nonsense!" shouted Flute, the fisher in whose boat the boys were. "They're as safe with me as with you, old fellow. I'll answer to their mothers for them."

"They know best what their mothers say," answered Sparhawk, "and, if they'll be guided by them, they'll come with me. Come, my lads; a few hours more sport to you is not to be compared with an hour of anxiety, which your mothers may suffer on your account."

Turner, the son of the village doctor, hesitated a moment, and then sprang into Sparhawk's boat.

"Right, my lad," said the old sailor; "now let's see

who follows a good example ;” and both he and Turner held out a hand to Edmund, who stood wavering.

“What shall you do, Albert ?” he asked his brother.

“I shall stay. I don’t believe in the storm.”

“But mother has always told us not to go without Sparhawk.”

“Well ! we haven’t been without him, have we ? You may do as you like, I shall stay.”

“Come, Ted,” said Turner ; but Edmund held back, and in a few minutes the boat was swiftly moving up the bay without him. He felt some compunctions of conscience for a few moments ; but the fishing was so good that it entirely absorbed him, and he, with the rest of his companions, was soon unmindful of Sparhawk’s predictions.

“Hark ! what’s that ?” cried one of the boys, after an hour or two had passed. It was the low growl of distant thunder. The quarter of the horizon which was visible to them was covered with a heavy black cloud which was rapidly rising ; and the wind was already agitating the water, and blowing the long heavy swells in towards shore.

“Let’s be off,” shouted Flute. “The tide is in our favor, and we’ve a chance of reaching home before the squall reaches us.”

He was answered by an instant drawing in and coiling up of lines ; and, in ten minutes more, all the boats were turned towards Bayside, and proceeding homeward as swiftly as their united exertions could impel them. But in ten minutes the clouds had risen too, and were fearfully black ; and the waves were now running in with terrible swiftness, booming in the little caverns in the

sides of the cliffs, with a sound like the thunder, whose muttering increased into an almost continuous roar. Suddenly there was an awful silence. The rowers strained every nerve, though scarcely a mile of their homeward voyage was made, in the vain hope of reaching the village before the fury of the tempest should come on. The stillness was but for a moment. A flash of light which almost blinded them, and a terrific peal of thunder, were followed by a hurricane which lashed the waves into fury. They were at the mercy of the storm. Oars were of no use; and the fishermen took them in, if they were able, or abandoned them. Albert and Edmund, clinging terrified to each other, saw the boats rocked hither and thither, and one completely swallowed up by an overwhelming wave. While they gazed at the spot to catch some glimpse of the brave men who had gone down in her, and who might rise to the surface, another gust of wind drove a wave directly towards their boat. They heard the sides crush in as it was struck; and then they were in the midst of the angry, foaming billows. One despairing cry broke from their lips; and the water, maddened and whirling, swallowed them in its dark depths.

At length a sense of pain roused Albert to consciousness. He tried to move his arm, and cried out. He opened his eyes. The dim and uncertain light revealed nothing to him. He put forth the arm which was sound, and felt that some one was clinging to him.

"Edmund!" he cried; but Edmund did not answer. "Edmund! Edmund!" he shouted, and shook him by the arm. "Where are we?" he shrieked, as the remembrance of the terrible tempest and the crushed boat came to his

mind. His eyes now having become partially accustomed to the light, he saw Edmund, lying pale, and to all appearance dead by his side, stretched on a narrow strip of sand. Around were dark, gloomy rocks; and far, far above him, they seemed to stretch, and roof him in. The waves broke on the little beach, and their murmur reverberated in the hollow cavern. The light streamed in from its mouth, which was so low that a man could not stand upright there, though just within it seemed that its height was immeasurable. But Albert noted none of these things then. His whole soul was filled with remorse and anguish. Edmund lay there still and cold.

"Oh! it was all my fault," groaned Albert. "Edmund would have gone back, if I had gone."

His left arm was so painful that he could not use it; but he scooped up some water with his right, and dashed it in Edmund's face. Then he took off his shoe, and, filling that with water, he bathed his forehead and lips. Then he rubbed his hands, as well as the use of his own would allow, and drew him closer to himself, that he might receive warmth from his body. At last he rose to go again for some water; but he stumbled with weakness, and fell over Edmund, whose head hit the sharp corner of a stone, and began to bleed.

"Now he is really dead," sobbed Albert, and threw himself down upon the sand, and groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

"Where am I?" asked Edmund's voice faintly; and Albert sprang to his side, and covered him with tears and kisses. Edmund's handkerchief was still in his pocket, and with it Albert bound up the cut in his head,

awkwardly enough to be sure, but sufficiently well to stop the blood. In about half an hour, Edmund seemed quite revived ; but it grew darker and darker, and night was setting in, so that they could not ascertain where they were. Drawing themselves up on the corner of the little beach farthest from the water, in spite of their anxiety and remorse they were soon fast asleep. Broad daylight awoke them to a sense of their situation, and to the cravings of hunger. They found a few oysters, which they broke open with a stone, and devoured raw ; and they then set themselves to ascertain the location of the cavern, and to endeavor to find some means of escape. As Albert's arm was swollen, and still very painful, he could not swim ; and, as their only mode of egress was by swimming, it was agreed that Edmund should swim out, and make discoveries. His absence seemed long to Albert, who tried to amuse himself by finding the depth of the cavern, and by hunting for more oysters in its recesses. As he was groping his way along, he touched something soft, and immediately a flapping ensued ; and dozens of sea-fowl, one of whom he had disturbed, rose, and fluttered away into the open air. Albert waited till they had gone, and then felt carefully about him for the nest, where he was fortunate enough to find some eggs. Half of them he appropriated to his own use, and reserved the other half for Edmund ; placing them on a rocky ledge, just above the sand, which had formed their last night's couch. He found several other nests, at which he was much pleased ; for he knew that they might find it difficult, and even impossible, to procure food. But his further search resulted only in a few crabs. After about an hour's absence, Edmund

returned. The cave, he said, was opposite a very high rock, which was called the Eagle's Nest. This was, as both brothers knew, at least three miles from Bayside. Edmund had tried to climb the cliff, and had succeeded in getting about half-way up, where there was a ledge of earth, and several trees and bushes; but farther than that, he had not been able to succeed.

"If your arm was not lamed, Albert, you might try. You can climb better than I can. I should have tried the cliff on the other side of the cavern; but I thought you would wonder what had become of me. I mean to go again, by and by, when I have rested."

"We must try to escape in that way," said Albert, "for there is scarcely a probability that a boat will come as far down the bay as this for a long time, unless some of the boats reached home yesterday, and some one sent out to obtain tidings of the missing."

Both boys sat in gloomy silence for a long time, revolving plans of escape, till Albert remembered the eggs, and gave Edmund the portion he had saved for him."

"I have rested long enough," said Edmund when he had eaten them. "I am going to climb the cliff on the other side of the cavern, and try the chances there. I have no fancy for waiting till we are picked up by a boat."

"Take your shirt, then, and fasten it in some way at the mouth of the cave; and, if a boat does pass, it will stop to examine."

Edmund assented, and soon disappeared from the entrance.

ED.

(To be continued.)

BRICK MAKING.

THE manufacture of brick is a very important department of industry, and gives employment to a great many men in the United States; brick being the most common material used in the building of houses, especially in cities and villages.

The process of manufacture is as follows: A place is selected where there is abundance of clay, and where fine sand can be easily procured, and the first thing to be done is to prepare a large level spot by evening the surface, and rolling it until it is hard and smooth as a floor. Then the clay is thrown up in large quantities, and being hard and lumpy, it is put into a sort of mill, which is moved by a horse attached to a long sweep, such as is used in cider-mills. By this process of grinding, the clay becomes fine, and, being mixed with water and sand in right proportions, is in a suitable state for moulding. A table is erected; and moulds, or wooden boxes, just the size of the bricks, are then filled with the clay and sand mixture, and carefully laid out on the smooth level above mentioned, and exposed to the sun to dry. In the manufacture of the nicer qualities of brick, they are subjected to a heavy pressure while in the mould; this makes them smoother and more compact, and much more valuable for outside walls. Such brick are called face-brick. When the unburnt bricks have been exposed to the sun a sufficient time to harden them a little, they are then removed and

laid up in immense stacks called kilns, and in such a way that a fire being built under them will pervade every part, and subject them to an intense heat. In a large kiln, this fire is kept up day and night for more than a week. When the bricks are burned enough, the fire is permitted to go out, and they are then ready for use. The usual size of a brick is eight inches by four, and two inches thick; but they are sometimes made larger. We have recently seen an account of a kind of brick used in some of the Western States, made about a foot thick and hollow; in consequence of which they do not absorb the moisture, and a house built of them will be warm.

Bricks derive their color from the quality of the clay used. In most parts of the United States, they are of a dark reddish color; but, in Wisconsin and Illinois, they are of a buff color. Most of the bricks used in London and other parts of England are of a dark yellowish color. — *Selected.*

MARGARET'S HUMILIATION.

BY MRS. BRADLEY.

(Continued from page 205.)

I SAW with a child's quick, loving instinct, when I met Margaret at school next morning, that something was amiss with her. Her face, so brilliant usually, with its rich flushing of lips and cheeks, was perfectly colorless; and her eyelids were heavy and drooping, with dark circles under them. She looked as if she were really ill; but there was such a stern, rigid expression about her

closely-set lips, that I shrank involuntarily from any questioning. I knew she was suffering, but I did not dare to ask her why; and I could only watch her with a vague sense of anxiety in my heart, and a troubled yearning to comfort her.

I did not even ask her if she had finished her work: some impulse that I could not account for restrained me. But her class were not so scrupulous: they gathered round her with eager inquiries about the problem; to all which, Margaret answered simply by showing them the solution neatly worked out.

"How do you manage it? when did you do it? tell us this, Margaret; explain that;" the girls exclaimed, as they clustered around her. But Margaret did not seem to have any patience for explanations this morning, and, leaving the worked-out problem in their hands, she turned away from them, much to their dissatisfaction.

"Margaret Allen is too proud for any sort of use!" Susie Archer exclaimed angrily. "She thinks she's done now what nobody else could do, and she's more unapproachable than ever. Deliver me from such airs!"

I answered the girl's speech indignantly; for I never would hear a word said against Margaret, and she told me angrily to hold my tongue. So there was quite a quarrel between us; in the midst of which, Mr. Page came in at the schoolroom door. He had heard the high voices evidently, from the grave and pained look which he gave us. I shrank back ashamed and sorry; but he said nothing, only mounted the platform quietly, and took his seat at the desk.

Then I saw, what no one had seemed to notice before, a small puddle of ink on the floor of the platform, and

ink oozing slowly, drop by drop, from the desk above it. Mr. Page saw it too; and, opening the desk quickly, he found books, papers, and every thing saturated with the contents of an over-turned ink-bottle.

"How could it have happened?" everybody exclaimed; for the desk was locked, and it was plain that no outward influence could have caused the accident. Mr. Page busied himself with remedying the mischief as well as he could, without saying any thing; but, when the ink was washed up, and the desk arranged again, he turned to the school, and asked what we considered a very unnecessary as well as unkind question.

"I wish to know now," he said, "if any one of you have had any thing to do with this accident, or know any thing of the cause of it. If any one does know, please rise."

Of course, nobody rose; but a murmur, half of astonishment, half indignation, ran round the room. I saw Margaret's pale cheek grow crimson; I didn't wonder, for I was indignant myself. How *should* we know any thing about it, when everybody saw that the desk was locked, and the ink spilled inside? It had been his own carelessness in putting the bottle where it could not stand. So every one thought, and so the scholars said amongst themselves.

Mr. Page did not say any more about the matter, and the school-business went on as usual. But all day long I wondered what he could have meant by asking us such a question; and not only the question itself, but his manner, was strange. It was unlike his usual manner all day, — graver and sterner; and I did not once see him smile. Margaret, too; all her brightness and beauty

and spirit seemed to have faded away from her. I never had seen her so silent and cold, and so wretched-looking, as at times, in my close watch of her, she seemed to me. It was all a painful mystery to me, and I was miserable myself all day.

The Algebra class was called in the afternoon as usual; and, thanks to Margaret, each one had mastered the difficult problem. But it was very dull nevertheless: each one took her place in turn at the blackboard, and Mr. Page watched them in silence. It was very different from the quick and keen interest which he had always manifested, and consequently excited, in the class.

It was a great relief to me when school was finally dismissed. I had had a wretched day; and Margaret was miserable, I knew that. I did so long to do something for her, to comfort in some way; but how could I? I was too shy and timid to offer any sympathy, much as I wanted to; so I only walked silently by her side, on my way home.

There was a little branch that we had to cross in our way. There was no bridge, not even a log, but large flat stones that we stepped upon; and sometimes we would kneel upon these, and dip up the cool bright water in our hands to drink. Margaret stooped down this afternoon, and, dipping her hands into the water, bathed her forehead. Her head ached, she said. But Jessie suddenly exclaimed, as Margaret's white hands lay upon her forehead, —

“Why, sister, where is your ring? Look if you haven't dropped it in the water.”

Margaret started hastily, with a sort of cry. There

was no ring upon her finger certainly; and, though we all looked eagerly into the water, there was no sign of it there. The branch was but a shallow stream; and its bright transparent waters, rippling over the hard yellow sand, could not have concealed it, had it been dropped there.

"I have lost it," Margaret said, with a strange, forced calmness in her voice. "But *where*?"

I wondered why those few words, and her tone in speaking them, had such a painful effect on me. They haunted me all the evening, long after I had parted from her. The ring that she had lost was rather a singular one, and I knew she prized it greatly. It was a large pure pearl, in a plain setting of black enamel, with her mother's name engraved inside. She had worn it ever since her mother died; and, as she wore no other, every one who knew Margaret was familiar with that ring.

I grieved for the loss of it, knowing that it would distress her, and puzzled myself with vain plans to try to recover it. My first question, when I met her next day, was to ask if she had found it. But she answered me quickly, almost sternly, that she had not, and commanded me at the same time never to speak of it again to her or any one else. I promised obedience, sadly puzzled, and wondering more and more sorrowfully at the strange change that had come over Margaret.

"Do tell me if you are sick, Margaret," I asked timidly once that day. "You look so ——"

"Look so *how*?" she exclaimed angrily. "I wish you wouldn't trouble yourself about my looks, Emily. You'd better be studying your lesson than watching my face."

And I turned away with bitter tears swelling in my eyes. What had I done that Margaret should speak to me so?

Things went on this way for more than a week, Margaret never coming out of her strange mood; and I, all the while, growing more unhappy in seeing it; though now I never dared to speak to her, or to let her see that I watched her at all. I wondered, too, at Mr. Page's manner to her; it was so different from what it had been. He used to talk with her a great deal in the school intermissions, about the studies, and many other things; and some of the girls were almost jealous at what they called his "partiality" to her. But of late he never spoke to her at all, except in class, and then as he would have spoken to a stranger. I noticed the difference more than any one else did, because I in some way connected it with Margaret's altered looks and humor.

We had a week's vacation about this time, on account of the camp-meetings. Everybody went to them, and school-girls expected a holiday for camp-meeting as much as for Christmas. So Mr. Page yielded to the popular voice, though he did not so fully recognize the necessity as we did; and the school was closed for a week. Jessie Allen begged me to spend it with her: her father was going to have a tent on the camp-ground, and we could stay there all night as often as we chose, and have such famous times! Lottie Bayly was going to be with her, and Amelia Parker too, — such a grand holiday we four would have!

It was a very tempting prospect, and I consented to the plan willingly enough. It was a great inducement

too, the thought that I should see Margaret every day; even though she did not love me any longer, as I said sadly to myself. So my aunt packed up all my prettiest frocks, my white dresses, and my pink and blue muslins, and my one little summer silk; and I went away for a week's visit at Elkinton.

It was a very, very pleasant visit for many things; and I might write a great many pages about our numerous adventures, our walks and rides and drives, and our frolics all over the house, and the merry, romping times we had every night when we went to bed. Old aunt Amy used to stand there, holding the lamp, and threatening all sorts of things about "leavin' us in de dark, for de ole Harry to eat up, shore as sartain, if we did'nt stop dat racketin,' an go to bed dat berry minit!" But, all the while, she was shaking her plump sides with laughing at our frolic.

Sometimes she did leave us in the dark though, for her own amusement; and then such jumping and plunging into feather-beds, and hiding of faces into pillows, and smothered laughs and exclamations! And we would see the light glimmering through the long hall, growing fainter and fainter, and hear Aunt Amy saying to herself, "Sech a passel o' young 'uns I nebber did see! Bress my soul, de berry ole Sambo's in 'em, — camp-meetin' times too, when dey ought to be 'siderin' 'bout gettin' religion!"

Then at the camp-meeting too, when we all dressed alike, and wore white dresses one day, and blue another, and pink another; and promenaded the grounds all together, in and out amongst the tents, and amongst all the ladies and gentlemen, and saw almost everybody in

the world that we knew. Two nights we stayed on the camp-ground, and such a time we had sleeping in the tent. All four of us packed into one great big bed; and we hardly went to sleep at all, all night!

It is about Margaret, though, that I want to write now, not ourselves. I will tell you more another time perhaps of the Elkinton visit. I saw very little of Margaret all the time. She only went to the camp-meeting one day, and nothing could induce her to go again; though every day some gentleman would drive up in his handsome curricule to beg the honor of Miss Allen's company to the camp-ground. But Miss Allen was obdurate, and kept herself at home till the week drew near to its end.

The last day of the camp-meeting, we children, Jessie and Lottie and I, — Amelia had gone home, — were walking up and down the long lawn at Elkinton, chattering over our week's experiences.

"Haven't we had a nice time, girls?" Jessie said. "If only Margaret hadn't been so cross and stupid! She hasn't been one bit like herself for I don't know how long. I do wonder what's the matter with her!"

So did I; but I did not say any thing, and Jessie branched off to a new topic of interest. "I wish we had another week's holiday, don't you? Only think of having to go back to school Monday morning! Isn't it tiresome? Oh dear! if I was as old as Margaret, I wouldn't go to school one day longer: I wish I was."

"Talking about school," Lottie exclaimed, "if there isn't Mr. Page this very minute! Coming here, too; only see, girls."

Sure enough there was Mr. Page, just leading his

horse through the lower gateway; and, a minute after, he came galloping up towards us. He stopped his horse as he came near, to speak to us; and then we all walked back to the house with him. It was just at sunset; and Margaret was standing on the piazza, half leaning against one of the rose-covered pillars. The mellow golden light shone soft and bright upon her white dress and the long rich tresses of her hair; but her face was almost hidden by the thick clustering vines, and she did not seem to be conscious of an approach, until we stood directly before her, and Mr. Page's voice awakened her.

(To be continued.)

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

"And it came to pass, that, after three days, they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them." — LUKE II. 46, 51.

WE have often wondered if the children who read this book think often enough, and lovingly enough, of the blessed Saviour. We have often wished that all the children over whom we have any influence, by word, or deed, or pen, might have as sweet and beautiful a picture presented to them of him, as we had in our early days by a faithful and devoted teacher, who was herself one of his true disciples. Let us try to give you, if not with the same power, — that we can scarcely hope for, — at least with as earnest a desire, some striking, some winning images of him who was all love and gentleness.

And first let us look at him, when, at twelve years old, he sat in the temple. Here is the perfect likeness of what all children should aim to be. He sits at the feet of the learned men; and his questions, deep and wonderful as they are, are yet asked with simplicity and humility. Do not your hearts expand towards him, children, as you fancy him there? Is there not a holiness about him, which words cannot describe, and which moves you almost to tears? And as you see him leaving the temple with his parents, and know that he went with them, and was subject to them, do you not pray that the same blessed spirit of obedience may be in your hearts?

Do not let your mind only dwell on this picture. Take it home to your *soul*. Think of Jesus in the temple, every night when you lie down to rest, and every morning when you wake, refreshed for the duties of the day. Let the thought of him go with you through all its hours. When you are told to do something which seems to you hard or unnecessary, remember that Christ was subject to his parents; and, after that thought comes into your soul, what before seemed troublesome and difficult will be pleasant and easy. When you are tempted to make an impertinent reply, remember who sat at the *feet* of the doctors. When some cherished plan is defeated, think of him who left the temple, and followed his parents, without murmuring, without complaining, with the most cheerful submission.

Dear children, it is only the thought of heavenly things that will keep us from sin. We cannot be good of our own selves, however much we may try. God must help us. Jesus must help us. And this is one of

the surest ways in which he will help you. If you think of him often and much, you will find that when the temptation to do wrong comes, the other thought comes too; and the sinful one flies before the pure. If you think of him often with love and reverence, he will at length seem very near and dear to you. You will feel that he will keep you from doing wrong, from spiritual danger, just as your mother would keep away any danger that threatened your body. And you will find that your heart hastens to him as a refuge against temptation, just as you run to your kind mother when you are alarmed, and, with your arms around her neck, feel yourself safe, and protected from harm.

These are not words of course, dear children. We know that these things are so. We feel that this knowledge of Jesus which is, in fact, the only real knowledge of him, is the only thing which can keep you "unspotted from the world."

And the more you love Jesus, the more you will love that greatest and best of Beings whose infinite love and mercy sent his Son on earth to help even the feeblest and weakest child, who will keep his image in its heart. And the more you reverence Jesus, the more you will reverence God. Jesus, the Bible says, is "the express image of his person." Through him alone can you form any just and true idea of the Father that sent him.

You may think that you are too young to think of these things; that by and by, when you are as old as your father and mother, it will be time enough. But the longer you wait, the harder it will be. You have only a few things to remember now, and only a few

occupations. You may readily think of Jesus, for you have nothing to disturb your thoughts. But, as you grow older, things which are called pleasures, and cares, and anxieties, will begin to fill your hearts; and, if the love of Jesus is not already there, they will so take them up, that it will be hard to find a place for that love.

But, if it is there in childhood, it will grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength. It will take away the cares and anxieties; it will give the truest and most lasting happiness. It will make the spirit as tranquil and peaceful as the surface of a lake, when not a breath of wind is stirring; and, like that surface, it will reflect the brightness and beauty of heaven. ED.

RIDDLE.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

FROM pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover.
Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas,
No burthen e'er the bridge may know;
And as thou seek'st to near — it flees!
First with the flood it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the Artist's mighty hand?

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION.

WE hope all our little city readers are interested in this beautiful and deserving charity; but, as it is not as extensively known even here as it ought to be, and as our little friends in other states and towns may never have heard of it, we think we cannot occupy our pages better than by giving a short account of it.

Some four or five years ago, some benevolent and wise heart formed a plan by which the children, who have "enough and to spare," should contribute to save the poor little neglected ones of our great city from the moral evils attendant upon neglect, and too constant familiarity with sin in its most degrading and terrible forms. It was proposed that all the children of the Unitarian Sunday-schools should contribute their savings for the support of a missionary, who should go into the streets, and lanes, and alleys, and take these poor children, and collect them into a school where they might be instructed, or find places in the country where they might live.

Each Sunday-school forms a *branch*, as it is called; and all contribute, either weekly, monthly, or yearly, as it seems best to the superintendent of each. From among the Sunday-school teachers, the President, Vice-President, and other officers of the Society, are chosen. These officers receive the money, appoint the missionary, and take whatever measures seem to them most productive of good.

During the first year, Mr. Joseph Barry, the missionary chosen for the purpose, labored alone, but with so much success, and with so earnest a conviction of the importance of this work, that his wife was appointed as his assistant for the second. Two other ladies, beside the teacher of the school, are now engaged in assisting him. Many a little child has been snatched from moral danger by this means, and many a little one protected from the cold.

But it is not only of the good done to those who receive the exertions of the society, that we shall speak alone. The children who are members of it are themselves receiving an inestimable benefit. They are early taught that their neighbor is the suffering and outcast child. They early taste the pure pleasure that flows from kind deeds. Many are the little fingers — “we speak that we do know,” — which have busied themselves in making warm and comfortable garments, to send to the missionary for distribution. Many an eager ear drinks in all that Mr. Barry has to say in his Annual Report of those whom he has aided.

And will the influence of this society be lost upon its present members, when another generation shall take their places, and become in turn the “Children’s Mission”? Not so. The germ of kind action, the real interest, and *real* we are sure it is, will never die. In a wider sphere, these hearts, and these heads, and these hands, will busy themselves still with the welfare of their less fortunate brethren.

Before this number of the Magazine reaches you, another Annual Meeting will have been held, and another year of benevolent action will have begun. We,

who have seen its benefits both to givers and receivers, most heartily wish and pray for its success, and recommend a similar institution to the Sunday-schools of our large towns.

ED.

THE GRAMPIAN SHEPHERD'S LOST CHILD.

A TRUE STORY.

'Twas in the flowery month of June,
When hill and valley glows
With purple heath and golden whin,
White thorn and crimson rose ;

When balmy dews fall soft and sweet,
And linger half the day,
Until the sun, with all his heat,
Can scarce clear them away ;

Amid the Grampian mountains dun,
A shepherd tended sheep,
And took with him his infant son
Up to a scraggy steep.

The sheep lay scattered far and wide ;
The sky was high and clear ;
The shepherd's dog pressed close beside
The child so fair and dear.

The father and his darling boy
Lay dreaming on the hill ;
Above them all was light and joy ;
Around them, all was still.

When, hark ! a low and distant bleat
Broke on the shepherd's ear :
He quickly started to his feet, —
Dark mists were gathering near.

The shepherd knew the storm might last
Through all the day and night ;
And feared his sheep, amid the blast,
Might stray far in their fright.

He kissed, and charged his boy to stay
Behind the craggy steep ;
And with his dog he went away
To gather in his sheep.

An hour had scarcely passed, when back
To the same spot he came,
Called on his boy ; while rock to rock
But echoed back his name.

No trace, no track, no sound, was there !
He searched, he called in vain ;
Then home he rushed in wild despair,
Immediate help to gain.

He gathered friends and neighbors round ;
They scaled the craggy height :
But he they sought could not be found,
Although they searched all night.

Three days and nights they still sought on ;
 Their efforts all were vain :
 The shepherd's son was surely gone,
 Never to come again.

Meantime, the shepherd's dog was seen,
 When given his morning cake,
 With the whole cake his teeth between,
 The hillside road to take.

The shepherd, wondering what this meant, —
 His son still in his mind, —
 After the dog one morning went,
 Which flew as fleet as wind.

Up, up, a high o'erhanging crag,
 The dog in haste hath gone ;
 Then gave his tail a joyous wag :
 The shepherd followed on.

A rocky ledge at length he gained,
 His heart beat thick with joy ;
 For, lo ! the cave above contained,
 All safe, his darling boy !

The bread the hungry infant took,
 The dog lay at his feet ;
 The cake in two the child then broke,
 And then they both did eat.

Such feasts of love are seldom seen
 In gay and festal halls
 As this poor shepherd saw within
 That cavern's rocky walls. — *Selected.*

THE GOLDEN BRANCH.

ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Concluded from p. 230.)

"MADAME," cried Torticoli, throwing himself at her feet, "you see my frightful figure: render me less hideous." "Go, prince," replied the fairy, touching him with the golden branch, "go; you shall be more accomplished, more elegant, than was man ever before. And, in changing your form, you shall change your name also. You shall no longer be Torticoli, but Sans-Pair." The prince rose; and, casting a glance into the mirror, he started with pleasure. He retained the same amiable, intelligent expression as before. But he was tall and well-formed, his hair fell in heavy curls upon his shoulders, his features were regular, and his eyes brilliant. Gradually, the fairy, the palace, and all the wonders he had seen, faded away; and the prince found himself in a dense forest, a hundred leagues from home.

Meanwhile the guards marvelled that the prince did not call for his supper; and, finally going up to his chamber, they found that he had escaped. "King Brun will have us all put to death," they cried in terror. At last they went to the king, and told him his son was dead. King Brun was overcome with grief and disappointment. He cried, he howled, and threatened to put everybody in his court to death. At length he seized poor Trog-non, who had arrived a short time before; and, declaring she was the cause of his son's death, he sent her to the tower in the place of his lost Torticoli.

Poor Trognon was very much surprised and distressed to find herself a prisoner, and wrote at once to her father to complain of King Brun's treachery. Her letters were all intercepted, and carried to King Brun; but, as she did not know this, she was supported by the hope that her father would soon come to release her. In the meantime she walked every day in the gallery to admire the stained windows. She was astonished to observe among the figures one exactly resembling herself. "Strange pleasure the artist must have taken," thought she, "in representing one so frightful as I. Perhaps it is only to heighten the beauty of this exquisite figure near it. Oh how happy should I be if I were only beautiful!" As she said this with a sigh, she was amazed to see before her an old woman ten times more ugly and lame than herself. "Princess," said she, "I am a fairy. I will give you leave to choose one of two things. To be beautiful with a bad heart, or to retain your present form, and to be still more wise and good." "May I not be wise and good if I am made beautiful? Ah, well then," said Trognon firmly, "I will choose my ugliness instead of beauty." The fairy disappeared, and Trognon was delighted with the good choice she had been brave enough to make. "After all," thought she, "beauty is as fleeting as a dream; but virtue is an everlasting treasure, a beauty that never changes, and outlasts life itself."

She grew weary of waiting and watching for help from her father. She thought, if she were not so lame, she might go up into the donjon, and look off into the distance to see if he were coming. At last she managed it in a very curious way. Removing one of the weights of

the donjon clock, she put herself in its place just before they wound it up, and thus she was carried up into the donjon. As she leaned back against the wall to rest herself, the plastering broke away, and down rattled the golden hook. The old cabinet caught her eye; and, to amuse herself, she proceeded to examine it. She was overwhelmed with amazement at its brilliant contents. When she opened the last drawer and beheld the hand, she almost fainted with fright. A sweet voice said, "Take courage, princess, and you can do a good deed. Conceal this hand in your chamber; and, when you see an eagle, give it to him without delay." Although very much frightened, the good princess did not hesitate to obey the sweet voice; and, rapidly closing the cabinet, she crawled down the winding stone stairs, and after a long time regained her room, very much exhausted. That evening she heard something brush against her window. She threw back the curtain, and, by the light of the moon, descried an enormous eagle. With much difficulty she raised the heavy window; and the eagle floated in, making a great noise with his broad wings. She hastened to give the hand to him; and in an instant, in the place of the eagle, a handsome and elegant young man stood before her. His forehead was encircled by a diadem, and his dress decorated with precious stones. "Princess," he said, "it is two hundred years that a wicked magician has held me spell-bound. He has also enchanted my Queen. Enraged with us because we thwarted an evil design of his, he struck off my hand with his rake, and changed me into an eagle; at the same time throwing my beloved Queen into an enchanted sleep. Good Princess! by your courage and kindness

you have released me from the spell. Let me grant you some boon in return ; for I am King of the fairies."

"Good King," said Trognon, at length, "make my soul as beautiful as my body is deformed." "It is so already," replied King Trasiméne; "and now, virtuous princess, your body shall be as beautiful as your heart and soul have long been." In an instant, Trognon became fair and lovely. "Is this myself?" she cried. "Yes, madame," replied Transiméne, "you chose virtue, and you have now both virtue and beauty. And take a new name with your new form. Drop the title of Trognon, and henceforth be called Brillante." With these words, he disappeared; and Brillante found herself suddenly on the banks of a river, shaded with trees, the pleasantest spot in the world. She seated herself on the grass, and, bending over, admired the exquisite picture reflected in the clear water, she could not believe it was herself. * But at length she rose to see if she could find some shelter for the night; for it was now quite late. She wandered into the wood; and hour after hour passed on, and she could find neither house nor hut. At last there appeared suddenly before her an old chateau. She entered without any difficulty, and crossed several wide courts, where the grass and briars were so high that she wounded her hands in making her way through them. At last she came into a damp stone hall. It was tapestried with bats' wings. Twelve cats were hanging from the ceiling to light up the hall with their eyes, and they kept up the most intolerable mewing. On the long table, twelve mice were fastened by their tails, so that they could not quite reach a piece of cheese that was placed before each. The cats looked at the mice, and

the mice looked at the cheese, and neither could satisfy their hunger.

Brillante was looking with compassion at these poor creatures, when a magician entered. He was dressed in a long black robe; and on his head he wore a crocodile, by way of hat. He carried a whip in his hand made of twenty live snakes. Never had Brillante seen such a horrible sight. She fled to the door to escape. It was covered with cobwebs. She broke through one, and there was another; she threw this aside, and its place was filled by a third; and so they followed in succession, till she was utterly discouraged and exhausted. The wicked old man watched her vain efforts, choking with laughter. "You could not get out if you tried all your life," said he. "You are young, you are the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Stay here: I will marry you. I will give you all these cats and mice. The mice are twelve princesses whom, from time to time, I have wished to marry; but, as they refused, I have enchanted them thus. The cats are princes, and my rivals; and it is very pleasant to me to see how, in their present shape, they hate what they loved so much before." "Ah!" cried poor Brillante, "then I too must become a mouse!" "Will you not marry me, then?" said the magician. "Never," said the princess. His eyes sparkled with rage. "You shall belong to a race of animals that are neither fish nor flesh," he cried. "You shall be green, because you are in the fresh season of youth. You shall be light and nimble. You shall live in the fields! behold, you are a grasshopper!" At these words Brillante became the prettiest grasshopper in the world, and, rejoicing in her

liberty, hopped briskly out into the wood. "Alas!" thought she, when she was far enough from the chateau to feel safe, "were that I were again the ugly and deformed Trognon at my father's court!"

In the meantime, the prince Sans-Pair, in his wanderings in the wood, had come to the same chateau, and entered by a different door. He was met by the magician's sister, the Queen of the Meteors, who was the most cruel and hideous creature ever seen. Filled with envy at the sight of the beauty and grace of the young prince, she waved her hand; and the hall was instantly thronged with frightful monsters, who attacked him on all sides. Some of them had a great many heads and arms, some were half-lions and half-men, and many looked like flying dragons. Sans-Pair was obliged to use all his skill and courage to defend himself with his sword against these horrible creatures. He was almost exhausted, when suddenly a clear voice called out, "Seek for the golden branch!" At these words, with shrieks and howls, the monsters fled, and the wicked fairy gave a loud shriek. Just as she was vanishing away, she struck Sans-Pair with her wand, and cried, "Miserable man, become a *cricket*!" In an instant the beautiful and good prince was transformed into a cricket, and hopped out into the great wood. "Ah!" sighed he, "if I were but Torticoli once more, even in the old tower again!" When he grew tired, he crawled into the hollow trunk of a tree to rest; and there he found a grasshopper who seemed very dejected and weary. Just as Sans-Pair was about to start off on his travels again, two mice dashed into this snug retreat with such headlong speed as nearly to crush the poor

cricket and grasshopper. They crowded into the farthest corner, almost breathless. "Ah!" cried one, "I have a pain in my side from running so fast. How is your highness?" "I have torn off my tail," replied the other; but it was better to leave that than to remain fastened to the table of the sorcerer. How glad we ought to be to have escaped at last!" "I live in fear of cats and terriers," said the first mouse; "I long to reach the golden branch." "You know the way, then," said the second mouse. "As well as to my own house," replied the other. "This branch has marvellous powers: one leaf of it is enough to make any one rich, to free him from enchantment, to make him beautiful, and keep him always young." "May we have the honor of accompanying you?" asked the cricket and grasshopper; "we also will be pilgrims to this wonderful golden branch." They were very politely received; and all set out in company, with many civilities.

After a long journey, in which the mice ran side by side, and the cricket and grasshopper went in long leaps, they arrived at the place where grew the golden branch.

It was in the centre of a magnificent garden. All the walks were fitted with little, round pearls, instead of sand. The roses were formed of rose-diamonds, with emerald leaves; the pomegranate blossoms were garnets, the marigolds, topazes; the violets, sapphires; the blue-bells, amethysts: in short, there were the most beautiful flowers that ever sparkled in the sun.

There stood the golden branch, all covered with rubies. As soon as the cricket, the grasshopper, and the two mice, touched it, they resumed their own forms.

Then King Trasiméne and Queen Bequigne appeared, and welcomed the prince and princesses to their kingdom. It was this good fairy who had dispelled the monsters who surrounded Sans-Pair in the old chateau. She now showed him the way to his father's palace, where he soon arrived with Brillante. In the meantime, King Brun had died; so Sans-Pair ascended the throne, and made the lovely Brillante his queen. They ruled over the people for a great many years, and were much beloved for their virtue and wisdom.

There is no ugliness of form or feature which a good heart and kind actions cannot make beautiful. No. 99.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

THIS is the name of one of the greatest men who ever lived in this or any country. In thinking of him, we all ought to feel grateful to God for giving the world so noble and true a man. Though he lived two hundred years ago, his memory is still cherished, and his name is held in the highest esteem; and, when two hundred more years shall have passed away, and all those who now live, and their children's children, will be in their graves, the name of Sir Isaac Newton will be held in reverence.

He was born on the 25th of December, in 1642. In the course of time, little Isaac grew and got strong, like other boys; but he was not famed for his learning or his studious habits. He did not get much promotion at

school. He was very frequently at the bottom of the class. One day, the boy who was above him gave him a severe kick on his breast, from which he suffered great pain. From this time, Isaac labored to get above his assailant; and, by dint of hard work, he succeeded. From the habits of industry which this incident led him to form, may be traced much of his future character and success. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, he was engaged in reading, and improving his mind. He found his amusement in books, in making scientific instruments and experiments. For this purpose, he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and other sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular cleverness. He made, with these little instruments, a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage, which was put in motion by the person who sat in it. He made an exact model of a large windmill, which was erected near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, very near where he was born. This model excited great attention, and was very much admired. Not content with an exact imitation of another machine, he made a new one, and conceived the idea of driving it by animal power; and for this purpose he enclosed in it a mouse, which he called the miller, and which, by acting upon a sort of treadmill, gave motion to the machine. According to some accounts, the mouse was made to advance by pulling a string attached to its tail: if so, it would, no doubt, have been cruel, and children should never indulge in cruelty. Others state that the mouse put the machine in motion by attempting to reach some corn placed above the wheel. This idea showed great ingenuity on the part of the future philo-

sopher, and is well worth alluding to in this short sketch.

Isaac's water-clock was formed out of a box which he obtained from the brother of Mrs. Clarke, with whom he boarded. It was about four feet high, and of a proportional breadth, somewhat like a common house-clock. The finger on the dial-plate was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by the action of the dropping water. The clock stood in his own bedroom, and he supplied it every morning with the requisite quantity of water. It was used by Mrs. Clarke's family, and remained in the house long after its inventor had quitted Grantham.

Isaac's mechanical carriage was a little gig upon four wheels, which was put in motion by a handle, moved by the person who sat in it; but it would only run on a smooth surface. Very likely it was something like the carriages we see sometimes now, which are put in motion by men sitting in them; but they are obliged to be pushed or pulled up the hills. Isaac also amused himself by introducing into the schools paper kites. He made paper lanterns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings; and he sometimes attached these lanterns to the tails of his kites, in a dark night, so as to inspire the country people with the belief that they were comets.

After he left school, he made himself famous by a variety of inventions and discoveries. One day, when sitting in the orchard, he saw an apple fall to the ground. This simple circumstance induced him to ask the *cause* of the fall of the apple; and, after much patient labor, he found out the great law of gravitation, or the power

of matter to tend towards the centre. This new theory of his made a complete change in the whole science of astronomy, and the name of the philosopher spread all over Europe and the world.

He also made discoveries in the nature of light, the ebb and flow of the tides, in the measurements of the magnitudes and distances of the stars. At one time of his life, he was elected a Member of Parliament. The natures of his studies were so deep that they could not be even explained to children. Children must become men before they can understand the inventions, discoveries, and systems of the great philosopher. But, great as he was, he was not proud and conceited, as many boys and men are. He was humble. He said the more he knew, the more he was convinced of his own ignorance; and he would never mention the name of God without taking off his hat. After he had been thinking and writing on some subject for years, he on one occasion left his room, with his papers and the lighted candle on the table. During his absence, his little dog got on the table, threw over the candle, and ignited the whole of the valuable papers. When Sir Isaac returned, he was sorrowed and surprised to see what the little dog had unknowingly done; but he did not get into a rage, and fume and swear, but merely say, "O my little dog! you little know what a treasure you have destroyed." He then went to work to replace the valuable documents. This incident shows great calmness and beauty of character, and tells us how to endure misfortunes, when they overtake us, with heroic firmness and Christian temper.

A variety of anecdotes are told of the illustrious man. He was frequently lost in thought. It is said that he

would sometimes get out of bed in the morning, and put his elbow on the dressing-table, and there remain till he shivered with the cold; and then he would, as it were, awake from his profound thoughtfulness, and wonder why he had not dressed himself and gone about his work.

It is related that he had a favorite cat, which used to go in and out of his study at pleasure, through a hole which was made at the bottom of the door. On one occasion, when the cat had kittens, he had some small holes made in the bottom of the door, forgetting that the little ones could go in and out with ease where the great one did.

When he was one day very busily engaged in solving some problem, a gentleman gave him a call just about dinner-time. The gentleman, having waited until he got tired, commenced eating the dinner which had been provided for Sir Isaac, and finished it before he made his appearance. The gentleman having left nothing but the bones of a fowl in the dish, which he covered over, Sir Isaac soon after entered the room, and was about to commence dinner. He lifted the cover of the dish; and, seeing nothing but bones, exclaimed, "Why, really, I thought I had not dined. We philosophers forget when we are and when we are not hungry." He thought he had dined when he had not.

It is said that the great man set out in life an infidel; but, having examined the evidences of Christianity, found reason to alter his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Halley was talking infidelity to him one day, he addressed him in the following manner: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you talk about astronomy or mathematics, because they are subjects you

have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it: I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter."

After a well-spent life, the great man was called to die; and, on his deathbed, he compared himself to a little child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of knowledge lay before him undiscovered. No, he was not vain, or puffed up. Though he had seen farther into the secrets and nature of things than any man who lived before him, he still saw his own littleness and weakness when compared to the wondrous works of the universe, and the great God who called it into existence. — *Selected.*

THE BANISHED FAIRY.

(Concluded from page 211.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

The lawn bordered by clumps of trees. The time is just after dusk on midsummer eve. Thistledown enters singing.

COME, dance we many a merry measure,
And give the night to frolic pleasure:
To-night will our lost Cowslip bring;
Come, join with me, and dance and sing.

Where is Daisy? She must join us too. She must dance on this night, of all others.

Daisy. Nay, dear Thistledown. My limbs will scarcely support me. I cannot dance.

(While the harpers play, she goes to the tree where she parted with Cowslip. She watches in vain for some time; and, at length, at the sound of the horn, she leaves the spot, and attends the summons of the Queen.)

Queen. My faithful subjects, ere we enter upon our midsummer revels, we must first behold our banished Cowslip, and know whether her sojourn among men has made her more kind and loving. *(Queen signs to Ivy and Clematis, who bring Cowslip forward from under a plantain leaf.)*

Daisy. Sister! *(She throws herself upon Cowslip's neck.)*

Thistledown. How pale Cowslip is! She needs the breath of our fairy bowers to revive her.

Hyacinth. But see the sparkles on her wings. They are brighter even than those of Ivy and Clematis. Would she might be commanded by our queen to relate some of her wild wanderings!

Thistledown. Hush! the Queen is about to speak.

Queen. We have observed thee well, Cowslip; and we are persuaded by the openness of thy countenance, and the brilliant light of thy wings, that thy year of banishment has been well improved. Welcome to Fairy Land!

All. Welcome to Fairy Land!

Queen. Come now, and kiss our royal hand; and then let us betake ourselves to the revels that become this night.

Cowslip kneels and kisses the hand of the Queen, while the harpers strike up joyful music. Suffer me, gracious Queen, to withdraw awhile from the dances, and to sit apart with my sweet sister. Thou knowest not what we have both suffered.

Queen. It is readily granted. But think not ye have been unnoticed in your active performance of duty, or your patient endurance of suffering. Seek some quiet spot; but, when the banquet hour arrives, obey the summons.

SCENE II.

The fairy banquet is spread; and Cowslip is seated at the right of the Queen, with Daisy on the left.

Queen. Faithful subjects! Will none of you greet our Cowslip's arrival with a song? Anemone, thy voice is sweet: canst thou not sing for us a welcome to Cowslip?

Anemone. I obey, sweet Queen, as best I may.

SONG.

Elf-land is ringing
 With music to-night,
 Moonbeams are flinging
 A magical light,
 Soft winds are breathing,
 Soft footsteps fall,
 Flowers are wreathing
 Perfumes for all.

'Tis at thy coming,
 Dear Cowslip, we sing:
 Thou hast been roaming
 With lustreless wing.

But they are glowing, —
Blazing to-night, —
Joyfully showing
How triumphs right.

Now dance we gaily,
Till the bright star —
Our warning daily —
Gleams from afar ;
Then flitting gladly
Think as we roam,
“Sigh no more sadly,
Cowslip has come.”

Queen. Thanks, dear Anemone. And already the moon has left her highest place. We must improve the time ; and there are yet some of our haunts unvisited. May the midsummer eve be never again aught but a night of joy !

(Queen waves her wand, and the fairies disperse in different directions.)

END OF ACT III.

ED.

NOTE. — We intended to give our young readers the conclusion of “Annie Gray’s Journal” this month ; but the article did not reach us in season. We must beg the indulgence of our little friends for another month.

ED.



THE THUNDERSTORM.